

Sinead O'Connor, Red Football

I'm not no red football
To be kicked around the garden
No no
I'm a red Christmas-tree ball
And I'm fragile
I'm not no animal
Though I am to you
I'm not no crocodile
Like the one in Dublin Zoo
Who lived in a cage
The length and breadth of his body
When a window which people would look through
And throw coins on his back to taunt him
'Though he couldn't move
Even if he wanted to

I'm not no animal in the zoo
I'm not no whipping boy for you
You may not treat me like you do
I'm not no animal in the zoo
My skin is not a football for you
My head is not a football for you
My body's not a football for you
My womb is not a football for you
My heart is not a football for you
I'm not no animal in the zoo
This animal will jump up and eat you
I'm not no animal in the zoo
And I've every intention
Of leaping up and getting you