

Slim

"Sequel To The Pub With No Beer"

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It won't happen again at the pub way out back
Since they air freight the beer and are done with the track
They've gone all real modern as you soon will hear
Now it's all ancient history, the pub with no beer
The drover we knew rests his horse now for keeps
And he rides 'round the town in the latest of jeeps
There's the old swaggy now, he's a different man too
With a joke he'll say don't step on my blue suede shoes
The pub has no verandah, it's a new smart drive in
Where they serve you with cocktails, liqueurs and gin
There's no dog in the lane and there's no hitching post
The boss is no barman he's known as mine host
Older Billy the blacksmith, shot home like a gun
And rebuilt the old place with money he'd won
Now he'll service your car with the greatest of care
Since there's no need for horses on the plains way out there
When it's all said and done there was no need to curse
Although things were bad they might have been worse
The locals so proud all make this their boast
More money rolls in than along the Gold Coast
So it's lonesome no more at the new Hotel Grande
Where there's laughter and song plus a rock and roll band
But the old timers smile through the laughter and cheer
'Cause they remember the days when the pub had no beer

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