

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, now

### **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  
Swiss time was running out, it seemed that we would lose  
the race

We ended up at the Grand Hotel. It was empty cold and  
bare

With the Rolling truck Stones thing just outside making our  
music there

Few red lights and a few old bed we made a place to  
sweat

No matter what we get out of this I know, I know we'll never  
forget, now