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 timeFrank Zappa and The Mothers
Were at the best place around
But some stupid with a flare gun
Burned the place to the groundSmoke on the water, fire in the sky
Smoke on the waterThey burned down the gambling house
It died with an awful sound
Funky and Claude was runnin' in and out
Pulling kids out the groundWhen it was all over
We had to find another place
But Swiss time was runnin' out
It seemed that we would lose the raceSmoke on the water, fire in the sky
Smoke on the waterWe ended up at the Grand Hotel
It was empty, cold and bare
But with the Rolling truck Stones thing just outside
Makin' our music thereWith 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 forgetSmoke on the water, fire in the sky
Smoke on the water

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