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