

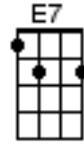
No Particular Place to Go

Chuck Berry



[A] [A !]

Ridin' along in my automo-[A]-bile,
My baby beside me at the wheel.
I stole a kiss at the turn of a [D] mile,
my curiosity runnin' [A] wild.
Cruisin' and playin' the radi-[E7]-o..
With no particular place to [A] go. [A !]



Ridin' along in my automo-[A]-bile,
Anxious to tell her the way I feel.
I told her softly and sin-[D]-cere,
and she leaned and whispered in my [A] ear.
Cuddlin' more and drivin' [E7] slow..
with no particular place to [A] go. [A !]

No particular place to [A] go,
So we parked way out on the Kokomo.
The night was young and the moon was [D] gold.
We both decided to take a [A] stroll.
Can you imagine the way I [E7] felt?
I couldn't unfasten her safety [A] belt. [A !]

Ridin' along in my cala-[A]-boose..
Still tryin' to get her belt a-loose.
All the way home I held a [D] grudge..
but the safety belt just wouldn't [A] budge.
Cruisin' and playin' the radi-[E7]-o.
With no particular place to [A] go

Cruisin' and playin' the radi-[E7]-o.
With no particular place to [A] go [A !]