

## Mark King

### "Portobello Belle"

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Bella donna'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 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 singing 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  
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 a parakeet is squawking  
Upon a truck there is a rhino  
She get the crying of a 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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