

Pulnoc

"Roadkill"

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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.

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