

## A Pub with No Beer

It's lonesome away from your kindred and all  
By the camp fire at night where the wild dingoes call,  
But there's nothing so lonesome so dull or so drear  
Than to stand in a bar of a pub with no beer.

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 the cook's acting queer  
What a terrible place is a pub with no beer.

The stock-man rides up with his dry dusty throat  
He breasts up to the bar, pulls a wat from his coat,  
But the smile on his face quickly turns to a sneer,  
When the bar man says sadly 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.

Ol' 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 tells her the pub's got no beer

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But there's nothing so lonesome so dull or so drear  
That's a stand in a bar of a pub with no beer.