

# Smoke On The Water

## Six Feet Under

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, fire in the sky  
Smoke on the water They burned down the gambling house  
It died with an awful sound  
Funky and Claude was runnin' in and out  
Pulling kids out the ground When it was all over  
We had to find another place  
But Swiss time was runnin' out  
It seemed that we would lose the race Smoke on the water, 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  
Makin' our music there With a 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 Smoke on the water, fire in the sky  
Smoke on the water

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