

Roger Miller, My Elusive Dreams

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 Alabam 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
This time only two of us moved 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 alone
I know you're tired of following...