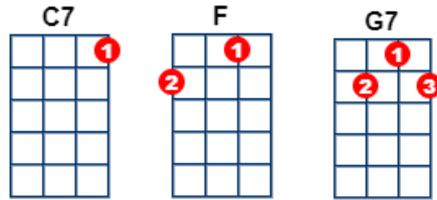


## Pub With No Beer - Slim Dusty (1954)



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

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

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

Then [F] in comes the swagman, all [G7] covered with flies.  
He [C7] throws down his roll, wipes the sweat from his [F] eyes.  
But when he is told he says, "[G7] What's this I hear?  
I've [C7] trudged fifty flamin' miles to a pub with no [F] beer!"

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

Old Billy, [F] the blacksmith, the first [G7] time in his life,  
Has [C7] gone home cold sober to his darling [F] wife.  
He walks in the kitchen; she says: "[G7] You're early, Bill dear."  
Then he [C7] breaks down and he tells her that the pub's got no  
[F] beer.

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