

Dropkick Murphys "The Pub With No Beer"

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Chorus:

Well it's lonely away from your kindred a'tall
Where the camp fire is light,
Where the wild dingos call.
But there's nothin' so lonesome
so dull or so clear,
than to stand in the back of a pub with no beer.

Well the public gets anxious for the quarter to come
there's a far away look on the face of the bum
the maids got all cranky and
and the cooks acted queer
it's a terrible place, a pub with no beer.

The stockman rides up with his dry dusty throat
He presses up to the bar; pulls a wad from his coat.
But the smile on his face quickly turns to a sneer
when the barman says sullenly,
"The pub hath no beer."

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,
In a pub with no beer.

Oh, Willie the Blacksmith, first time in his life
has gone home cold sober to his darling wife
he walks in the kitchen she says your early me dear
and he breaks down and he tells her
That the pub's got no beer.

Chorus:

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