

No Particular Place to Go

Chuck Berry



[G] [G !]

Ridin' along in my automo-[G]-bile,
My baby beside me at the wheel.
I stole a kiss at the turn of a [C] mile,
my curiosity runnin' [G] wild.
Cruisin' and playin' the radi-[D7]-o..
With no particular place to [G] go. [G !]

Ridin' along in my automo-[G]-bile,
Anxious to tell her the way I feel.
I told her softly and sin-[C]-cere,
and she leaned and whispered in my [G] ear.
Cuddlin' more and drivin' [D7] slow..
with no particular place to [G] go. [G !]

Instrumental:

Ridin' along in my automo-[G]-bile,
Anxious to tell her the way I feel.
I told her softly and sin-[C]-cere,
and she leaned and whispered in my [G] ear.
Cuddlin' more and drivin' [D7] slow..
with no particular place to [G] go. [G !]

No particular place to [G] go,
So we parked way out on the Kokomo.
The night was young and the moon was [C] gold.
We both decided to take a [G] stroll.
Can you imagine the way I [D7] felt?
I couldn't unfasten her safety [G] belt. [G !]

Ridin' along in my cala-[G]-boose..
Still tryin' to get her belt a-loose.
All the way home I held a [C] grudge..
but the safety belt just wouldn't [G] budge.
Cruisin' and playin' the radi-[D7]-o.
With no particular place to [G] go

Cruisin' and playin' the radi-[D7]-o.
With no particular place to [G] go [G !]