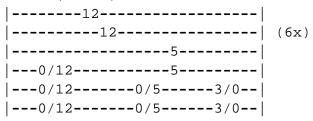
Recognize Better Than Ezra

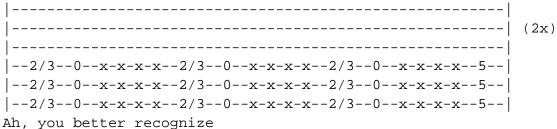
Open D tuning: D A D F# A D (low to high)

Intro (slide):



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

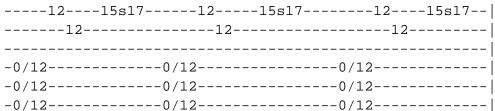
Chorus:



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



(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.