

When I Jump off the Golden Gate Bridge 1/8

It's a great Golden Gate
 In the great sunshine state
 Though the fog often shades the visage
 While they sandblast & paint
 And its lacking in lanes
 What a wondrous and clear frame it is
 On postcards on the screen - on TV how I love
 Golden color & paint its peak over the city
~~But it's messy makes me faint~~
 When it rains there that way lovely bridge

What is the name of the 1st who died
 What is the name of the 1st
 How many are those who lived and died
 How many have leaped ~~unnoticed~~
 Who is the lady who tap danced across
 and the fellow who played the big strings
 who ~~was the loser that~~ swam and climbed out of
 the water over which others swinged.

From the last of the great experiment
 through the hard times depression
 how she ships built so sleek so was dig
~~crossed~~ ~~water~~ ~~beams~~ ~~cross~~ ~~angles~~
 High suppers fardangled
 Communist Buddhist Gays, Hard hats, Communists

I can not be the last
Though I sure got the thirst
I wish to immerse for a sundge

~~(Handwritten notes on the right margin, including circled 'B4' and other scribbles)~~

To be thousandth I wait
For ~~that water~~ those hard distant waves
When I jump off the Golden Gate Bridge

In the slow lane to death suspended we drive
Closed circuit TV's track the trip
And the urge to pop off makes some kind of terrified
More than the fear that they'd stop

where the UN was born and ~~and~~ Drake stepped ashore
were killing ourselves just the same
~~But well below us ~~and~~ from the low locals were~~
~~and got stuck such a bad sound~~

I + s a great Golden Gate Would you rather up left tips
and I'm sure that my fates and down into the ~~water~~
~~lies ~~and~~~~ In the watery grave by those cliffs

Sure that there's no escape try making it a better place
Keep the struggle up mate you could go into the water
Gosh I sure cannot wait
For that wonderful date
When I jump off the Golden Gate Bridge