

A Pub With No Beer

Slim Dusty

It's lonesome away from your kindered and all
By the campfire at night where the wild Dingos call
But there's nothin' so lonesome, so dull or so drear
Than to stand in the bar of a pub with no beer

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

The stock man rides up with his dry, dusty throat
He breasts up till the bar, pulls a wad from his coat
But the smile on his face quickly turns to a sneer
When the barman says suddenly, "The pub's got 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, me dear"
Then he breaks down and he tells her that the pub's got no beer

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