

Men At Work - The Land Down Under

Tom: D

Bm A Bm G A
 Traveling in a fried-out combie
 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) (2x)

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 muscles
 Bm A Bm G A
 I said, "Do you speak-a my language?"
 Bm A Bm G A

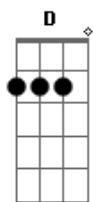
He just smiled and gave me a vegemite sandwich (And he said)

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.

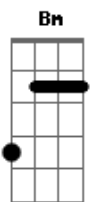
(Bm A Bm G A) (4x)

Bm A Bm G A
 Lying in a den in Bombay
 Bm A Bm G A
 With a slack jaw, and 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?
 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.

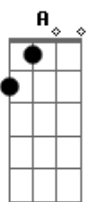
Acordes



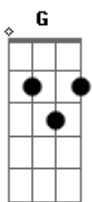
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