

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 sweetBut 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 dayAnd 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 timeAnd 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 gatesAnd 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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