

The Bloke Who Serves The Beer

Slim Dusty

My name is Tom I own a Queensland pub
There's Bundy on the shelf and the ice is in the tub
No lemon lime and bitters just Bundy and Fourx
If they wreck the joint tonight I'll ring their flamin necks

There are so many songs about ringers out hell raisen
But what about the bloke who pulls the beers
When they've all gone I'm still out wipen tables
When they've all hit the hay while I'm still here
I'm the bloke you never hear of servin beer

I give change to the fellas if they want a game of pool
Got pies in the oven mate when the weathers gettin' cool
If the boys get rowdy and decide to have a scrap
I just chuck em out the door and I go back to the taps

My name is tom I'm a diplomatic thinker
I can listen to the woes of a broken hearted drinker
When the boys come in I say how ya goin' tonight
They get a bit wild but they're young and alright

They tell me how to break a horse and how to brand a steer
I take their dough and listen cause that is why I'm here
They tell me bout musterin but they don't seem to know
That tom their local publican did that years ago
When they've all hit the hay while I'm still here
I'm the bloke you never hear of servin beer