

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

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

For they're only fleeting things
My elusive dreams