



DOWN UNDER SONGTEXT

Travelling in a fried-out Kombi
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 muscle
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.

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.

Oh! Do you come from a land down
under (oh yeah yeah)
Where women glow and men plunder
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You better run, you better take cover.