

Smoke on the water

We all came out to Montreux
On the Lake Geneva shoreline
To make records with a mobile
We didn't have much time

Frank Zappa and the Mothers
Were at the best place around
But some stupid with a flare gun
Burned the place to the ground,

Smoke on the water
A fire in the sky
Smoke on the water

But burning down

They burned down the gambling house
It died with an awful sound
Funky Claude was running in and out
He was pulling kids out the ground

When it all was over
We had to find another place
Swiss time was running out
It seemed that we would lose the race, now

Smoke on the water
A fire in the sky
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We ended up at the Grand Hotel
It was empty cold and bare
With the Rolling truck Stones thing just outside
Making our music there

Few red lights and a few old beds
We made a place to sweat
No matter what we get out of this
I know, I know we'll never forget,

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A fire in the sky
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