

Porter Wagoner

"My Elusive Dreams"

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MY ELUSIVE DREAMS

WITH PAMELA ROSE GADD

Writers Curly Putman, Billy Sherrill

I followed you to Texas I followed you to Utah We didn't find it there, so we mo-oved on I followed you to Alabam' Things looked good in Birmingham We didn't find it there, so we moved on I know you're tired of followin' 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 gold mine But this time, only two of us move on 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 followin' My elusive dreams and schemes For they're only fleeting things My elusive dreams (Ahh-ahh-ahh-ahh) For they're only fleeting things My elusive dreams

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