

# 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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