

Pulp **"Roadkill"**

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The feel of my arm around your waist
The pale blue nightdress that you wore oh oh
Your hair in braids, your sailor top
The things that I don't see anymore no no

You lost your suitcase in my hotel room
A subway token from your mall
The sun reflecting off the water on your face
And the way you drove your car

All these things I can't forget
Though I don't see you anymore

Drove to the airport thru' a traffic jam
A deer lay dyin' 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
I don't see you anymore

Ya, I believe these things, I can't forget
'Cos I see them, though I don't see you anymore

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