

The Cake Farts Song

Rachel Bloom

When I was a little girl
They sat us down in school
And said, "Kids, what do you wanna be?"
Billy said, "A doctor!"
Miranda said, "A judge!"
And then they came to me

They said, "Don't be shy, this is America!
The land where dreams turn real
It doesn't matter what job you want
Just as long as it's true to what you feel!"

So I said
I wanna spread my ass cheeks and fart on a cake
And I wanna do it on film
I wanna spread my ass cheeks and fart on a cake
And I wanna do it on film
Ah

Well they sent me to a special school
So I forgot my dream
Until my eleventh birthday party
My mother cut the cake
Cause they wouldn't give me knives
And then I saw the camera held by my grandpa, Artie

My mother said "Oh God,
Don't you dare fart on that cake!"
Relax mum! I'm just blowing out the candles!
Geez, have some faith!

And then I spread my ass cheeks and farted on that cake
And my grandpa got it on film (And then he threw up on himself!)
I spelt out dreams with my poop when I farted on that cake
But then my parents burned the film

Well I went to Vassar
And landed a pretty good job
And kept far away from all things frosting
Then I met a guy at a bar, a director down on his luck

And he said,
“I wanna make a hit Internet video,
But all good ideas have been exhausted.”

So I said
“What if I spread my ass cheeks and farted on a cake?”
And he said “Um yeah, sure, okay, yeah, that’ll do it.”
So we went to Gelson’s and we bought a chocolate cake

[Spoken]
And well, we made an internet video
And it’s called Cake Farts
And it features me, farting on a cake
With the camera close up on my asshole
And it was an Internet sensation!
And why?
Because Cake Farts isn’t about cakes, or farts
It’s about dreams
See, everyone has that cake they wanna fart into,
And everyone has someone telling them they shouldn’t fart into that cake
Maybe your dream isn’t about farting on a cake
Maybe your dream is about sneezing on a salad, or wiping your period blood on a bagel
Or maybe your dream has nothing to do with the combination of foods and bodily functions
I don’t know, dreams are weird like that!
But the most important thing I want you to remember from my story is

[Sung]
We can all spread our ass cheeks and fart on our cakes
Be it literal cakes or figurative cakes
Because this is America, the land where dreams turn real
It doesn’t matter what dream you have
Just as long as you fart on that cake
And do it on film!

Lyrics Submitted by Celia Carrascisa

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