V.i.p.

Sinead O'connor

What is real VIP
Do we have the balls to go to their party
Or do we rather stay in times with vanity
Tell me now what's a real VIP

And who are we to give that name to us
When we don't know the lives of others
When we can barely raise a fitting girl
To help her own sisters and brothers
Was in hidden history
The artists always spoke their people's needs
Now we're gorged upon what devils feed
In the shallow form of MTV
Telling the youth to worship futile dreams
And alone for begging for material things
I tell you what a real VIP is
A face that never was nor will be kissed
To whom exactly are we givin' hope
When we stand behind the velvet rope
Or get our pictures taking with the pope
Like some sick April foul kind of joke
Who's really really real real VIP

The one that telling the most conquering kin
Who looks around at everything
And sees exactly what we've been
He is the face that never was nor will be kissed
[?] will be down on his guest list
When we standing at the gates
After being fashionably late
There'll be no make up and there'll be no [?]
No Vuitton bags and no Manolo shoes
When he's presiding over you
Asking you did you love only you?
Or did you stand for something else?
Besides the hankering for fame and fame itself
The one who always was and always is
Will show you what a real VIP is
The fatherless

The motherless
The ravage child at home who cryin to you
You will be asked to say what did you do
And what's behind that velvet curtain
Don't know but I can say for certain
A face that never was nor will be kissed
Will show you what a real VIP is

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