

Daughter

Pearl Jam

Alone, listless
Breakfast table in an otherwise empty room
Young girl, violins
Center of her own attention
The mother reads aloud
child tries to understand it
tries to make her proud
The shades go down
it's in her head, painted room.
can't deny there's something wrong
Don't call me daughter, not fit to
the picture kept will remind me
Don't call me daughter, not fit to
the picture kept will remind me
Don't call me...She holds the hand that holds her down
She will rise above...Don't call me daughter, not fit to
the picture kept will remind me
Don't call me daughter, not fit to me
the picture kept will remind me
Don't call me daughter, not fit to
the picture kept will remind me
Don't call me daughter, not fit to me
the picture kept will remind me
Don't call me...
The shades go down
The shades go down
The shades go...
Go...
Go...

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