

Harvester Of Eyes

Blue Oyster Cult

Harvester of eyes, that's me
And I see all there is to see
When I look inside your head
Right up front to the back of your skull
Well, that's my sign that you are dead
And my list for you checks off as null
I'm the harvester of eyes
I'm the eyeman of TV
With my ocular TB
I need all the peepers I can find
Inside the barn where you find the hay
Just last week I took a ride
So high on eyes I almost lost my way
I'm the harvester of eyes
Harvester of eyes, that's me
(Harvester of eyes)
And I see all there is to see
(Harvester of eyes)
When I look inside your head
(Harvester of eyes)

Right up front to the back of your skull
(Harvester of eyes)
Harvester of eyes
Harvester of eyes
Harvester of eyes
Harvester of eyes
Harvester of eyes
I'm just walkin' down the street
I see a garbage can, I pick it up
I look through all the garbage
To see if there are any eyes inside
I'll put 'em in my pink leather bag
And take all their eye balls
And I bleed with 'em
As I plead with their eyes all night
So if you see me walkin' down the street
You'd better get out of the way
And put on your eye glasses

'Cause I'm gonna take your eyes home with me

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