

Woody Guthrie, Ingrid Bergman

Ingrid Bergman, Ingrid Bergman,
Let's go make a picture
On the island of Stromboli, Ingrid Bergman

Ingrid Bergman, you're so perty,
You'd make any mountain quiver
You'd make my fire fly from the crater
Ingrid Bergman

This old mountain it's been waiting
All ist life for you to work it
For your hand to touch the hardrock,
Ingrid Bergman, Ingrid Bergman

If you'll walk across my camera,
I will flash the world your story,
I will pay you more than money, Ingrid Bergman

Not by pennies dimes nor quarters,
But with happy sons and daughters,
And they'll sing around Stromboli,
Ingrid Bergman