

Pack Up Your Sins & Go To The Devil

Words & Music:
Irving Berlin

I'm still looking for the chords to this clever tune.

Pack up your sins and go to the devil in Hades.
You'll meet the finest of gentlemen and the finest of ladies.
They'd rather be down below than up above.
Hades is full of thousands of
Joneses and Browns, O'Hoolihans, Cohen and Bradys.

You'll hear a heavenly tune that we went to the devil.
Because the jazz bands, they started a-pickin' it,
Then put a trick in it, a jazzy kick in it.
They've got a couple of old reformers in Heaven,
Making them go to bed at eleven.
Pack up your sins and go to the devil
And you'll never go to bed at all.