

Portobello Road

Cat Stevens

Getting hung up all day on smiles
Walking down portobello road for miles
Greeting strangers in indian boots,
Yellow ties and old brown suits
Growing old is my only danger

Cuckoo clocks, and plastic socks
Lampshades of old antique leather
Nothing looks weird, not even a beard
Or the boots made out of feathers

I'll keep walking miles 'til I feel
A broom beneath my feet
Or the hawking eyes of an old stuffed bull across the street

Nothing's the same if you see it again
It'll be broken down to litter
Oh, and the clothes everyone knows
That dress will never fit her

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