Land Down Under - Men At Work

Am7 G Am7 F G Am7 G Am7 F G
Traveling in a fried-out combie

Am7 G Am7 F G Am7 G Am7 F G
I met a strange lady, she made me her vous

Am7 G Am7 F G Am7 G Am7 F G
On a hippie trail, head full of zombie

Am7 G Am7 F G Am7 G Am7 F G
She took me in and gave me breakfast

And she said:
C G Am7 F G Am7 G Am7 F G
Do you come from a land down under?

C G Am7 F G Am7 G Am7 F G
Where women glow and men plunder?

C G Am7 F G Am7 G Am7 F G
Can’t you hear, can't you hear the thunder?

C G Am7 F G Am7 G Am7 F G
You better run, you better take cover.

Am7 G Am7 F G Am7 G Am7 F G
Buying bread from a man in Brussels

Am7 G Am7 F G Am7 G Am7 F G
He was six foot four and full of muscles

Am7 G Am7 F G Am7 G Am7 F G
I said, "Do you speak-a my language?"

Am7 G Am7 F G Am7 G Am7 F G
He just smiled and gave me a vegemite sandwich

And he said:
C G Am7 F G Am7 G Am7 F G
I come from a land down under

C G Am7 F G Am7 G Am7 F G
Where beer does flow and men chunder

C G Am7 F G Am7 G Am7 F G
Can’t you hear, can't you hear the thunder?

C G Am7 F G Am7 G Am7 F G
You better run, you better take cover.

Am7 G Am7 F G Am7 G Am7 F G
Lying in a den in Bombay

Am7 G Am7 F G Am7 G Am7 F G
With a slack jaw, and not much to say

Am7 G Am7 F G Am7 G Am7 F G
I said to the man, "Are you trying to tempt me"

Am7 G Am7 F G Am7 G Am7 F G
Because I come from the land of plenty?

And he said:
C G Am7 F G Am7 G Am7 F G
Oh! Do you come from a land down under?

C G Am7 F G Am7 G Am7 F G
Where women glow and men plunder?

C G Am7 F G Am7 G Am7 F G
Can’t you hear, can't you hear the thunder?

C G Am7 F G Am7 G Am7 F G
You better run, you better take cover.