

Recognize

Better Than Ezra

Open D tuning: D A D F# A D (low to high)

Intro (slide):

```
|-----12-----|
|-----12-----| (6x)
|-----5-----|
|---0/12-----5-----|
|---0/12-----0/5-----3/0--|
|---0/12-----0/5-----3/0--|
```

First thing I remember was lying in the sand
When a plague of seven horsemen came across the desert land
They had one good eye between them, they were burning up the sky
When I asked why they had come for me, the ugly one replied
He told me

Chorus:

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|-----|
|-----| (2x)
|-----|
|--2/3--0--x-x-x-x--2/3--0--x-x-x-x--2/3--0--x-x-x-x--5--|
|--2/3--0--x-x-x-x--2/3--0--x-x-x-x--2/3--0--x-x-x-x--5--|
|--2/3--0--x-x-x-x--2/3--0--x-x-x-x--2/3--0--x-x-x-x--5--|
```

Ah, you better recognize
Ah, you better recognize, son

Next thing I recall, well, I was hanging from a cliff
When an angel came to rescue me and held me in her grip
She said, Everyone who s ever loved you gets hurt in the end.
Then she smiled and said, Forgive me, as she let go of my hand
She told me

Solo

```
-----12-----15s17-----12-----15s17-----12-----15s17--|
-----12-----12-----12-----|
-----|
-0/12-----0/12-----0/12-----|
-0/12-----0/12-----0/12-----|
-0/12-----0/12-----0/12-----|
```

(You been living out of pocket, out of your socket)
Ah, you better recognize.
(You been leaning like a Pisa, a moaning Lisa)
Ah, you better recognize, son
(Hip hip for all the busted, we are entrusted)
Ah, you better recognize.
(You come a pleading, but it s too late

We can't hear you're on the list now!)
And let your dim light shine.