

Kitty Wells, My Elusive Dreams

I followed you to Texas you followed you to Utah

We didn't find it there so we moved 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 following 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 mem'ry to cling to

And still you won't let me go on all alone

I know you're tired of following...

For they're only fleeting things my elusive dreams