

# Dubliners, A Pub With No Beer

Chorus:

Well it's lonesome away from your kindred and all  
By the camp fire at night,  
Where the wild dingos call.  
But there's nothin' so lonesome  
morbid or drear,  
than to stand in the bar of a pub with no beer.

Now the publican's anxious for the quota to come  
and there's a far away look on the face of the bum  
the maids got all cranky and  
and the cooks acting queer  
what a terrible place, is a pub with no beer.

Then the stockman rides up with his dry dusty throat  
He presses up to the bar and pulls a wad from his coat.  
But the smile on his face quickly turns to a sneer  
As the barman says sadly,  
"The pubs got no beer."

Then the swaggy comes in smothered in dust and flies  
He throws down his roll and rubs 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

Now there's a dog on the veranda for his master he waits  
But the boss is inside drinkin' wine with his mates.  
He hurries for cover and he cringes with fear  
It's no place for a dog,  
Round a pub with no beer.

And old Billie the Blacksmith, the first time in his life  
Why he's gone home cold sober to his darling wife  
He walks in the kitchen she says your early Bill dear  
But then he breaks down and he tells her  
The pub's got no beer.

Well its hard to believe that there's customers still  
But the money's still tinkling in the old ancient til  
The wine dots are happy and I know they're sincere  
When they say they don't care if the pubs got no beer

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