

## A Pub With No Beer

Slim Dusty

Oh it's-a lonesome away from your kindred and all  
By the campfire at night, we'll hear the wild dingoes call  
But there's-a nothing so lonesome, morbid or drear  
Than to stand in the bar of a pub with no beer

Now the publican's anxious for the quota to come  
And there's a faraway look on the face of the bum  
The maid's gone all cranky and the cook's acting queer  
Oh, what a terrible place is a pub with no beer

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

Then the swaggie comes in, smothered in dust and flies  
He throws down his roll and rubs the sweat from his eyes  
But when he is told, he says, "What's this I hear?  
I've trudged fifty flamin' miles to a pub with no beer"

Now there's a dog on the v'randa, 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

And old Billy the blacksmith, the first time in his life  
Why he's gone home cold sober to his darling wife  
He walks in the kitchen, she says, "You're early, Bill dear"  
But then he breaks down and tells her the pub's got no beer

Oh, it's hard to believe that there's customers still  
But the money's still tinkling in the old ancient till  
The wine buffs are happy and I know they're sincere  
When they say they don't care if the pub's got no beer

So it's-a lonesome away from your kindred and all  
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But there's-a nothing so lonesome, morbid or drear