

ABBA - Slipping Through My Fingers

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Then, when she's gone, there's that odd melancholy feeling
               tom:
                                                             And a sense of guilt I can't deny
      F
Schoolbag in hand
                                                             What happened to the wonderful adventures?
     C
She leaves home in the early morning
                                                             The places I had planned for us to go
     Fm
 Waving goodbye
                                                             (Slipping through my fingers all the time)
With an absent-minded smile
                                                             Well, some of that we did, but most we didn't
I watch her go
                  Em
                                                             And why, I just don't know
With a surge of that well-known sadness
F G
And I have to sit down for a while
                                                             Slipping through my fingers all the time
                                                             I try to capture every minute
The feeling that I'm losing her forever
                                                             The feeling in it
And without really entering her world
                                                             Slipping through my fingers all the time
( C E F )
                                                             Do I really see what's in her mind?
I'm glad whenever I can share her laughter
                                                             Each time I think I'm close to knowing
That funny little girl
                                                             She keeps on growing
                                                             Slipping through my fingers all the time
I try to capture every minute F C
                                                             Sometimes I wish that I could freeze the picture
                                                             And save it from the funny tricks of time
The feeling in it
Slipping through my fingers all the time
                                                             Slipping through my fingers
Do I really see what's in her mind?
                                                             Slipping through my fingers all the time
           Em Dm
Each time I think I'm close to knowing
She keeps on growing
                                                             Schoolbag in hand
Slipping through my fingers all the time
                                                             She leaves home in the early morning
                                                             Waving goodbye
Sleep in our eyes, her and me at the breakfast table
                                                             With an absent-minded smile
Barely awake, I let precious time go by
Acordes
                                    ukulele-chords.com
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