

The Fiery Furnaces

"Cut The Cake"

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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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