

My Elusive Dreams

Don Gibson

I followed you to Texas
I followed you to Utah
We didn't find it there, so we mo-oved on
I followed you to Alabam'
Things looked good in Birmingham
We didn't find it there, so we moved on

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

I had your child in Memphis
You heard of work in Nashville
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

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 you're tired of followin'
My elusive dreams and schemes
For they're only fleeting things
My elusive dreams
(Ahh-ahh-ahh-ahh)
For they're only fleeting things
My elusive dreams