

**Gilles Snowcat****"My Best Friend Is My Own Ghost"**

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I am what I sing  
Genius steal, they borrow  
Still it spreads no meaning  
Riffing yet lacking that flow

I'Â€Â™ ll never get old  
Sniffing minus ions  
My old tactic is called:  
The comfort of illusions

They shouldn'Â€Â™ t try  
Nor even dare  
'Â€Â™ Cause my best friend  
Is my own ghost

The guys there with me  
Don'Â€Â™ t even know the Fudge  
For the result will be  
A wasted day with the drudges

Fuck incognito  
Outside and very wise  
Dead lodger walking low  
I'Â€Â™ m a jazzman in disguise

They shouldn'Â€Â™ t push  
Nor even hope  
'Â€Â™ Cause my best friend  
Is my own ghost

They shouldn'Â€Â™ t tell  
Nor even ask  
Why my best friend  
Is my own ghost

Now my best friend  
Is my own ghost

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