

# 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