

Pulp, Roadkill

The feel of my arm around your waist, the pale blue nightdress that you wore.
Your hair in braids, your sailor top: the things I don't see anymore.
You lost your suitcase in my hotel room, a subway token from your Ma.
The sun reflecting off the water on your face & the way you drove your car.
All these things I can't forget tho' I don't see you anymore.

Drove to the airport thru' a traffic jam; a deer lay dying in the road.
Maybe I should have seen it as some kind of sign, except I don't believe in them no more.
No, no - but I believe these things I can't forget, tho' I don't see you anymore.
Yes, I believe these things I can't forget, 'cos I see them - tho' I don't see you anymore.