

Asaf Avidan**"Is This It?"**

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If I threw my broken body
Let it shatter on the rocks
Would you pick up all my imperfections
Keep them hidden in your jewelry box

Would you help this old man singing
Would you save this little boy
Would you treat me like a baby
And let treat you like his toy

Is this it?
Honey, Is this it?
This is it.

Would you break me like a prism
Would you see my different sides
Would you separate the bright ones
Hang them on your laundry line

Would you help this tired Abraham
It's not just Isaac that is crying
For he who is busy loving
Is both living and is also dying

Is this it?
Honey, Is this really it?
This is it.

Would you know me like a doctor
Would you sing me like a hymn
Would you touch me like a bridesmaid
In some husband's dirty little dream

When these defeated lips have failed me
Would you save my hungry eyes
Would you milk your breasts for honey
Would you feed me all your pretty lies

Is this it?
Honey, Is this really it?
It's all that we've been praying for

Honey, Is this it?
It's all that we've been waiting for
It's all that we've been praying for
Is this it?
Honey, Is this really it?

Is this it?
Honey, Is this really it?
This is it.

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