

Pub With No Beer

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[C] Oh it's lonesome a [C7] way, from your [F] kindred and all
By the [G7] campfire at night, where the wild dingos [C] call
But there's nothin' so [C7] lonesome, so [F] morbid or drear
Than to [G7] stand in the bar, of a pub with no [C] beer

[C] Now the publican's [C7] anxious, for the [F] quota to come
And there's a [G7] faraway look, on the face of the [C] bum
[C] The maid's gone all [C7] cranky, and the [F] cook's acting queer
What a [G7] terrible place, is a pub with no [C] beer

[C] Then the stockman rides [C7] up, with his [F] dry dusty throat
He breasts [G7] up to the bar, and pulls a wad from his [C] coat
But the smile on his [C7] face, quickly [F] turns to a sneer
As the [G7] barman says sadly, the pub's got no [C] beer

[C] Then the swaggie comes [C7] in, smothered [F] in dust and flies He
[G7] throws down his roll, and rubs the sweat from his [C] eyes
But when he is [C7] told, he says [F] what's this I hear
I've trudged [G7] fifty flamin' miles, to a pub with no [C] beer

[C] There's a dog on the ve[C7]randah, for his [F] master he waits
But the [G7] boss is inside, drinking wine with his [C] mates
He hurries for [C7] cover, and he [F] cringes in fear
It's no [G7] place for a dog, round a pub with no [C] beer

[C] Old Billy the [C7] blacksmith, the first [F] time in his life
Has [G7] gone home cold sober, to his darling [C] wife
He walks in the [C7] kitchen, she says you're [F] early my dear
But then he [G7] breaks down, and tells her the pub's got no [C] beer

So it's [C] lonesome a [C7] way, from your [F] kindred and all
By the [G7] campfire at night, where the wild dingos [C] call
But there's nothin' so [C7] lonesome, so [F] morbid or drear
Than to [G7] stand in the bar, of a pub with no [C] beer.
Than to [G7] stand in the bar, of a pub with no [C] beer [G7] [C]

[Youtube: Slim Dusty](#)

