

Arithmetic

Eric Johnson

Someone to hold to
Love never to erase
One you belong to

Without, there is not a traceOf meaning to this metaphor

It's right behind that doorYou're my arithmetic

You make my sun shine
You're the road I pick

You're that friend of mineArrows from angels

Plan all the destiny
That's how I found you

You're so much a part of meNow everyday is a gift to be

You must know, you must see thatYou're my arithmetic

You make my sun shine
You're the road I pick

You're that friend of mineThe passage in this life,

Oh I falter and the clouds roll inBut the breath of love resounds

Stirring anciently and I begin...For when the lord someday I'll see

Questions he'll ask of me...Who's your arithmetic?

Who made your sun shine?

How was the road you picked?

Speak of the love you findTo change my altitude

Adjust my attitude
A truer movie screen

Moves in front of meA strong arithmetic

Stirring inside of me

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