

# David Gilmour, Short And Sweet

(Gilmour - R. Harper)

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 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  
And meet  
As every future dream  
Unfolds  
And surely quality that is the very least