

# Chris Isaak, Goin' Nowhere

Like the clothes, like the tan, like the way you shake it.  
Your the kind of a girl I can tell you make it.  
Your the kind of a girl I can tell your goin' nowhere.  
Your goin' nowhere.  
Like the lips, like the look, like the way you show it.  
Your the kind of girl that I like you know it.  
Your the kind of a girl I would say your goin' nowhere.  
Your goin' nowhere.  
So take a ride with me now baby, hop inside and maybe baby.  
We can find a way to make it all ok. Yeah.  
Like the stance, like the sky, like the way you shake it.  
Your the kind of a girl that looks better naked.  
Your the kind of a girl I would say is goin' nowhere.  
Your goin' nowhere.  
Yeah-A-Oh-A-Whow-Ho-Yeah  
Yeah-A-Oh-A-Way-Hey-Ho  
Way-Hey-Oh-A-Way-Hey-Ho- Your goin' nowhere.  
Take a ride with me now baby, hop inside and maybe baby.  
We can find a way to make it all ok. Yeah.  
Like the clothes, like the tan, like the way you shake it.  
Your the kind of a girl I can tell you make it.  
Your the kind of a girl I would say is goin' nowhere.  
Your goin' nowhere.  
A-Hey-Ho-A-Way-Hey-Ho  
Yeah-A-Hey-Hey-Yeah  
Whow-Hey-Oh-A-Hey-Hey-Ho  
Hey-Hey-Ho