

# Nerina Pallot, Jump

Oh good Lord above, i'm immune to the love of a good man  
I go for the suckers, the mean motherf\*ckers I can't resist.  
If I should get bitten. As long as he's smitten I understand  
That pain comes with pleasure, such bittersweet treasure cannot be missed.

So how can you help me now?  
I can't help myself....

I go on and jump, give it a try  
Checking the parachute, see if it flies.  
Oh if I should break my neck I never bruise....  
I go on and just, give it a try  
Don't call the ambulance, i'm still alive  
And if I should break my neck i'll make the news.

The Friday night ritual of pulling habitual non-entities.  
The lawyers, the bankers, the next morning thank yous and "call you soon...";  
These public school faces, I thought time erases one's misery  
Oh no, it comes back to haunt you, old photos will taunt of your big mistake

So how can you save me now?  
I can't save myself....

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