

A Bar with No Beer

Tom T. Hall

The beachcomber works by the ocean all day
He gets what the tourists and the sea throw away
He's hot and he's thirsty and the words hurt his ears
When they tell him he stopped in a bar with no beer

It's lonesome away from your kinfolks at home
By the campfires at night where the buffalo roam
But there's nothin' so lonesome, so morbid or drear
Then to sit on a stool in a bar with no beer

There's a dog on the sidewalk for his master he waits
But his boss is inside drinkin' wine with his mates
He hurries for cover and cringes in fear
Ain't no place for a dog 'round a bar with no beer

Now Billy the barfly, first time in his life
He went home cold sober to his lovin' wife
He walks in the kitchen, she says, you're early, my dear
He breaks down and tells her, the bar's got no beer

The owner is anxious for the beer man to come
There's a far away look on the face of the bum
The waitress is cranky, she says, it's lonely in here
What a terrible place is a bar with no beer

Well, I've had me some trouble, I've had me some pain
Been locked up in the cold and left out in the rain
I fought with the law but there's one thing I fear
To get stuck in a town in a bar with no beer