

# Short and Sweet

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, want to try to make it be  
We're caught watching the dark in the sky  
Who knows, helpless, it's time and self 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 And sweet, sweet as a mountain stream  
We'll look toward a new day breaking in the east  
We'll meet as every future dream unfolds  
And surely quality that is the very least

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