

Down Under, Men At Work

Traveling in a fried-out Combi
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 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, 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

Livin' in 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
{Repeat to fade}