

Pub With No Beer

Slim Dusty

(V4)250817 (2min 45sec)

Intro: 1..2..3. 1..2..3. [C] // [C] // [C] // [C] /

[C] Oh it's lonesome a [C7] way from your [F] kindred and all
By the [G7] campfire at night where the wild Dingo's [C] call (*howwwwwwwling*)
But there's nothin' so [C7] lonesome [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
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, 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 [G7] he's 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 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 early my dear" (*ladies only speak*)
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 dingo's [C] call (*howwwwwwwling*)
But there's nothin' so [C7] lonesome [F] morbid or drear (*pause*)
(*slow vibrato*) Than to [G7] stand in the bar of a pub with no [C] beer..... (*fade out*)