

# Venus Flytrap

Get a load of Venus: her arms open wide;  
that angora sweater; that snap to her stride.  
Yeah, she's accomodating she's eager to please  
As cherubs prod you to her halfshell by the sea

In her pearly love den, she makes no sound  
You feel the dark descending, though it's noon time around  
'Til before your eyes it's Venus Flytrap pulling you down.

You thought you'd be in Heaven, but it's limbo instead  
As those interlocking fingers weave a web above your head  
And as you mount your protest, she wriggles with hurt  
Looking armless, headless, broken, completely inert.

Well that's her best diversion to get her way  
Her fingers do the walking on the phone to check on you each day  
Yeah, it's no surprise how Venus Flytrap gets her prey

Now you're cuddled  
to her breast where  
you feel rested

But some of you  
is gonna be spat  
out, the rest of you  
digested



Now this goddess  
thing here; you put  
that myth aside

'Cause her acts of  
devotion are praying  
mantis style

Yeah her charm is her bait And her beauty shines through  
But once you taste it  
She'll make short work of you  
'Til Venus Flytrap's got her mind on someone new