

Roadkill

Pulp

The feel of my arm
Around your waist
The pale blue nightdress that you wore
Oh

Your hair in braids
Your sailor top
The things I don't see any more
No, no

You lost your suitcase
In my hotel room
A subway token from your Mum

The sun reflecting off the water on your face
And the way you drove your car

All these things I can't forget
No, I don't see them any more

Drove to the airport
Through a traffic jam
A deer lay dying in the road

Maybe I should have seen it as some kind of sign
'Cept I don't believe in them no more
No, no

But I believe these things I can't forget
Oh, I don't see you any more

Yeah, I believe these things I can't forget
To see them though I don't see you any more