

**Agnetha F?Ltskog****"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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