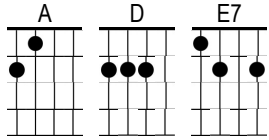


# No Particular Place To Go

Chuck Berry



Ridin' along in my automob**A**ile **A↓**  
My baby beside me at the **A**wheel **A↓**  
I stole a kiss at the turn of a **D** mile **D↓**  
My curiosity runnin' **A** wild **A↓**  
Cruisin' and playin' the radi**E7**o **D↓**  
With no particular place to **A** go **A↓**

Ridin' along in my automob**A**ile **A↓**  
I was anxious to tell her the way I **A** feel **A↓**  
So, I told her softly and sin**D**cere **D↓**  
And she leaned and whispered in my **A** ear **A↓**  
Cuddlin' more and drivin' **E7** slow **D↓**  
With no particular place to **A** go |



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

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



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