

Sponge, Land Down Under

Travelling in a fried-out combie,
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? (yeah)
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? (yeah)
You better run, you better take cover" yeah

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,

"Do you come from a land down under? (yeah yeah)
Where women glow and men plunder?
Can't you hear, can't you hear the thunder? (yeah)
You better run, you better take cover"

Living in a land down under (yeah)
Where women glow and men plunder
Can't you hear, can't you hear the thunder? (yeah)
You better run, you better take cover

Living in a land down under (yeah)
Where women glow and men plunder
Can't you hear, can't you hear the thunder? (yeah)
You better run, you better take cover (yeah)