

Men At Work - Down Under

Tom: D

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.

Acordes

