

# My Elusive Dreams

Bobby Vinton

You followed me to Texas,  
You followed me to Utah,  
We didn't find it there,  
So we moved on.

You followed me to Alabama.  
Things looked good in Burmingham.  
We didn't find it there,  
So we moved on.

I know your tired  
Of following  
My elusive dreams and scheems.  
For there only fleeting things.

My elusive dreams.  
You had my child in Memphis.  
I heard of work in Nashville.  
We didn't find it there.

So we moved on.  
To farm in Nebraska.  
To a gold mine in Alaska.  
We didn't find it there.

So we moved on.  
And now we've left Alaska.  
Because there was no gold mine.  
But this time,

Only two of us move on.  
Now all we have is each other.  
And a little memory to cling to.  
And still you won't let me

Go on alone.  
I know your tired  
Of following  
My elusive dreams and scheems.

For there only fleeting things.  
My elusive dreams.  
For there only fleeting things.  
My elusive dreams.