

## Lost Long Shot

The New Amsterdams

You've got a world wide face  
And I've been away for a year  
I'll hide it in someplace safe  
Where even the spies don't hear  
I've been a lost long shot  
A prodigal son by trade  
Somehow the words won't stop  
Even when deals are made

Time and space  
We can be distant  
Running a different race  
And nobody really wins  
And only the fools rush in  
And only the frightened wait  
I'd rather be foolish than  
Be scared of my own mistakes