## A Pub With No Beer - 3 Chords

3/4 **INTRO** C// G7// C// C// C It's lonesome away from your kindred and all By the campfire at night where the wild dingoes call But there's nothin' so lonesome, morbid or drear Than to stand in the bar of a Pub with no beer. C Now the publican's anxious for the quota to come And there's a far away look on the face of the Bum The maid's gone all cranky, and the cook's acting queer What a terrible place is a Pub with no beer. C 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 no beer!" Then the swaggie comes in, smothered in dust and flies He throws down his roll and rubs the dust from his eyes But when he is told he says, "What's this I hear? C// I've trudges fifty flamin' miles to a Pub with no beer!"

Now there's a dog on the v'randah, for his master he waits

F G7 C// C//
But the boss is inside drinking wine with his mates
He hurries for cover and he cringes in fear C// C//
It's no place for a dog 'round a Pub with no beer.
C F
Old Billy, the blacksmith, first time in his life  F  C// C//
That he's gone home cold sober to his darling wife C
He walks in the kitchen; she says "You're early, Bill dear" $F$ $G7$ $C//$ $C/$
But he breaks down and tells her, "the Pub's got no beer".
C F
Oh it's hard to believe that there's customers still F G7 C// C//
But the money's still tinkling in the old ancient till C
The wine buffs are happy, and I know they're sincere  F  C//  C//
When they say they don't care if the Pub's got no beer.
C F
So it's lonesome away from your kindred and all C// C//
By the campfire at night where the wild dingoes call $C$
But there's nothin' so lonesome, morbid or drear  F G7 C// G7// C L
Than to stand in the bar of a Pub with no beer.

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