

# Slipping Through My Fingers

ABBA

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 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 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 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 Sometimes I wish that I could freeze the picture  
And save it from the funny tricks of time  
Slipping through my fingers  
Slipping through my fingers all the time Schoolbag in hand she leaves home in the early morning  
Waving goodbye with an absent-minded smile

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