

# Slipping through my fingers

Abba

capo 3

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

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  
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

3. 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

4. Schoolbag in hand  
She leaves home in the early morning  
Waving goodbye with an absent-minded  
smile