

Smoke on The Water

Emmerson Nogueira

C#m

B/C#

We all came out to Montreux, on the lake Geneva

C#m

shoreline.

To make records with a MOBILE, we didn't have much time.

Frank Zappa and the Mothers, were at the best place around.

Some stupid with a flare gun, burned the place to the ground.

F#

D

C#m

Smoke on the water, fire in the sky.

F#

D

C#m

Smoke on the water

They burned down the gambler's house. It died with an awful sound.

Funky and Claude was running in and out, pulling kids off 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, fire in the sky.

Smoke on the water.

We ended up at Grand Hotel, it was empty, cold and damp.

But with the rolling truck stones thing just outside, making our music there

With a few red lights, 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.

Smoke on the water.