

# Daughter

## Pearl Jam

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, 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  
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

Lyrics provided by  
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