

George Thorogood, No Particular Place To Go

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
Crusin' 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
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 ko-ko-mo
The night was young and the moon was gold
So 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 her belt a-loose
All the way home I held a grudge
For the safety belt that wouldn't budge
Crusin' and playing the radio
With no particular place to go