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Jam Pearl "Daughter live"

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Alone, listless. Breakfast table in an otherwise empty room.

Young girl, violence. 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 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. (x2)

The shades go... go way down. Go... go... Go yeah down, ohh...

We don't need no education.

We don't need no thought control.

No dark sarcasm in the classroom.

Teacher leave those kids alone

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