

# My Elusive Dreams

Roger Miller

You followed me to Texas, you followed me to Utah  
We didn't find it there, so we moved on  
Then you went with me to Alabama, things look good in Birmingham  
We didn't find it there, so we moved on

I know you're tired of following  
My elusive dreams and schemes  
For they're only fleeting things  
My elusive dreams

You had my child in Memphis, then I heard of work in Nashville  
But we didn't find it there, so we moved on  
To a small farm in Nebraska, to a gold mine in Alaska  
We didn't find it there, so we moved on

Now we've left Alaska because there was no gold mine  
But this time only two of us moved 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

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