

## Smoke on the Water

Mr. Big

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  
When 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

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  
Swiss time was running out  
It seemed that we would lose the race

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

We ended up at the Grand Hotel  
It was empty, cold and bare  
And with the rolling truck stones thing just outside  
Making 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

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