

# Slim Dusty, Sequel To The Pub With No Beer

It won't happen again at the pub way out back  
Since they air freight the beer and are done with the track  
They've gone all real modern as you soon will hear  
Now it's all ancient history, the pub with no beer

The drover we knew rests his horse now for keeps  
And he rides 'round the town in the latest of jeeps  
There's the old swaggy now, he's a different man too  
With a joke he'll say don't step on my blue suede shoes

The pub has no verandah, it's a new smart drive in  
Where they serve you with cocktails, liqueurs and gin  
There's no dog in the lane and there's no hitching post  
The boss is no barman he's known as mine host

Older Billy the blacksmith, shot home like a gun  
And rebuilt the old place with money he'd won  
Now he'll service your car with the greatest of care  
Since there's no need for horses on the plains way out there

When it's all said and done there was no need to curse  
Although things were bad they might have been worse  
The locals so proud all make this their boast  
More money rolls in than along the Gold Coast

So it's lonesome no more at the new Hotel Grande  
Where there's laughter and song plus a rock and roll band  
But the old timers smile through the laughter and cheer  
'Cause they remember the days when the pub had no beer