

# 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