

David Gilmour "Short And Sweet"

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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

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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