

My Elusive Dreams

Tom Jones

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 A-la-bam'
Things looked good in Birmingham
We didn't find it there so we moved on
I know you're tired of fol-low-ing
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
I know you're tired of fol-low-in'
My elusive dreams and schemes
For they're only fleeting things
My elusive dreams

Now we've left A-las-ka because there was no gold mine
But this time only two of us moved on
And 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 you're tired of following
My elusive dreams and schemes
For they're only fleeting things
My elusive dreams