

Down Under, performed by Men At Work	Bm A Bm G A
	He just smiled and gave me a vegemite sandwich And he said,
Bm A Bm G A	
Traveling in a fried-out combie	D A Bm G A
Bm A Bm G A	I come from a land down under
On a hippie trail, head full of zombie	D A Bm G A
Bm A Bm G A	Where beer does flow and men chunder
I met a strange lady, she made me nervous	D A Bm G A
Bm A Bm G A	Can't you hear, can't you hear the thunder?
She took me in and gave me breakfast And she said,	D A Bm G A
	You better run, you better take cover.
D A Bm G A	
Do you come from a land down under?	Bm A Bm G A
D A Bm G A	Lying in a den in Bombay
Where women glow and men plunder?	Bm A Bm G A
D A Bm G A	With a slack jaw, and not much to say
Can't you hear, can't you hear the thunder?	Bm A Bm G A
D A Bm G A	I said to the man, "Are you trying to tempt me
You better run, you better take cover.	Bm A Bm G A
	Because I come from the land of plenty?" And he said,
Bm A Bm G A	D A Bm G A
Bm A Bm G A	Oh! Do you come from a land down under?
	D A Bm G A
Bm A Bm G A	Where women glow and men plunder?
Buying bread from a man in Brussels	D A Bm G A
Bm A Bm G A	Can't you hear, can't you hear the thunder?
He was six foot four and full of muscles	D A Bm G A
Bm A Bm G A	You better run, you better take cover.
I said, "Do you speak-a my language?"	