

Pub with no beer

3-4 timing

C↓ G↓ C↓
C

Oh it's lonesome away from your kindred and all

By the campfire at night where the wild dingos call

But there's nothin' so lonesome morbid or drear

Than to stand in the bar of a pub with no beer

Now the publican's anxious for the quota to come

And 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

Then the stockman rides up with his dry dusty throat

He breasts up to the bar and pulls a wad from his coat

But the smile on his face quickly turns to a sneer

As the barman says sadly the pub's got no beer

Then the swaggie comes in smothered in dust and flies

He throws down his roll and rubs the sweat from his eyes

But when he is told he says what's this I hear

I've trudged fifty flamin' miles to a pub with no beer

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

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 my dear

But then he breaks down and tells her

That the pub's got no beer

So it's lonesome away from your kindred and all

By the campfire at night where the wild dingos call

But there's nothin' so lonesome morbid or drear

Than to stand in the bar

of that pub with no beer

