

# The Pub with No Beer

Gordon Parsons

It's lonesome away from your kindred and all  
By the campfire at night where the wild dingos call  
But there's nothin' so lonesome, so dull or so drear  
Than to stand in the bar of a pub with no beer

Now the publican's anxious for the quota to come  
There's a faraway 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

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 suddenly: "The pub's got no beer!"

There's a dog on the verandah, 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

Then in comes the swagman, all covered with flies  
He throws down his roll, wipes the sweat from his eyes  
But when he is told he says, "What's this I hear?  
I've trudged fifty flamin' miles to a pub with no beer!"

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, me dear"  
Then he breaks down and he tells her that the pub's got no beer

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