Down Under

Tom Trago

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"

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