

# Cat Stevens, Portobello Road

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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