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Sinead Oconnor "V.I.P"

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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 quest 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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