

George Thorogood

"No Particular Place To Go"

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Riding along in my automobile
My baby beside me at the wheel
I stole a kiss at the turn of a mile
My curiosity running wild
Cruisin' and playin' the radio
With no particular place to go

Riding along in my automobile
I's anxious to tell her the way I feel
I told her softly and sincere
She leaned and whispered in my ear
Cuddlin' more and ridin' slow
With no particular place to go

No particular place to go
So we parked down on the ko-ko-mo
The night was young, the moon was gold
We both decided to take a stroll
Can you image the way I felt
I couldn't unfasten her safety belt

Riding along in my calaboose
Still trying to get that belt a-loose
All the way home I held a grudge
For the safety belt that wouldn't budge
Cuddlin' more and ridin' slow
With no particular place to go

No particular place to go
So we parked down on the ko-ko-mo
The night was young , the moon was gold
And we both decided to take a stroll
Can you image the way I felt
I couldn't unfasten her safety belt

Riding along in my calaboose
Still trying to get that belt a-loose
All the way home I held a grudge
For the safety belt that wouldn't budge
Crusin' and playin' the radio
With no particular place to go

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