

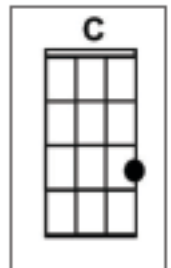
6 PUB WITH NO BEER

STRUM DDUD DD DDUD

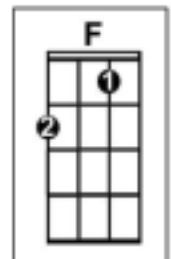
It's [C] lonesome away from your [F] kindred and all
By the [G7] campfire at night where the wild Dingos [C] call
But there's nothing so lonesome, [F] morbid or drear
Than to [G7] stand in the bar of a pub with no [C] beer



Now the [C] Publican's anxious for the [F] quota to come
There's a [G7] faraway look on the face of the [C] bum
The maid's gone all cranky and the [F] cook's acting queer
What a [G7] terrible place is a pub with no [C] beer



The [C] stock man rides up with his [F] dry, dusty throat
He pressed [G7] up to the bar, pulls a wad from his [C] coat
But the smile on his face quickly [F] turns to a sneer
When the [G7] barman says sadly, "The pub's got no [C] beer"



There's a [C] dog on the veranda, for his [F] master he waits
But the [G7] boss is inside drinking wine with his [C] mates
He hurries for cover and he [F] cringes in fear
It's no [G7] place for a dog round a pub with no [C] beer

Old Billy, the blacksmith, the first [F] time in his life
Has [G7] gone home cold sober to his darling [C] wife

F

He [C] walks in the kitchen, she says, "You're [F] early, my dear"
Then he [G7] breaks down and he tells her that the pub's got no [C]
beer

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But there's nothing so lonesome, [F] morbid or drear
Than to [G7] stand in the bar of a pub with no [C] beer

