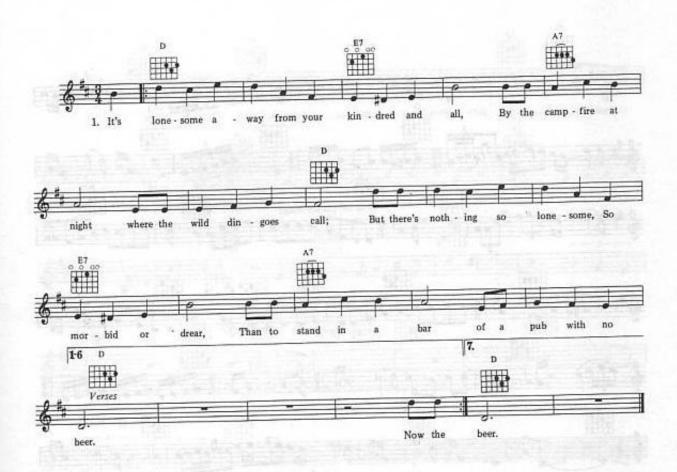
99 A Pub With No Beer

Words and Music by Gordon Parsons.



- 2. Now the publican's anxious For the quota to come, There's a far away look On the face of the "bum"; The maid's gone all cranky, And cook's acting queer, What a terrible place Is a pub with no beer.
- 3. Then the stockman rides up
 With his dry dusty throat,
 He breasts 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 sadly:
 "The pub's got not beer."
- 4. Then the swaggie comes in Smothered in dust and flies, He throws down his roll, Rubs the sweat from his eyes; But when he is told he says: "What's this I hear?

 Spoken: I've trudged fifty flamin' miles To a pub with no beer."

- SUNG: 5. There's a dog on the v'randah,
 For his master he waits,
 But the boss is inside
 Drinking wine with his mates;
 He hurries for cover
 And he cringes in fear,
 It's no place for a dog
 'Round a pub with no beer.
 - 6. Old Billy the Blacksmith,
 The first time in his life
 Has gone home cold sober
 To his darling wife;
 He walks in the kitchen,
 She says: "You're early my dear,"
 But he breaks down and tells her:
 "The pub's got no beer."
 - 7. It's lonesome away
 From your kindred and all,
 By the campfire at night
 Where the wild dingoes call;
 But there's nothing so lonesome,
 So morbid or drear
 Than to stand in a bar
 Of a pub with no beer.