

# *Slipping through my fingers*

ABBA/A. Seyfried and M. Streep

Schoolbag in hand, she leaves home in the early morning  
Waving goodbye with an absent-minded smile  
I \_\_\_\_\_ her go with a surge of that well known sadness  
And I have to sit down for a \_\_\_\_\_

The feeling that I'm \_\_\_\_\_ her forever  
And without really entering her world  
I'm glad \_\_\_\_\_ I can share her laughter  
That funny little girl

Slipping through my fingers all the time  
I try to cap to / capture / get to every minute  
The feeling in it  
Slipping through my fingers all the time  
Do I really see what's in / on / at her mind  
Each time I think I'm close to knowing  
She keeps on going / frowning / growing  
Slipping through my fingers all the time

Sleep in our eyes, her and me at the breakfast \_\_\_\_\_  
Barely awake I let precious time go by  
Then when she's gone, there's that odd melancholy \_\_\_\_\_  
And a sense of guilt I can't deny

What happened to those wonderful adventures  
The places I had planned for us to \_\_\_\_\_  
Well, some of that we did, but most we didn't  
And why, I just don't \_\_\_\_\_

Slipping through my fingers ...

Sometimes I wish that I could freeze the picture  
And save it from the funny tricks of time  
Slipping through my fingers  
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Waving goodbye with an absent-minded smile

