Cut the Cake (feat. Matthew Friedberger)

The Fiery Furnaces

CUT THE CAKE
When I heard the news
I nearly lost my breath
My heart stopped
And I held my chest
How could it be true, how could it
be true?
I bought ten copies of the paper
Tried to buy them all
But they wouldn't let me
How could it be true, how could it
be true?
Cut out the clip
And wallpapered my wall
I took it to work
To make copies so I could paper the
whole house
How could it be true, how could it
be true?
I scanned it too
So I could show it to my out-of-town
friends
I wrote a letter to the editor
To give praise and a mention
To the names they forgot
And the answers they didn't question
And those answers they didn't question
So what's one to do
With all this fame and glory
Hire a PR firm
To tell the rest of the story
How could it be true, how could it
be true?
Write it down quick
So I can make the 4 o'clock news
I know it's only local
But if it's what they choose
We'll celebrate over dinner,
Maybe dancing too

How could it be true, how could it
be true?
Who cut the cake?
Without any warning
Who cut the cake?
With my special knife
Into tiny little pieces for every fella's wife

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