

# Golden Gate Jumpers

## Cold War Kids

Thick fog grows in waves on the Golden Gate  
I was checking my watch seven minutes in my shift  
When I spot a black skirt on the rail  
Straddling the bar like it's a quarter of rye  
She's scared to jump but terrified to stay  
Walked to her slow extend my hand with a smile and say  
"Ma'am, how was your day? Keep your eyes on my face  
I want to help you if you let me"  
She startled, I look forward, wrap my arms 'round her legs  
Pull her down to the sidewalk, we're both needing for air and I say  
"Ma'am how was your day? Keep your eyes on my face  
I want to help you if you let me"  
Most folks think they'll hit the surface and never feel no pain  
Water pulls you under back to the womb once again  
Bodies float to the shore, bloated but, but in blue  
If sharks don't get you first crabs will have their way with you

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