

# Down Under (David B. Edit)

Colin Hay

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

Songwriters

HAY, COLIN JAMES/STRYKERT, RON Published by

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