

I was in third grade
Got a potted plant full of flowers
Ran home and gave them to my mom
She said that they were marigolds
What you call your garden-variety weed

Oh, I'm a marigold
Oh, I'm a marigold
Oh, I'm a marigold
And you picked me

So anyway
I should buy my mom a bouquet
Just to say hey, I'm thinking about you today
That's right
Thinking about everything you did for me
Like always saying, "Grace sets you free"

Oh, I'm a marigold
Oh, I'm a marigold
Oh, I'm a marigold
And you picked me

It's not sad anymore
It's not sad anymore
It's not sad anymore

Nothing but the Son in your eyes
Nothing but the Son in your eyes
Nothing but the Son in your eyes
Nothing but the Son in your eyes

If I ever do better than second place
I've gotta go and make a play for your heart
A dormant volcano slowly waking up on New Year's Day
I won't be sprinting to finish the race
But I can feel the butterflies from the start
It's like when I start running, and there's
Nothing but the Son in your eyes
Nothing but the Son in your eyes

If I am getting closer than present state
I've gotta do something to tear it apart
Twenty carnations slowly waking up for you these days
I won't be sprinting to finish the race
But I can feel the butterflies from the start
You've got your blue sunglasses
And there's nothing but the Son in your eyes
Nothing but the Son in your eyes
Nothing but the Son in your eyes
Nothing but the Son in your eyes