Where Your Eyes Don't Go

They Might Be Giants

Where your eyes don't go a filthy scarecrow waves its broomstick arms
And does a parody of each unconscious thing you do
When you turn around to look it's gone behind you
On its face it's wearin' your confused expression
Where your eyes don't goWhere your eyes don't go a part of you is hovering
It's a nightmare that you'll never be discoverin'
You're free to come and go, or talk like Kurtis Blow
But there's a pair of eyes, in back of your headEvery jumbled pile of person has a thinking part that wonders
What the part that isn't thinkin', isn't thinkin' of
Should you worry when the skullhead is in front of you
Or is it worse because it's always waiting
Where your eyes don't goWhere your eyes don't go a part of you is hovering
It's a nightmare that you'll never be discoverin'
You're free to come and go, or talk like Kurtis Blow
But there's a pair of eyes, in back of your headWhere your eyes don't go a filthy scarecrow waves its broomstick arms
And does a parody of each unconscious thing you do
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