

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?

Songwriters

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Coghill Published by

UNIVERSAL-SONGS OF POLYGRAM INTERNATIONAL, INC. Song Discussions is protected by U.S.
Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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