

Troggs

"No Particular Place To Go"

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Ridin' along in my automobile
My baby beside me at the wheel
I stole a kiss at the turn of a mile
My curiosity runnin' wild

Cruisin' and playin' the radio
With no particular place to go.

Ridin' along in my automobile
I was anxious to tell her the way I feel,
So I told her softly and sincere,
And she leaned and whispered in my ear
Cuddlin' more and drivin' slow,
With no particular place to go.
No particular place to go,
So we parked way out on the Kokomo
The night was young and the moon was bold
So we both decided to take a stroll
Can you imagine the way I felt?
I couldn't unfasten her safety belt!

Ridin' along in my calaboose
Still tryin' to get her belt a loose
All the way home I held a grudge,
For the safety belt that
Wouldn't budge
Cruisin' and playin' the radio
With no particular place to go.

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