

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