

## 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