

The Kind Of Friend I Need

Gary Barlow

If I'm hanging a tent
Halfway up on El Capitan
And need a man to hammer that nail
I tell you, you would not be that man

Well, if I get in a fight
Somewhere in the city one night
Instead of asking you to step in
With all respect, I possibly might
Ask the big bloke stood to your right

Lucky is the guy in life who has got
Another guy in his life who can spot
All of the amazing things that's he's not
God, how lucky is that guy?

Says you look a wreck, makes fun of your hair
But half-two in the morning when you're both worse for wear
Gives a look back just to check you're still there
Insult me and offend me
That's the kind of friend that I need
That's the kind of friend that I need

Well, when I've written a song (Oh, you write songs, do you? You didn't mention it)
Laid my heart and soul really bare (At the piano, is it?)
It's great to know I've got someone there like you
To say they think they've heard it before

Well, when I'm holding the floor (Oh, here we go)
With another great anecdote (Oh yeah, 'bout your movie star friends?)
It's great to see you show your support
By looking at your watch with a yawn
And then gesture cutting your throat

Lucky is the guy in life who has got
Another guy in his life who can spot
The entertaining superstar that he is not
God, how lucky is that guy?

Always criticizes the way that you drive
But is alive to the way that you feel
And if your head's in your hands, takes over the wheel
Defend me and upend me
That's the kind of friend that I need
That's the kinda of friend that I need

A friend like a shot would not dream of telling people
What happened in that bar in Berlin (Hmm, good)
Just wouldn't dream of it
And like that, he wouldn't choose to mention that tattoo (That's so true)
No one knew (He just simply would not do)
See? Right then, I chose not to

Oh lucky is the guy who finds (Oh lucky guy)
He's suddenly not singing the top line
But oh how he climbs (All the things that he's not)

Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah (Oh, that's enough of that)

Takes apart your songs
Dismembers your jokes
Puts you back on the bike
Picks dirt from your knee
Knowing he's the one who threw the stick through your spokes

Brings you down to Earth
Argue like brothers
But a compliment from him is worth a thousand from others
Deflate my sails
Puncture my bubble
Never say you love me or you know we're in trouble

A friend that's not too kind to me
That's the kind of friend that I need, oh

I was the best in that song
So was I
It's my album, you know