

Pearl Jam, Daughter

Alone..
Listless...
Breakfast table in an otherwise empty room.
A young girl...
Violence...
Center of her own attention.
Mother reads aloud, child
Tries to understand it
Tries to make her proud.
The shades go down itąs 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 toThe 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
(x2)
Don't call me...
The shades go down
The shades go down
The shades go, go, go...