

# Daughter

Pearl Jam

Alone, listless, breakfast table in an otherwise empty room  
Young girl, violence, 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 be  
The picture kept will remind me  
Don't call me daughters

The shades go down  
The shades go, go, go