

Dire Straits

"Portobelle Belle"

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Bella donna's on the highstreet
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 gotta travel light now
She's gotta tear up all her roots now

She got a turn up for the boots now
Yeah she thinks she's tough
She ain't no English rose
But the blind singer
He's seen enough and he knows
Yes and he do a song
About a long gone Irish girl
Ah but I got one for you Portobello Belle

She sees a man upon his back there
Escaping from a sack there
And Bella donna lingers
Her gloves they got no fingers
Yeah, the blind man says he Irish
He get his money in a tin dish
Just a corner serenader
Upon a time he could of made her, made her

Yeah, she thinks she's tough
She ain't no English rose
Ah, but the blind singer
He's seen enough and he knows
Yes and do a song
About a long gone Irish girl
Ah but I got one for you Portobello Belle

Yes and the barrow boys are hawking
And the parakeet is squawking
Upon a truck there is a rhino
She get the crying off the wino
And then she hear the reggae rumble
Bella donna's in the jungle
But she is no garden flower

There is no distress in the tower
Oh, bella donna walks
Bella donna taking a stroll
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
Ah but I got one for you Portobello Belle

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