

# Slipping Through My Fingers

ABBA

1. Schoolbag in hand, she leaves home in the early morning  
Waving goodbye with an absent-minded smile  
I watch her go with a surge of that well-known sadness  
And I have to sit down for a while  
The feeling that I'm losing her forever  
And without really entering her world  
I'm glad whenever I can share her laughter  
That funny little girl

R: Slipping through my fingers all the time  
I try to capture every minute  
The feeling in it  
Slipping through my fingers all the time  
Do I really see what's in her mind  
Each time I think I'm close to knowing  
She keeps on growing  
Slipping through my fingers all the time

2. Sleep in our eyes, her and me at the breakfast table  
Barely awake, I let precious time go by  
Then when she's gone there's that odd melancholy feeling  
And a sense of guilt I can't deny  
What happened to the wonderful adventures  
The places I had planned for us to go  
(slipping through my fingers all the time)  
Well, some of that we did but most we didn't  
And why I just don't know

R: Slipping through my fingers all the time...

Sometimes I wish that I could freeze the picture  
And save it from the funny tricks of time  
Slipping through my fingers...

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Waving goodbye with an absent-minded smile...