

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 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