

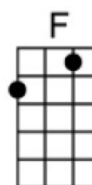
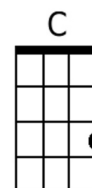
# A Pub With No Beer

Slim Dusty

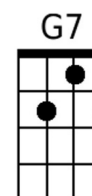
3/4 time

Intro: C G7 C C

<sup>C</sup>  
It's lonesome a-way from your kindred and all,  
<sup>G7</sup>  
By the campfire at night where the wild dingos call,  
<sup>F</sup>  
But there's nothin' so lonesome, morbid or drear,  
<sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
Than to stand in the bar of a pub with no beer.



<sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup>  
Now the publican's anxious for his quota to come,  
<sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
And there's a faraway look on the face of the bum,  
<sup>F</sup>  
The maid's gone all cranky and cook's acting queer,  
<sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
What a terrible place is a pub with no beer.



<sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup>  
Then the stockman rides up with his dry, dusty throat,  
<sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
He breasts up to the bar and pulls a wad from his coat,  
<sup>F</sup>  
But the smile on his face quickly turns to a sneer,  
<sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
As the barman says sadly: "The pub's got no beer."

<sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup>  
Then the swaggie comes in, smothered in dust and flies,  
<sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
He throws down his roll and rubs the sweat from his eyes.  
<sup>F</sup>  
But when he is told, he says: "What's this I hear,  
<sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
I've trudged fifty flaming' miles to a pub with no beer.

Cont'd

## A Pub With No Beer (Cont'd)

(Single drum strokes)

There's a dog on the veranda, 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 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 a pub with no beer.

But there's nothin' so lonesome, morbid or drear,

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

