

Turtle's Head

Powderfinger

If I had no friends I'd have no one to ridicule
So goes the tale of the resident fool
If I clear my space I could clear it to be with you
Backhanded claims of a resolute
If I call an end to the trouble I'm sinking in
Maybe a sign for a crime or sin

I'll love my girl when she comes home
I'll love my boys when they get home
With friends like that who needs enemies

If I make no sense I'll be nearer to fitting in
Spreading the wisdom by accident
If I call you out that'll bring it all to an end
Token resolve of a dissident
When you pull me in that'll settle the residue
Maybe a sign for a crime or a sin

I'll love my girl when she comes home
I'll love my boys when they get home
With friends like that who needs enemies