

The Land Down Under
Men At Work

Bm A Bm G A
Traveling in a fried-out combie
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) (2x)

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 muscles
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) (4x)

Bm A Bm G A
Lying in a den in Bombay
Bm A Bm G A
With a slack jaw, and 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?

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.