

Down Under

Men At Work

Traveling in a fried-out Kombi
On a hippie trail, head full of zombie
I met a strange lady, she made me nervous
She took me in and gave me breakfast
And she said: Do you come from a land down under
Where women glow and men plunder
Can't you hear, can't you hear the thunder
You better run, you better take cover
Buying bread from a man in Brussels
He was six foot tall and full of muscle
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, can't 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: Oh! Do you come from a land down under (oh yeah yeah)
Where women glow and men plunder
Can't you hear, can't you hear the thunder
You better run, you better take cover
Oh! Do you come from a land down under (oh yeah yeah)
Where women glow and men plunder
Can't you hear, can't you hear the thunder
You better run, you better take cover
Oh! Do you come from a land down under (oh yeah yeah)
Where women glow and men plunder
Can't you hear, can't you hear the thunder
You better run, you better take cover

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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