

Pub With No Beer – Slim Dusty (3/4)

- V1** Oh it's lonesome away, from your kindred and all,
By the campfire at night, where the wild dingo call
But there's nothin' so lonesome, morbid or drear
Than to stand in the bar, of a pub with no beer
- V2** Now the publican's anxious, for the quota to come
There's a faraway look, on the face of the bum
The maid's gone all cranky, and the cook's acting queer
What a terrible place, is a pub with no beer
- V3** The stockman rides up, with his dry, dusty throat
He breasts up to the bar, pulls a wad from his coat
But the smile on his face, quickly turns to a sneer
When the barman says sadly: "The pub's got no beer!"
- V4** Then in comes the swagman, all covered with flies
He throws down his roll, wipes the sweat from his eyes
But when he is told, he says, "What's this I hear?
I've trudded fifty flamin' miles, to a pub with no beer!"
- V5** There's a dog on the verandah, for his master he waits
But the boss is inside, drinking wine with his mates
He hurries for cover, and he cringes in fear
It's no place for a dog, round a pub with no beer
- V6** Old Billy, the blacksmith, the first time in his life
Has gone home cold sober, to his darling wife
He walks in the kitchen; she says: "You're early, Bill dear"
Then he breaks down tells her, the pub's got no beer

Repeat V1