

Pub With No Beer

Slim Dusty

[A] Oh it's-a lonesome away from your [D] kindred and all
By the [E] campfire at night we'll hear the wild dingoes cal[A] I
[A] But there's-a nothing so lonesome, [D] morbid or drear
Than to [E] stand in the bar of a pub with no [A] beer //

[A] Now the publican's anxious for the [D] quota to come
And there's a [E] faraway look on the face of the [A] bum
The [A] maid's gone all cranky and the [D] cook's acting queer
Oh what a [E] terrible place is a pub with no b[A] eer //

[A] Then the stockman rides up with his [D] dry dusty throat
He breasts [E] up to the bar and pulls a wad from his [A] coat
But the [A] smile on his face quickly turns to a [D] sneer
As the [E] barman says sadly the pub's got no [A] beer //

Then the [A] swaggie comes in smothered in [D] dust and flies
He [E] throws down his roll and rubs the sweat from his [A] eyes
But [A] when he is told, he says [D] what's this I hear
I've trudged [E] fifty flamin' miles to a pub with no [A] beer //

Now there's a [A] dog on the v'randa, for his [D] master he waits
But the [E] boss is inside drinking wine with his [A] mates
He [A] hurries for cover and he [D] cringes in fear
It's no [E] place for a dog 'round a pub with no [A] beer //

Oh, [A] Billy the blacksmith, rides [D] home on his horse
The [E] cops pull him over, but he's sober [A] of course
He [A] blows in the bag and they [D] all shed a tear
There's no [E] place for a Booze bus 'round a pub with no [A] beer //

And old [A] Billy the blacksmith, the first [D] time in his life
Why he's [E] gone home cold sober to his darling [A] wife
He [A] walks in the kitchen, she says you're [D] early my dear
But then he [E] breaks down and tells her the pub's got no [A] beer //

Oh it's [A] hard to believe that there's [D] customers still
But the [D] money's still tinkling in the old ancient [A] till
The [A] wine buffs are happy and I [D] know they're sincere
When they [E] say they don't care if the pub's got no [A] beer //

So it's-a [A] lonesome away from your [D] kindred and all
By the [E] campfire at night we'll hear the [A] wild dingoes call
But there's-a [A] nothing so lonesome, [D] morbid or drear
Than to [E] stand in the bar of a pub with no [A] beer [A] [D] [D] [A]