

Pub With No Beer Slim Dusty

Hear this song at: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hxpxU6H2WYA> (play along with capo at 2nd fret)

From: Richard G's Ukulele Songbook www.scorpex.net/Uke

[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 nothin' 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
And 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 the stockman rides [C7] up with his [F] dry dusty throat
He breasts [G7] up to the bar and 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 the swaggie comes [C7] in smothered [F] in dust and flies
He [G7] throws down his roll and 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 flamin' 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
But then he [G7] breaks down and tells her
That the pub's got no [C] beer

So it's [C] 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 nothin' so [C7] lonesome [F] morbid or drear
Than to [G7] stand in the bar of a pub with no [C] beer

