

Land Downunder

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
And he 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 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", yeah

Dying 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, 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?"
(Oh)
"You better run, you better take cover"

'Cause we are livin' in a land down under
Where women glow and men plunder
(Yeah)
Can't you hear, can't you hear the thunder?
(Thunder)
You better run, you better take cover

Livin' in a land down under

Where women glow and men plunder
Can't you hear, can't you hear the thunder?
(Ooh yeah)
Then I run and then I take cover
(Yeah)

We are livin' in a land down under
Where women glow and men plunder
Can't you, can't you hear the thunder?
Then I run then I take cover

Livin' in a land down under
(Livin' in a land down under)

Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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