Jonatha Brooke & The Story "Is This All?"

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All things being equal, her beauty was not her fault And it was not her only advantage Midst the feast and the novelty, the manliness of his charms

So was it really such a shock, so much history in a kiss Besides they both knew it was over And what do they have to worry about, just privacy and pain And the damage they've done

Is this all, can I go now, is this all? Is this all, can I go now, is this all? Hey, hey, hey, hey

So when you sleep do not dream, of what dreams they weigh you down
When you carry them along with you
They will wrack your lovely body, report back to your soul
With all the sickening sweets of the afternoon

As we lose the last of innocence, like some romantic notion
Buried by the fashion of disdain
You can make the world your apple, but take a bite before it sours
You can make the world your charm or your chain

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