Down Under -- Men At Work

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:

CHORUS
"Do you come from a land down under?
Where women glow and men plunder?
Can you hear, can 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:

CHORUS
"I come from a land down under
Where beer does flow and men chunder
Can you hear, can you hear the thunder?
You better run, you better take cover."

Lyin' 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:

CHORUS
"Do you come from a land down under?
Where women glow and men plunder?
Can you hear, can you hear the thunder?
You better run, you better take cover."
Yeah!

Living in a land down under
Where women glow and men plunder
Can you hear, can you hear the thunder?
You better run, you better take cover!