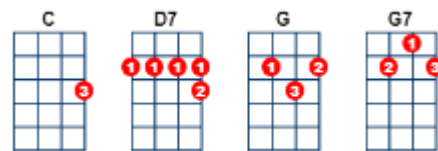


Pub With No Beer – ¾ TIME

key:C, artist: Slim Dusty writer: Gordon Parsons



Intro: (G) (G)

Oh it's (G) lonesome a(G7)way from your (C) kindred and all
By the (D7) campfire at night, where the wild dingoes (G) call (G)
But there's (G) nothing so (G7) lonesome (C) morbid or drear
Than to (D7) stand in the bar of a pub with no (G) beer (G)
(G)

Now the (G) publican's (G7) anxious for the (C) quota to come
There's a (D7) faraway look on the face of the (G) bum (G)
The (G) maid's gone all (G7) cranky, and the (C) cook's acting queer
What a (D7) terrible place is a pub with no (G) beer (G)
(G)

Then the (G) stockman rides (G7) up with his (C) dry dusty throat
He pressed (D7) up to the bar and pulls a wad from his (G) coat (G)
But the (G) smile on his (G7) face quickly (C) turns to a sneer
As the (D7) barman says sadly, "The pub's got no (G) beer" (G)
(G)

Then the (G) swaggie comes (G7) in, smothered (C) in dust and flies
He (D7) throws down his roll and rubs the sweat from his (G) eyes (G)
But (G) when he is (G7) told, he says (C) "What's this I hear?
I've trudged (D7) fifty flamin' miles to a pub with no (G) beer" (G)
(G)

Then some (G) RUGGERS walk (G7) in, with their (C) ukes on their arms
They've been (D7) playing a gig, on Runaround Sue's (G) farm (G)
When they (G) finished the (G7) songlist the (C) crowd stood and cheered
Now they're (D7) ending the gig in a pub with no (G) beer (G)
(G)

Old (G) Billy the (G7) blacksmith, the first (C) time in his life
Has (D7) gone home cold sober to his darling (G) wife (G)
He (G) walks through the (G7) door, she says "You're (C) early my dear"
He (D7) breaks down and tells her, "The pub's got no (G) beer" (G)
(G)

So it's (G) lonesome a(G7)way from your (C) kindred and all
By the (D7) campfire at night, where the wild dingoes (G) call (G)
But there's (G) nothing so (G7) lonesome (C) morbid or drear

SLOWING: Than to (D7) stand in the bar of a pub with no <(G)> beer