

**Portobello Road**  
**Ryan O'Reilly**

Band: The Ryan O Reilly Band  
Song: Portobello Road

Tuning: Standard EADGBE

CAPO 3

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Intro: C, Fmaj7, C, Am, G, C

C Fmaj7 C  
The walls are graffitied, the rubbish is strung,  
Am G Fmaj7  
the carnaval has come to town.

C Fmaj7 C  
The window s still borded, the police are scared.  
Am G C  
Last week this whole city burned down.

C Fmaj7 C  
There is no situation that they can t make worse.

Am G Fmaj7  
There s thirty-five-thousand arounds;  
C Fmaj7 C  
and they ll gravely chase after the fears or foes,  
Am G C  
provided their easily founds.

Fmaj7 C  
So, imagine the future, imagine a boot,  
Am G Fmaj7  
imagine a human face.

C Fmaj7 C  
And imagine a country where everyone s watched,  
Fmaj7 G C  
and then firmly put back in their place.

C Fmaj7 C  
From Ladbroke Grove Station to Nottinghill Gates,  
Am G Fmaj7  
the market is dead, on its feet.

C Fmaj7 C

Past Orwells old house with dead looks in their eyes.

**Am G C**

And their clipboards, they march on the beat.

**C Fmaj7 C**

You could go after them with guitars in your hands,

**Am G Fmaj7**

but they ll sure enough quickly deploy

**C Fmaj7 C**

drones that steal from you, choke you and shatter your bones.

**Am G C**

Those (...) always destroy.

**Fmaj7 C**

So, imagine the future, imagine a boot,

**Am G Fmaj7**

imagine a human face.

**C Fmaj7 C**

And imagine a country where everyone s watched,

**Fmaj7 G C**

and then firmly put back in their place.

**C, F, C, Am, G, F, C, F, C, Am, G, C**

**C Fmaj7 C**

So we gathered in silence in the back of the bar

**Am G Fmaj7**

on the street where the bands used to play.

**C Fmaj7 C**

Nursing our drinks and cursing our luck,

**Am G C**

surely they don t deserve the last sake.

**C Fmaj7 C**

Raise your instruments high, and your voice to the sky,

**Am G Fmaj7**

cause it s all that we have for the fight.

**C Fmaj7 C**

But when they turn this all into one shopping mall,

**Am G C**

they ll finally sleep well at night.

**Fmaj7 C**

So, imagine the future, imagine a booze,

**Am G Fmaj7**

imagine a human face.

**C Fmaj7 C**

And imagine a country where everyone s watched,

**Fmaj7 G C**

and then firmly put back in their place.