

Recognize

Better Than Ezra

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

Ah, you better recognize
Aw, 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

(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.

Always darkest before the morning light,
Lord knows you ain't that bright
Better let your dim light shine

Just before I hit the ground
I woke up in my bed
I was dazed and I was weary
And my heart was full of dread
When I looked at my reflection
I was horrified to find
There were seven horsemen next to me
The angel close behind
They told me

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