My Eye

Brian Dewan

Oh let me tell you, a dreadful story, of how I poked out my eye.
Oh let me tell you, a dreadful story, of how I poked out my eye.

Well it was early on Sunday morning when I woke up from a dream.
My heart was pounding, my hands were trembling from the frightful sight I'd seen.
I dreamt my father appeared before me, he had risen from the grave.
He was a pitiful and lonely specter of a life that could not be saved.

Oh let me tell you, a dreadful story, of how I poked out my eye.
Oh let me tell you, a dreadful story, of how I poked out my eye.

And in the dream, my father told me that a part of me must die,
So that it might be with him in spirit, to help him in the afterlife.

You can imagine that all I wanted was only to go back to sleep,
And yet that I knew that I must rise up and obey the terrible decree.

Oh let me tell you, a dreadful story...
Oh let me tell you, a dreadful story...

I left the the warmth of the bedroom and opened the window shades.
I walked outside, in my bathrobe into the cool of the autumn day.
I walked outdoors, to the tool shed and opened up the drawer.
And I removed the deadly instrument to do the deadly deed.

Oh let me tell you, a dreadful story, of how I poked out my eye.
Oh let me tell you, a dreadful story, of how I poked out my eye.

And then I wrapped a linen bandage across the eye that would never see again.
And then I brought in my Sunday paper and then went back to bed.

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Lyrics submitted by Bruce.

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