

Pearl Jam "Daughter"

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Alone listless breakfast table in an otherwise empty
room
Young girl, violin's center of her own attention
The mother reads aloud, child, tries to understand it
Tries to make her proud
The shades go down, into 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
The picture kept will remind me
Don't call me

The shades go down
The shades go down
The shades go down
The shades go down

I see a girl of the night
With a baby in her hand
Under an old street light
Oh, next to a garbage can

Now she's put her kid away
She's going to get a hit
She hates her life
And what she's done with it

That's one more kid
That'll never go to school
Never get to fall in love
Never get to be cool

That's one more kid
That'll never go to school
Never get to fall in love
Never get to be cool

He won the lottery
When he was born
A big hand slapped
The white male American

Do no wrong
So clean cut
Dirties his hands
It comes right off
Police man, police man

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