

A Pub With No Beer

Gordon Parsons

D

E7

A7

1. It's lone - some a - way from your kin - dred and all, By the camp - fire at night where the wild din - goes call; But there's noth - ing so lone - some, So mor - bid or drear, Than to stand in a bar of a pub with no beer. Now the beer.

16 D

7 D

Verses

2. 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 cook's acting queer,
What a terrible place
Is a pub with no beer.

3. Then 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 not beer."

4. Then the swaggie comes in
Smothered in dust and flies,
He throws down his roll,
Rubs the sweat from his eyes;
But when he is told he says:
"What's this I hear?"
Spoken: I've trudged fifty flamin' miles
To a pub with no beer."

SUNG: 5. There's a dog on the v'randah,
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.

6. 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 he breaks down and tells her:
"The pub's got no beer."

7. It's lonesome away
From your kindred and all,
By the campfire at night
Where the wild dingoes call;
But there's nothing so lonesome,
So morbid or drear
Than to stand in a bar
Of a pub with no beer.