

Portobello Road (Stereo Version)

Cat Stevens

Getting hung up all day on smiles
Walking down Portobello road for miles
Greeting strangers in Indian boots,
Yellow ties and old brown suits
Growing old is my only danger Cuckoo clocks and plastic socks
Lampshades of old antique leather
Nothing looks weird, not even a beard
Or the boots made out of feathers I'll keep walking miles till I feel
A broom beneath my feet
Or the hawking eyes of an old stuffed bull across the street Nothing's the same if you see it again
It'll be broken down to litter
Oh, and the clothes
Everyone know that that dress will never fit her Getting hung up all day on smiles
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Songwriters

ISLAM, YUSUF/FOWLEY, KIM /Published by

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