

Pearl Jam, Don't Call Me Daughter

Alone...listless...breakfast table in an otherwise empty room

Young girl...violins...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...ooh...oh...

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 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...