

Lords Of The New Church "Portobello"

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(Bator/James)

If you're living outside of the law. Run to your hole-in-the-wall.

Bohemian hideout, a smugglers' inn. Find safety and refuge within.

Strangers' bazaar. Doesn't matter who you are. There's a melting

pot of lunatic fringe. Seething with sedition. Anointed with

wisdom. The streets of Portobello's extremes. If voting could

change things they'd make it illegal. Truth is the sword of us

all. Insane are the normal. Musicians and outlaws. The artists

and rasta and dreams, dreams, dreams.

We gotta go.....Portobello

Yeah, you gotta go.....Portobello

You gotta go, we gotta go, I gotta go....Portobello

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