

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