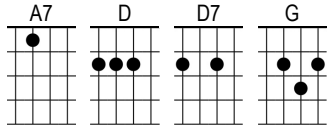


# A Pub With No Beer

Slim Dusty



**D**↓ **A7**↓ **D**↓

Oh, it's **D** lonesome a **D7** way from your **G** kindred and | all  
By the **A7** campfire at | night where the | wild dingos **D** call |  
But there's | nothin' so **D7** lonesome so **G** morbid or | drear  
Than to **A7** stand in a | bar of a | pub with no **D** beer |

Now the **D** publican's **D7** anxious for the **G** quota to | come  
And there's a **A7** faraway | look on the | face of the **D** bum |  
The | maid's gone all **D7** cranky and the **G** cook's acting | queer  
What a **A7** terrible | place is a | pub with no **D** beer | | |

Then the **D** stockman rides **D7** up with his **G** dry dusty | throat  
He breasts **A7** up to the | bar and pulls a | wad from his **D** coat |  
But the | smile on his **D7** face quickly **G** turns to a | sneer  
As the **A7** barman says | sadly, "the **A7**↓ pub's got no **D** beer" | | |

Then the **D** swaggie comes **D7** in smothered **G** in dust and | flies  
He **A7** throws down his | roll and rubs the | sweat from his **D** eyes |  
But | when he is **D7** told he says, **G** ""what's this I | hear?  
I've trudded **A7** fifty flamin' | miles to a | pub with no **D** beer" |

Now there's a **D** dog on the **D7** verandah for his **G** master he | waits  
But the **A7** boss is in | side drinking | wine with his **D** mates |  
He | hurries for **D7** cover and he **G** cringes in | fear  
It's no **A7** place for a | dog round a | pub with no **D** beer | | |

And Old **D** Billy the **D7** blacksmith the first **G** time in his | life  
Why he's **A7** gone home cold | sober to | his darling **D** wife |  
He | walks in the **D7** kitchen she says, **G** "you're early my | dear"  
But then he **A7** breaks down and | tells her, "the **A7**↓ pub's got no **D** beer" | | |

Oh it's **D** hard to be **D7** lieve that there's **G** customers | still  
But the **A7** money's still | tinkling in the | old ancient **D** till |  
The | wine buffs are **D7** happy and I **G** know they're sin | cere  
When they **A7** say they don't | care if the | pub's got no **D** beer |

So it's a **D** lonesome a **D7** way from your **G** kindred and | all  
By the **A7** campfire at | night where the | wild dingos **D** call |  
But there's a | nothin' so **D7** lonesome **G** morbid or | drear  
Than to **A7** stand in the | bar of that | pub with no **D**↓ beer

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