

# 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...