

# Pearl Jam, Daugther

Alone...  
Listless...  
Breakfast table in an otherwise empty room  
Young girl...  
Violin(ce)...  
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 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...

The shades go down...  
The shades go down...  
The shades go...  
Go...  
Go...