

Status Quo, 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's running wild
Cruisin' and playin' the radio
With no particular place to go

Riding along with my collar loose
Still trying to get her belt unloose
All the way home I held a grudge
But the safety belt it wouldn't budge
Cruisin' and playin' the radio
With no particular place to go

The wanderer
Well I'm the type of guy who will never settle down
Where pretty girls are well you know that I'm around
I kiss 'em and I love 'em 'cos to me they're all the same
I hug 'em and I squeeze them, they don't even know my name
They call me the Wanderer, yeah the Wanderer
I roam around and round and round and round and round
They call me the Wanderer, yeah the Wanderer
I roam around and round and round and round and round