

# Is This It

Jazmin Bean

Flawless, strike a pose, poignant  
You dream of me in your bed  
I'm not smelling of roses  
Some things I haven't told you  
My body's filled with roaches  
And my nose is long from lying  
Something is smelling rotten  
Don't want to try at trying

Oh dear, am I letting you down?  
'Cause I'm killing your hope and I'm eating this town and  
You said I'm hypocritical  
And I think you're correct, I'm the knife in my bed

Is this it? Is this it?  
(Ah)  
Is this it? Is this it?  
(Ah)

My secrets are my best friends  
Ease closer, you'll find out them  
I reek of dirty laundry  
Don't even think I'm sorry  
You're daydreaming about me  
Whilst I brush dirt out my teeth  
When you hug me I turn to dust

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'Cause I'm killing your hope and I'm eating this town and  
You said I'm hypocritical  
And I think you're correct, I'm the knife in my bed

Is this it? Is this it?  
(Ah)  
Is this it? Is this it?  
(Ah)

Are you disappointed in me?  
Your favorite golden child is now ridden with fleas  
Are you upset I cannot fly?  
Yet you're the one that trimmed at my wings every night

Is this it? Is this it?  
(Ah)  
Is this it? Is this it?  
(Ah)