

# 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}