

Dire Straits, Portobello Belle

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

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

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