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