

Tom Jones, 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 A-la-bam',
Things looked good in Birmingham,
We didn't find it there so we moved on.
I know you're tired of fol-low-ing
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.
I know you're tired of fol-low-ing
My elusive dreams and schemes
For they're only fleeting things,
My elusive dreams.

Now we've left A-las-ka because thewas no gold mine,
But this time only two of us moved on.
And 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.