

# 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