

We all came out to Monterey
To make records with a mobile
But Frank Zappa and the Mothers
But some stupid with a flare gun

On the Lake Geneva shoreline
We didn't have much time
Were at the best place around
Burned the place to the ground

Smoke on the water and fire in the sky
Smoke on the water...

They burned down the gambling house
Oh Funky Claude was running in & out
When it all was over
But Swiss time was running out

It died with an awful sound
Pulling kids out the ground
We had to find another place
It seemed that we would lose the race

Smoke on the water and fire in the sky
Smoke on the water...

[Solo]

We ended up at the Grand Hotel
But with the Rolling truck Stones thing
With a few red lights, a few old beds
No matter what we get out of this

It was empty cold and bare
just outside... makin' our music there
We made a place to sweat
I know I know we'll never forget

Smoke on the water and fire in the sky
Smoke on the water...