

# Billy Bragg and Wilco, 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 fire fly from the crater  
Ingrid Bergman

This old mountain it's been waiting  
All its life for you to work it  
For your hand to touch its hard rock  
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

This old mountain it's been waiting  
All its life for you to work it  
For your hand to touch its hard rock  
Ingrid Bergman  
Ingrid Bergman