

ABBA - Slipping Through My Fingers

tom:
 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
 (C E F)
 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

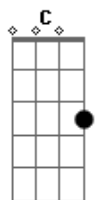
Sometimes I wish that I could freeze the picture
 And save it from the funny tricks of time

Slipping through my fingers

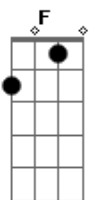
Slipping through my fingers all the time

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

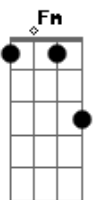
Acordes



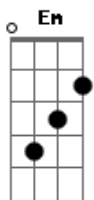
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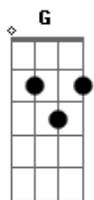
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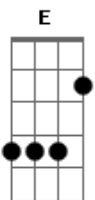
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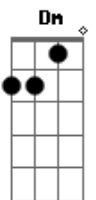
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