

Ingrid Bergman

Herb Geller

Ingrid Bergman, Ingrid Bergman

Let's go make a picture

On the island of Stromboli, Ingrid BergmanIngrid Bergman, you're so party

You'd make any mountain quiver

You'd make fire fly from the crater

Ingrid BergmanThis 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 BergmanIf you'll walk across my camera

I will flash the world your story

I will pay you more than money

Ingrid BergmanNot by pennies, dimes nor quarters

But with happy sons and daughters

And they'll sing around Stromboli

Ingrid BergmanThis 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

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