

Ingrid Bergman

Written by Woody Guthrie and Billy Bragg

[I] **[IV]** **[I]** **[IV]**

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.

[IV] This old mountain it's been waiting
[I] All its life for you to work it.
[IV] For your hand to touch its hardrock,

[I] **[IV]** **[I]**
Ingrid Bergman, Ingrid Bergman.

[I] 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

[IV] This old mountain it's been waiting
[I] All its life for you to work it.
[IV] For your hand to touch its hardrock,

[I] **[IV]** **[I]**
Ingrid Bergman, Ingrid Bergman. *{fade out}*

Alternate
between
[I] and **[IV]**
in these
parts.