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 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 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 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 forgetSmoke on the water, fire in the sky Smoke on the water

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