## PUB WITH NO BEER

SLIM DUSTY YOUTUBE

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- It's (C) lonesome a (C7) way from your (F) kindred and all by the (G7) campfire at night, where the wild dingoes (C) call. But there's (C) nothing so (C7) lonesome, (F) morbid or drear, Than to (G7) stand in the bar of a pub with no (C) beer.
- 2. The (C) publican's (C7) anxious for the (F) quota to come, there's a (G7) faraway look on the face of the (C) bum.
  The (C) maid's all gone (C7) cranky and the (F) cooks acting queer, What a (G7) terrible place is a pub with no (C) beer.
- 3. Then the (C) stockman rides (C7) up with his (F) dry, rusty throat, he breasts (G7) up to the bar and pulls a wad from his (C) coat. But the (C) smile on his (C7) face quickly (F) turns to a sneer, as the (G7) barman says sadly, the pub's got no (C) beer.
- 4. Then the (C) swaggie comes (C7) in covered in (F) dust and in flies, (G7) throws down his roll, rubs the 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."
- 5. Now there's a (C) dog on the ver (C7) anda, for his (F) master he waits, But the (G7) boss is inside, drinking wine with his (C) mates, He (C) 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.
- 6. And old (C) Billy, the (C7) blacksmith, the first (F) time in his life has (G7) gone home cold sober to his darling (C) wife.
  He (C) walks into the (C7) kitchen, she says: (F) "You're early my dear."
  And he (G7) breaks down and tells her (STOP) "The pub's got no (C) beer."
- 7. It's (C) lonesome a (C7) way from your (F) kindred and all by the (G7) campfire at night, where the wild dingoes (C) call. But there's (C) nothing so (C7) lonesome, (F) morbid or drear, Than to (G7) stand in the bar of a pub with no (C) beer.

END (C) (F) (G7) (C)

