

Scorpions, When The Smoking Is Going Down

Just when you make your way back home

I find some time to be alone

I go to see the place once more

Just like a thousand nights before

I climb the stage again this night

Cause the place seems still alive

When the smoke is going down

This is the place where I belong

I really love to turn you on

I've got your sound still in my ears

While your traces disappear

I climb the stage again this night

Cause the place seems still alive

When the smoke is going down

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