

411**"Daughter's Down"**Visit "[Daughter's Down](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Weltanschauung, take your pick, turn around,
Every sight, every sound, nothing,
What I need: you to lean, back to back,
Just in case I overlooked something,
Lip-synched words, mother's mind, daughter's mouth,
Help me out: keep your thoughts to yourself,
Brush your teeth, kiss me once on the cheek,
And tell your mom to let you sleep in later.

Father with his sleeping daughter sacked out on his
shoulder as he walks
Across the gravel and shuts the door.
Automatic pilot is the nickname he can tease her with to
get back for the
Fact that she's always tired.

Chocolate milk, every day, that's all she wants,
Eat some food, look at me, sweetie,
Daddy feels abandoned by both of you,
Your mom, I guess she gave up, but I thought that you
were...

Not the kind of girl who'd hold a grudge against a man
who cannot stand his
Daughter's silence and broken stares.
When she's all grown up, she'll have a place inside her
body that's
Reserved for every urge to kill men who want to sleep
with her.

Ohhh, her toes and fingers are curled.
Don't cross her with your fatherly words:
"Sweetheart, angel, flirt."

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