

Cold War Kids, Golden Gate Jumpers

Thick fog rolls in waves
On the Golden Gate
I was checking my watch
With seven minutes on my shift

When I spot a black skirt on the rail
Straddling the bar like it's a quarter a ride
She's scared to jump, but terrified to stay
Walk 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'll let me."

She's startled, I look forward
Wrap my arms around her legs
Pull her down to the sidewalk
We're both heaving for air and I say

"Ma'am how was your day?
Keep your eyes on my face!
I want to help you if you'll 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 purple and blue
If sharks don't get to you first
Crabs will have their way with you