

THE PUB WITH NO BEER

G *Am* *C*
It's lonesome away from your kindred and all
D *G*
By the camp fire at night where the wild dingoes call,
G *Am* *C*
But there's nothing so lonesome so morbid or drear
D *G*
Than to stand in a bar of a pub with no beer.

Now the publican's anxious for the quota to come
There's a far away 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 stock-man rides up with his dry dusty throat
He breasts up to the bar, pulls a wat from his coat,
But the smile on his face quickly turns to a sneer,
When the bar man said sadly **STOP** the pub's got no beer.

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 walked fifty miles **STOP** to a pub with nor beer !

Ther's a dog on the 'randa-h for his master he waits
But the boss is inside drinking wine with his mates
He hurries for cover and cringes in fear
It's no place for a dog round a pub with no beer.

Old Billy the blacksmith first time in his life
Has gone home cold sober to his darling wife,
He walks in the kitchen, she says you're early me dear,
But he breaks down **STOP** and tells her the pub's got no beer.

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