

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