Chad Mitchell Trio, Never Coming Home

You can't buy me baby with your silver
You can't buy me baby with your gold
And I don't care if your daddy is rich and famous
I'm never never ever coming home

As long as I've got my guitar in my hand
As long as my pretty lady is right by my side
I don't want your Cadillac coming round my door
There's plenty of fast freight trains I'd rather ride

If my parents ask you where I'm going
Say that I come out here to the West Country
And if you're worried I think I need your high tone advice
Well, listen to me please, don't talk to me