

Lords Of The New Church, Portobello

(Bator/James)

If you're living outside of the law. Run to your hole-in-the-wall.
Bohemian hideout, a smugglers' inn. Find safety and refuge within.
Strangers' bazaar. Doesn't matter who you are. There's a melting
pot of lunatic fringe. Seething with sedition. Anointed with
wisdom. The streets of Portobello's extremes. If voting could
change things they'd make it illegal. Truth is the sword of us
all. Insane are the normal. Musicians and outlaws. The artists
and rasta and dreams, dreams, dreams.

We gotta go.....Portobello

Yeah, you gotta go.....Portobello

You gotta go, we gotta go, I gotta go....Portobello