

# Funeral Dress, Down Under

Traveling 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?  
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."