

Answer To The Pub With No Beer

Slim Dusty

Where the hills roll away, from a small country town
There are hearts filled with sorrow as the word spread around
And the jackass won't laugh, as there's no jokes to hear
So let me tell you the reason for the pub with no beer

Broken down on the track, 'cause he stripped out the gear
There's the old grey blitz wagon, the one with the beer
And the driver's near mad, standin' scratchin' his ear
He knows just what they're thinkin', at the pub with no beer

When the drover rides out and draws straight by the truck
He joins in with the driver and curses their luck
"Where's Billy the blacksmith, we could do with him here"
But Bill's moved on to Grafton where the brewery stands near

So the drover rides back, with a brilliant idea
He rides hard in the saddle till the town's drawin' near
He dismounts in the lane and the dog cringes near
And the swaggie's just leavin' the pub with no beer

There's excitement all round as the drover tells where
The old blitz bus is, on the plain way out there
Every man that can ride." says the drover to all
"Saddle up, let's get movin', and bring back the haul."

When the boys rode back in, what a strange sight they made
They charged into the pound, like the old light brigade
With tow ropes and tackle, they all pulled as one
And the old blitz moved faster than she ever had done

Soon the kegs were rolled in, one was placed on the bar
It filled all the glasses, every jug and each jar
Then the word passed around, and they all gave a cheer
And there was laughter once more, in the pub with no beer