

Eric Johnson "Arithmetic"

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Someone to hold to
Love never to erase
One you belong to
Without, there is not a trace

Of meaning to this metaphor
It's right behind that door

You're my arithmetic
You make my sun shine
You're the road I pick
You're that friend of mine

Arrows from angels
Plan all the destiny
That's how I found you
You're so much a part of me

Now everyday is a gift to be
You must know, you must see that

You're my arithmetic
You make my sun shine
You're the road I pick
You're that friend of mine
The passage in this life,
Oh I falter and the clouds roll in

But 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 find

To change my altitude
Adjust my attitude
A truer movie screen

Moves in front of me

A strong arithmetic
Stirring inside of me

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