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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