

Portobello Belle

Dire Straits

Belladonna's on the high street
Her breasts upon the off beat
And the stalls are just the side shows
Victoriana's old clothes And yes her jeans are tight now
She gonna travel light now
She got to tear up all her roots now
She got the turn up on the boots now She thinks she's tough
She ain't no English rose
Oh, but the blind singer
He's seen enough and he knows Yes, and he do a song
About a long gone Irish girl
Oh, but I got one for you
My portobello belle She sees a man upon his back there
Escaping from a sack there
And belladonna lingers
Her gloves they got no fingers Yeah, the blind man singing the Irish
He get his money in a tin dish
Just a corner serenader
Upon a time he could have made her, made her Yeah, she thinks she's tough
She ain't no English rose
Oh, but the blind singer
He's seen enough and he knows Yes, and he do a song
About a long gone Irish girl
Oh, but I got one for you
My portobello belle Yes, and these barrow boys are hawking
And a parakeet is squawking
Upon a truck there's a rhino
She get the crying of a wino And then she get the reggae rumble
Belladonna's in the jungle
But she is no garden flower
There is no distress in the tower Oh, belladonna walks
Belladonna taking a stroll
Oh, but she don't care about your window box
Or your button hole Yes, and she sing a song
About a long gone Irish girl
Oh, but I got one for you
Portobello belle Portobello belle

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