

Chris Filer

"Do The Math"

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I was boots, buckles and rodeo
You were college bound places to go
As luck would have it you sat by me
Sure made me love geometry

Finally one day after class
Worked up the nerve and had to ask
I may not be your type at all
But here's a problem I'd like for you to solve

CHORUS

Take one moon and two young hearts
Three little words and million stars
Forget about the odds that it will never last
Four wheel drive at 80 miles an hour
Down Route 5 to the water tower
Might add up to the best life you ever had
Come on baby do the math

That was back in '98
I can't begin to calculate
The times that my heart has skipped a beat
Just because you looked at me
Now we're counting the kids and bills
But that don't change the way I feel
Cause our love only multiplies
It's something real this old world can't divide

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