

## Escape (Part 2)

Sparks

Calling every unit, every unit respond  
Don't let him out of your sight  
He won't be running too long

I can see him up ahead, a gray sweater on  
And if he doesn't respond  
What sort of force should we don?

Only as a last resort should force be applied  
And don't allow him to hide  
They want him taken alive

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More and more police cars after me and I don't even know  
where I'm running. It's not as if I'll see a sign saying  
'Sweden - This Way.'

Mr. Bergman, give it up, you'll never escape  
You have no hope and no prayer  
You sure ain't going nowhere

I can't let them catch me. This place is death to me. This place is  
death to me. This place is death to me.

Calling every helicopter, follow that man  
And if he don't understand  
Bring in a translator, man.

And refrain from shooting just as long as you can  
But if it needs to be done  
Well, you all carry a gun.

Helicopters! What next! I am now an actor in a bad big budget  
Hollywood action film.

Captain we've lost sight of him, no there he is now  
He's stopped, he's wiping his brow  
Wait, he's now running I vow  
We won't let him get away, he's heading due west  
And who would ever have guessed  
He'd be this big of a pest

I've got to run! I've got to run! I've got to run! I've got to run!

Copters, fire rockets, we are losing his trail  
We cannot let this plan fail  
The dogs are hot on his trail  
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I've got to run, I've got to run!

Helicopter Number One, we see him, I'm sure

The visibility's poor  
But he just can't run much more.  
Fire rockets, he won't know what hit him, I'm sure  
Before he reaches the shore  
A little afternoon gore.

Captain fire rockets we are losing his trail  
We cannot let this plan fail  
The dogs are hot on his trail

This is Mr. Weiss, yes, yes, the studio chief  
I sit in stunned disbelief  
That Bergman's causing you grief.  
Hollywood's in dire need of what he can bring  
But it will not mean a thing  
If he is dead, that's the thing.  
Still, we can't allow him to go back where he came  
And though we'd relish his name  
He can't go back where he came.  
Summing up, alive is best, but if there's no choice  
Though we can't gloat and rejoice  
Well there just might be no choice.

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This is insane. I sense, though, that I'm close to the shore.  
Why should that feel like a relief?