

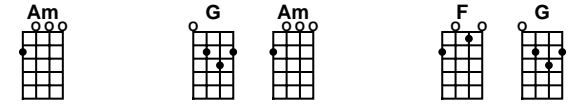
# Land Down Under - Men At Work



Traveling in a fried-out combie \ \



On a hippie trail, head full of zombie \ \

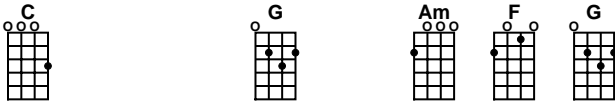


I met a strange lady, she made me ner vous



She took me in and gave me breakfast \ \

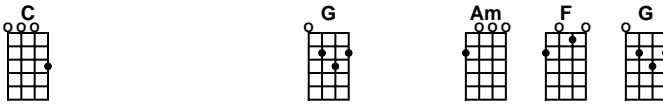
And she said:



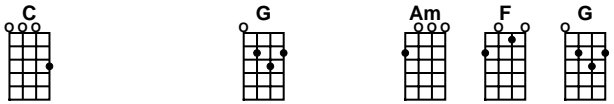
Do you come from a land down under? \ \



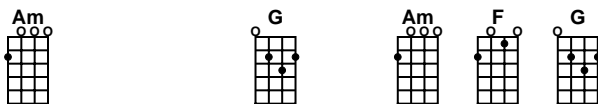
Where women glow and men plunder? \ \



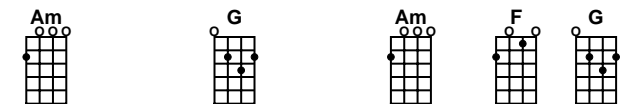
Can't you hear, can't you hear the thunder? \ \



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 \ \

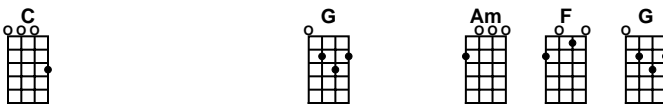
And he said:



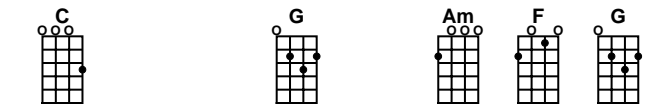
I come from a land down under \ \



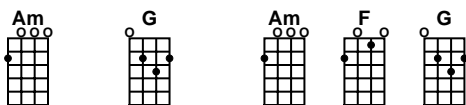
Where beer does flow and men chunder \ \



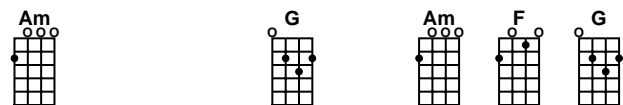
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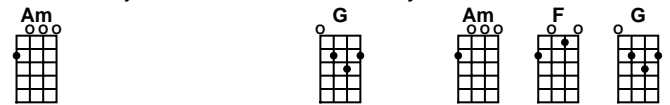
Lying in a den in Bombay \ \



With a slack jaw, and not much to say \ \

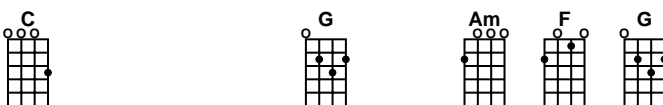


I said to the man, "Are you trying to tempt me \ \

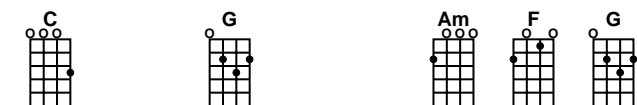


Because I come from the land of plenty?" \ \

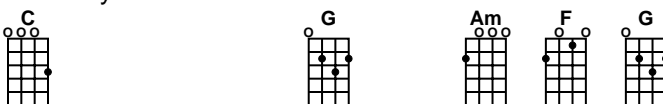
And he said:



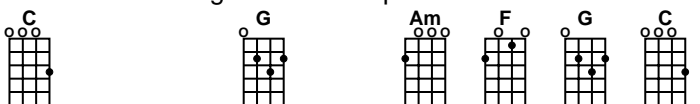
Oh! Do you come from a land down under? \ \



Where women glow and men plunder? \ \



Can't you hear, can't you hear the thunder? \ \



You better run, you better take cover. \ \