

## **Straits Dire**

# **"PORTOBELLO BELLE"**

Visit "[PORTOBELLO BELLE](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Belladonna's on the high street  
Her breasts upon the offbeat  
And the stalls are just the side shows  
Victoriana's old clothes  
Yeah she got the skirt so tight now  
She wanna travel light now  
She wanna 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  
But the blind singer  
He's seen enough and he knows  
He do a song about a long gone Irish girl  
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  
Blind man he's singing the Irish  
He gets his money in a tin dish  
Just a corner serenader

Once upon a time he could have made her  
She thinks she's tough  
She ain't no English rose  
But the blind singer  
He's seen enough and he knows  
He do a song about a long gone Irish girl  
But I got one for you my Portobello Belle  
Yes and these barrow boys are hawking  
And a parakeet is squawking  
Upon a truck a paper rhino  
She get the crying of a wino  
And then she get the reggae rumble  
Belladonna's in the jungle  
But she ain't no garden flower  
There ain't no distress in the tower  
Belladonna walks  
Belladonna taking control  
She don't care about your window box  
Or your button hole  
She sing a song about a long gone Irish girl  
But I got one for you my Portobello Belle

Visit [Straits Dire](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.