

## **I'm leaving Friday**, by John Thornton

*(To the tune of My Way)*

received 13/7/20

And now... the end is near,  
And so I face... the Queensland border,  
My friends... I'll say to you,  
I leave this place... with things in order,  
I've lived... some time with you, □ □ □  
I travelled here... on the Bass highway,  
Be sure... it's you I'll miss,  
I'm leaving Friday,

Regrets... I've had a few,  
But then again... that was expected,  
I did... what I could do,  
And saw it through... nothing neglected,  
I planned... to see you all, □ □  
To say goodbye... and give you my wave,  
But that... I'll have to miss,  
I'm leaving Friday,

Yes there were times... I'm sure you knew,  
When my bowls failed... what they should do,  
But through it all... where there was doubt,  
I sucked it up... and didn't shout,  
I just got mad... and went home sad, □ □  
I'm leaving Friday,

I've loved... it at this Club,  
As Secretary... for one year, quarter,  
And now... as tears subside,  
I'm handing back... to Carol Waters, □ □  
To think... I did all that,  
And may I say... I did it my way,  
But yet... I must regret,  
I'm leaving Friday,

For what is here... at Inverloch?,  
It's all my friends... I'll miss a lot,  
To say the things... that make me sad,  
I would rather... they were glad,  
The record shows... I've packed my bowls.....,  
And leaving Friday. (17<sup>th</sup>July) □ □ □ □