

Ingrid Bergman

Lyrics by Woody Guthrie 1950

Music by Billy Bragg & Wilco 1996

[A] [D] [A] [D]

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.

Alternate
between
[A] and [D]
in these
parts.

[D] This old mountain it's been waiting

[A] All its life for you to work it.

[D] For your hand to touch its hard rock,

[A] [D] [A] [D] [A] [D]

Ingrid Bergman, Ingrid Bergman.

[A] [D]

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

[D] This old mountain it's been waiting

[A] All its life for you to work it.

[D] For your hand to touch its hard rock,

[A] [D] [A] [D] [A] [D]

Ingrid Bergman, Ingrid Bergman. *fade out*}

