

SECOND SHOT

The Cassandra Complex

The return of the Freedom Seven
A shepherd following his dog to the ends of the Earth
Second by twenty-three days, Alan; no-one knew your name
You didn't get your sixteen minutes of fame

Just a second, second shot
Second, second shot

All that glitters isn't gold, but who cares, anyway?
Let me bounce off your lens and into the trees
Playing handball with my conscience
America, come back to me

For a second, second shot
Second, second shot

The Great Escape, tunnelling through the air
One man and his dog, playing all the time
One small ball for a man
One giant game for mankind

And a second, second shot
Second, second shot