

# Smoke on the Water

## Señor Coconut

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

They burned down the gambling house  
It died with an awful sound  
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, fire in the sky

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 and a few old beds  
We make a place to sweat  
No matter what we get out of this  
I know we'll never forget  
Smoke on the water, fire in the sky

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