

Smoke On The Water

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

But 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 and fire in the sky.
Smoke on the water...

They burned down the gambling house,
It died with an awful sound.
(Uh) Funky Claude was running in and out,
Pulling kids out the ground.

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

Smoke on the water and fire in the sky.
Smoke on the water...

We ended up at the Grand Hotel.
It was empty cold and bare.
But with the Rolling truck Stones thing just outside,
Making our music there.

With a few red lights, 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.

Smoke on the water and fire in the sky.
Smoke on the water...