

Harvester of Eyes

Blue Öyster 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
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

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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

My-my-my-my-my
My-my-my-my-my
My-my-my-my-my-my
I'm the 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