


NO PARTICULAR PLACE TO GO Chuck Berry 1964
 For the life of me, I can't recall having seatbelts in 1964. . .

Unless noted, all chords are played: one two three four five rest rest rest.
 All underlined stuff is tacet; the first line is an example.

Intro: 1,2,3,4 1,2,3,4 D7//// / 

Riding along in my automo-bile, my baby beside me at the wheel.

I stole a kiss at the turn of a mile, my curiosity running wild.

Cruising and playing the radi-o; with no particular place to go.

Riding along in my automo-bile, I was anxious to tell her the way I feel.

So I told her softly & sin-cere, she leaned & whispered in my ear.

Cuddling more and driving slow, with no particular place to go.

No particular place to go, so we parked way out on the Koko-mo.

The night was young & the moon was gold, we both decided to take a stroll.

Can you imagine the way I felt? I couldn't unfasten her safety belt!

Riding along in my cala-boose, still trying to get her belt un-loose.

All the way home I held a grudge, for the safety belt just wouldn't budge

Cruising & playing the radi-o, with no particular place to go.

