

# Short And Sweet (2006 Digital Remaster)

David Gilmour

You ask what is the quality of life?  
Seeking to justify the part you play  
And hide, fearing it incomplete, to try  
To make it any more or less than short and sweet But short, short is from you to me, as close  
As we are wont to try to make it be  
We're caught watching the dark in the sky, who knows?  
Helpless as time itself to hold the time of day And you, you are a fantasy, a view  
From where you'd like to think the world should see  
Be true and you will likely find a few  
Building a vision new and justice to our time And we, we, the immoral men, we dare  
Naked and fearless in the elements  
And free, carefree of tempting fate, aware  
And holding off the moral nightmare at the gates

Songwriters

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