

## Portobello Belle

Dire Straits

Bella donna's on the highstreet  
Her breasts upon the off beat  
And the stalls are just the side shows  
Victoriano's old clothes  
And yes her jeans are tight now  
She got to travel light now  
She got to turn up all her roots now  
She got to turn up for the boots now  
She thinks she's tough  
She ain't no English rose  
But the blind singer  
He's seen enough and he knows  
Do a song about a long gone Irish girl  
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 aint got no fingers  
The blind man says he Irish  
He gets his money in a tin dish  
Just a corner serinader  
Upon a time he could of made her

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This time a pair a boys are hawking  
And the paraket is squawking  
Upon a truck there is a wino  
She get the crying off the wino  
And then she here the raggy rumble  
Bella donna is in the jungle  
But she is no garden flower  
There is no distress in the tower  
Bella donna walks  
Bella donna taking a stroll  
She don't care about your window box or your button hole  
Sing a song about a long gone Irish girl  
But I got one for you Portobello Belle