

Pub With No Beer

4 chords C G7 F C7

C// | G7// | C/

3 beats to the bar

[C] Oh, it's lonesome a-[C7]-way from your [F] kindred and all,
By the [G7] campfire at night where the wild dingos [C] call.
But there's nothing so [C7] lonesome, [F] morbid or drear
Than to [G7] stand in the bar of a pub with no [C] beer. //

[C] Now the publican's [C7] anxious for the [F] quota to come;
There's a [G7] faraway look on the face of the [C] bum.
[C] The maid's gone all [C7] cranky and the [F] cook's acting
queer,
What a [G7] terrible place is a pub with no [C] beer. //

[C] Then a stockman rides [C7] up with his [F] dry dusty throat,
He breasts [G7] up to the bar, pulls a wad from his [C] coat,
But the smile on his [C7] face quickly [F] turns to a sneer
As the [G7] barman says sadly "the pub's got no [C] beer"!

[C] Then a swaggie comes [C7] smothered [F] in dust
and in flies,
He [G7] throws down his roll and rubs sweat from his [C] eyes;
But when he is [C7] told he says [F] "what's this I hear?
I've trudged [G7] fifty flaming miles to a pub
with no [C] beer?"! //

[C] There's a dog on the ve-[C7]-randah for his [F] master he
waits,
But the [G7] boss is inside drinking wine with his [C] mates;
He hurries for [C7] cover and he [F] cringes in fear -
It's no [G7] place for a dog round a pub with no [C] beer. //

[C] Old Billy the [C7] blacksmith the first [F] time in his life
Has [G7] gone home cold sober to his darling [C] wife.

He walks in the [C7] kitchen she says "you're [F] early my dear",
and he [G7] breaks down and tells her
That the pub's got no [C] beer. //

So it's lonesome a-[C7]-way from your [F] kindred and all,
By the [G7] campfire at night where the wild dingos [C] call.
But there's nothing so [C7] lonesome, [F] morbid or drear
Than to [G7] stand in the bar of a pub with no [C] beer.

