

Nancy Sinatra, Elusive Dreams

I followed you to Texas
I followed you to Utah
We didn't find it there
So we moved on

I followed you to Alabama
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 goldmine

But this time only two of us move on
And now, now we have 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