

Departures (Blue Toowong Skies)

Bernard Fanning

Once I was the youngest now the middle branch
Hung from the family tree
Older than my first born brother
Never made it quite to 43

Let it ring let the bell ring out for you
May it sing of your beautiful truth
Take your leave on the rising tide
Travel slow enjoy the ride

Everyone is waiting on the ticking bomb
That lies beneath their skin
Nonetheless we carry on like we were born
For breathing poison in

Let it ring let the bell ring out for you
May it sing of your beautiful truth
Take your leave on the rising tide
Travel slow enjoy the ride

You're right where you belong
'Neath Blue Toowong Skies
Cut so deep in our bones
You surround those of us you love

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