SLIPPING THROUGH MY FINGERS

Words & Music by: Benny Andersson & Björn Ulvaeus

School bag in hand, she leaves home in the early morning,
Sleep in our eyes, her and me at the breakfast table,

Waving goodbye with an absent-minded smile,
Barely awake I let precious time go by.

Then I watch her go when she's gone
With a surge of that well-known sadness,

Chol-y feeling and a sense of guilt I can't deny.

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The feeling that I'm losing her forever
What happened to the wonderful adventures,

and without really entering her world.
The places I had planned for us to go?

I'm glad whenever I can share her laughter, that
Well, some of it we did but most we didn't, and

funny little girl, why, I just don't know. Slip-ping through my

Csus4 C Fsus4 F
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.

Schoolbag in hand she leaves home in the early morning, waving good-bye, with an absent-minded smile.