

# George Thorogood And The Destroyers, 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