

**Down Under
Men At Work**

Bm **A** **Bm** **G** **A**
Travelling in a fried-out Kombi
Bm **A** **Bm** **G** **A**
On a hippie trail, head full of zombie
Bm **A** **Bm** **G** **A**
I met a strange lady, she made me nervous
Bm **A** **Bm** **G** **A**
She took me in and gave me breakfast. And she said

D **A** **Bm** **G** **A**
Do you come from a land down under
D **A** **Bm** **G** **A**
Where women glow and men plunder
D **A** **Bm** **G** **A**
Can t you hear, can t you hear the thunder
D **A** **Bm** **G** **A**
You better run, you better take cover

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

D **A** **Bm** **G** **A**
I come from a land down under
D **A** **Bm** **G** **A**
Where beer does flow and men chunder
D **A** **Bm** **G** **A**
Can t you hear, can t you hear the thunder
D **A** **Bm** **G** **A**
You better run, you better take cover.

Bm **A** **Bm** **G** **A**
Lying in a den in Bombay
Bm **A** **Bm** **G** **A**
Slack jaw, not much to say
Bm **A** **Bm** **G** **A**
I said to the man, Are you trying to tempt me
Bm **A** **Bm** **G** **A**
Because I come from the land of plenty. And he said,

D **A** **Bm** **G** **A**
Oh! Do you come from a land down under (oh yeah yeah)

D A Bm G A
Where women glow and men plunder

D A Bm G A
Can t you hear, can t you hear the thunder

D A Bm G A
You better run, you better take cover.