

Dire Straits

"Portobello Belle"

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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

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