Powderfinger, Turtle's Head

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