

## 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

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

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