

# 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