

Agnetha Faltskog

"Slipping Through My Fingers"

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School bag 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
loosin 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
well some of that we did
but most we didn't
and why I just don't know

Slipping through my fingers...

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

Schoolbag in hand
she leaves home
in the early morning
waving goodbye
with an absent-minded smile

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