

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 Alabam'
Things looked good in Birmingham
We didn't find it there
So we moved on

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