Departures Blue Toowong Skies

Bernard Fanning

Intro G Am G Am

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(G)
Once I was the youngest now the middle branch
                      (Am) (Am)
hung from the family tree
(G)
Older than my first born brother
                                (Am)(Am)
Never made it quite to forty three


          (G)           (C)      (G)      (D)
So let it ring, let the bell ring out for you
          (G)        (C) (G)   (D)
May it sing of your beautiful truth
            (G)        (C)(D) (G)
Take your leave on the rising tide
        (C)                    (D)
Travel slow         enjoy the ride



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

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(Em)                     (D)
You're right where you belong
                      (Em) (D)     (C) (G)  (D)    (D)
Beneath Blue Toowong skies cut so deep in our bones
     (Em)         (C)   (D)     (G)
You surround  - those of us you love
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INSTRUMENTAL as intro

CHORUS X 2 last with single strum