Dropbox "A Pub With No Beer"

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Chorus:

Well it's lonesome away from your kindred and all By the camp fire at night, Where the wild dingos call. But there's nothin' so lonesome morbid or drear, than to stand in the bar of a pub with no beer.

Now the publican's anxious for the quota to come and there's a far away look on the face of the bum the maids got all cranky and and the cooks acting queer what a terrible place, is a pub with no beer.

Then the stockman rides up with his dry dusty throat
He presses up to the bar and pulls a wad from his coat.
But the smile on his face quickly turns to a snear
As the barman says sadly,
"The pubs got no beer."

Then the swaggy comes in smoothered in dust and flies

He throws down his roll and rubs the sweat from his eyes

But when he is told he says "what's this I hear" I've trudged fifty flamin' miles
To a pub with no beer

Now there's a dog on the veranda for his master he waits

But the boss is inside drinkin' wine with his mates. He hurries for cover and he cringes with fear It's no place for a dog, Round a pub with no beer.

And old Billie the Blacksmith, the first time in his life Why he's gone home cold sober to his darling wife He walks in the kitchen she says your early Bill dear But then he breaks down and he tells her The pub's got no beer.

Well its hard to believe that there's customers still But the money's still tinkling in the old ancient til The wine dots are happy and I know they're sincere When they say they don't care if the pubs got no beer

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