

Down Under

LVNDSCAPE

Travelling in a fried-out Combi
I'm on a hippie trail, head full of zombie
I met a strange lady, she made me nervous
She took me in and gave me breakfast

Travelling in a fried-out Combi
I'm on a hippie trail, head full of zombie
I met a strange lady, she made me nervous
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 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
Can't you hear, can't you hear the thunder
You better run, you better take cover"

I come from a land down under
You better run, you better take cover

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I come from a land down under
Where beer does flow and men chunder
Can't you hear, can't you hear the thunder
You better run, you better take cover

Do you come from a land down under,
You better run, you better take cover

I come from a land down under
Where beer does flow and men chunder
Can't you hear, can't you hear the thunder
You better run, you better take cover
(You better run, you better take cover)