

Pub With No Beer

(Written by Gordon Parsons and Dan Sheahan. Recorded by Slim Dusty 1957.)

It's **(D)** lonesome away from your **(G)** kindred and all,
By the **(A7)** campfire at night where the wild dingos **(D)** call,
But there's **(D)** nothing so lonesome, so **(G)** dull or so drear,
Than to **(A7)** stand in the bar of a pub with no **(D)** beer.

Now the **(D)** publican's anxious for the **(G)** quota to come,
There's a **(A7)** faraway look on the face of the **(D)** bum,
The **(D)** maid's gone all cranky and the **(G)** cook's acting queer,
What a **(A7)** terrible place is a pub with no **(D)** beer.

The **(D)** stockman rides up with his **(G)** dry, dusty throat,
He breasts **(A7)** up to the bar, pulls a wad from his **(D)** coat,
But the **(D)** smile on his face quickly **(G)** turns to a sneer,
When the **(D)** barman says suddenly: "The pub's got no **(D)** beer!"

There's a **(D)** dog on the veranda, for his **(G)** master he waits,
But the **(A7)** boss is inside, drinking wine with his **(D)** mates,
He **(D)** hurries for cover and he **(G)** cringes in fear.
It's no **(A7)** place for a dog, round a pub with no **(D)** beer.

Old **(D)** Billy, the blacksmith, for the first **(G)** time in his life,
Has **(A7)** gone home cold sober to his darling **(D)** wife,
He **(D)** walks in the kitchen; she says: "You're **(G)** early, me dear"
Then he **(A7)** breaks down and he tells her, that the pub's got no **(D)** beer

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