

No Particular Place To Go - Chuck Berry

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.

Cruising and playing the radio
with no particular place to go.

Riding 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.

Cuddling more and driving 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 gold,
so we both decided to take a stroll.

Can you imagine the way I felt?
I couldn't unfasten her safety belt.

Riding along in my calaboose,
still trying to get her belt unloose,
all the way home I held a grudge,
for the safety belt that wouldn't budge.

Cruising and playing the radio
with no particular place to go.