

Down Under, by Men At Work

Bm A Bm G A
Traveling in a fried out kombie---,
Bm A Bm G A
on a hippy trail, head full of zombie.
Bm A Bm G A
I met a strange lady, she made me nervous.
Bm A Bm G A
She took me in and gave me breakfast, and she said

D A Bm G A
Do you come from a land down under---
D A Bm G A
where women glow and men plunder?
D A Bm G A
Can't ya hear can ya hear the thunder?---
D A Bm G A
You better run, you better take cover.---

Buying bread from a man in Brussels,
he was six foot four and full of muscles.
I said do you speak-a my language?
He just smiled and gave me a Vegemite Sandwich.
And he said:

I come from a land down under,
Where beer does flow and men chunder.
Can't you hear cant you hear the thunder?
You better run you better take cover.

Lying in a den in Bombay,
with a slack jaw and not much to say.
I said to the man "Are you trying to tempt me,
Because I come from the land of plenty?"
and he said:

D A Bm G A
Do you come from a land down under---
D A Bm G A
where women glow and men plunder?
D A Bm G A
Can't ya hear can ya hear the thunder---
D A Bm G A
You better run, you better take cover---