

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

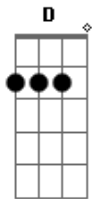
He just smiled and gave me a Vegemite sandwich. And he said,

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.

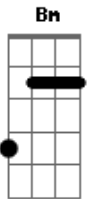
Bm A Bm G A
Lying in a den in Bombay
Bm A Bm G A
Slack jaw, not much to say
Bm A Bm G A
I said to the man, "Are you trying to tempt me
Bm A Bm G A
Because I come from the land of plenty. And he said,

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.

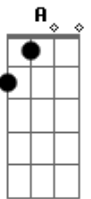
Acordes



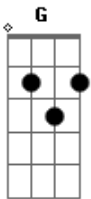
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