

Alone, listless, breakfast table in an otherwise empty room
Young girl, violins, center of her own attention
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

[Chorus]

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.....

[Bridge]

She holds the hand... that holds her down...
She will... rise above..... Ooooooooooooooh Hooooooooooooo.....

[Chorus]

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, the picture kept, will remind me
Don't call me daughter, not fit to me, the picture kept, will remind me
Don't call me.....

[Bridge]

.....the shades go down...the shades go down..... the shades
go....go....go...