

Norma Jean, Your Elusive Dreams

I followed you to Texas I followed you to Utah
We didn't find it there so we moved on
I went with you to Alabam things looked good in Birmingham
We didn't find it there so we moved on
I'm so tired of following your elusive dreams and schemes
For they're only fleeting things your elusive dreams
I had your child in Memphis you 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
And now we've left Alaska because there was no gold mine
But this time only two of us moves on
Now all we have is each other and a little mem'ry to cling to
And still I can't let you go on alone
I'm so tired of following your elusive dreams and schemes
For they're only fleeting things your elusive dreams
For they're only fleeting things your elusive dreams