

# Roadkill

## Biggles Flys Again

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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