

Bloops, Venus Flytrap Farm

I own a Venus flytrap farm
Making sure them little flytraps
never come to harm
I own a Venus flytrap farm

Insects know they ain't to come around
All them little flytraps get so hungry
in the ground
And I own a Venus flytrap farm
People say I'm crazy,
They tell me in alarm,
"Anything from Venus is bad."
It makes me sad.

So now I own a Jupiter flytrap farm
Making sure them giant flytraps
never cause no harm
I love my Jupiter flytraps,
though they severed my right arm

People say I'm crazy,
They tell me in alarm,
"You really need to see a doctor about that."

I'm going to a doctor about my arm
Hope I don't have gangrene,
or some other deadly germs
Doctor asks what's happened
I smile and sing this song:

I owned a Venus flytrap farm.