

# Down Under

## Men at Work

Traveling 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 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 sunder  
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?  
Where women glow and men plunder?  
Can't you hear, can't you hear the thunder?  
You better run, you better take cover"

Living in a land down under  
Where women glow and men plunder  
Can't you hear, can't you hear the thunder?  
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