

Land Down Under



Am G Am - F - G
Traveling in a fried-out combie
Am G Am - F- G
On a hippie trail, head full of zombie
Am G Am - F - G
I met a strange lady, she made me nervous
Am G Am - F - G
She took me in and gave me breakfast
And she said:

C G Am F G
Do you come from a land down under?
Where women glow and men plunder?
Can you hear, can 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 you hear, can 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?
Where women glow and men plunder?
Can you hear, can you hear the thunder?
You better run, you better take cover."

