

# 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.