

DOWN UNDER

*By Colin Hay
(Colin Hay, Ron Strykert)*

(V1)

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:

(CH1)

"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."

(V2)

Buying bread from a man in Brussels
He was six foot four and full of muscle
I said, "Do you speak-a my language brother?"
He just smiled and gave me a Vegemite sandwich
And he said:

(CH2)

Everyone: "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."

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(V3)

Lyin' in a den in Bombay
With a slack jaw, and not a lot to say
I said to the man, "Are you trying to tempt me?
Because I come from the land of plenty."
And he said:

(CH3)

Everyone: 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."

(CH4)

Living in 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

Colin (solo): You better run, you better take cover."