

## 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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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