

End Of The Pub

Slim Dusty

Oh the dingoes are howling with the hiccups tonight,
Out where the tall timbers wave,
The swagmen are having a real old time jag
Round the campfire they rant and they rave
Stockmen and drovers and jackaroos too
Are in town tonight for a spree
The publican reckons they're suffered enough,
So he's turning the beer on for free.

The swaggy came in with a smile on his face
And asked for a splash in the can.
The boss shouted out to the barman at work
"Fill up that jug for the man."
He grabbed up the tankard and swallowed the lot
And then put both hands to his side
But he just couldn't take it
The shock was too great,
He fell on the floor there and died. Hey!

Old billy the blacksmith is with us no more
He's sleeping the sleep of the just,
He hid in the cellar the day the beer came
And went on a glorious bust.
He drank a nine gallon 'twixt dark and the dawn
And then staggered home to his wife.
As he fell in the kitchen she picked up the gun
And so ended the old feller's life.

We laid him to rest where the stringybarks waved
In the cemetery down by the creek
And then rolled a few barrels down onto his grave
And went on the binge for a week
When the last keg was emptied
We wrote on a cross for strangers to read as they
passed,
"Here lies the old blacksmith he died as he lived,
Full as a boot to the last." Hey!

Now in those dull days when the pub had no beer
I started to save up my pelt.
Now the beer's flowing freely I'm like all the rest
Back in the doghouse myself.
Oh the dogs round the pubs now are all sleek and fat
They lollip around at their ease,
Where all they once got was a kick in the ribs
Some pubs now have planted them trees.

Oh it's lonesome out there in the spare room at night
And although I know it sounds queer,
But I'd rather be there with my headaches and all
Than a bar of a pub with no beer.