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Slipping Through My Fingers

Reference number PT0270

Schoolbag 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 losing 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 ev'ry 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 all the time,
I try to capture ev'ry 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.

(Instrumental)

Slipping through my fingers all the time

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waving goodbye with an absent-minded smile.