

So it's [C] lonesome a [C7] way from your [F] kindred and all,
By the [G7] campfire at night where the wild dingos [C] call,
[C] But there's nothing so [C7] lonesome [F] morbid or drear,
Than to [G7] stand in a bar of a pub with no [C] beer,

[C] Now the publican's [C7] anxious for the [F] quota to come,
And there's a [G7] faraway look on the face of the [C] bum,
[C] The maid's gone all [C7] cranky and the [F] cook's acting queer,
What a [G7] terrible place is a pub with no [C] beer,

[C] Then the stockman rides [C7] up with his [F] dry dusty throat,
He breasts [G7] up the bar and pulls a wad from his [C] coat,
[C] But the smile on his [C7] face quickly [F] turns to a sneer,
As the [G7] barman says sadly the pub's got no [C] beer,

[C] Then the swaggie comes [C7] in smothered [F] in dust and flies,
He [G7] throws down his roll and rubs the sweat from his [C] eyes,
[C] But when he is [C7] told he said [F] "What's this I hear,
I've trudged [G7] fifty flamin' miles to a pub with no [C] beer",

[C] There's a dog on the ve [C7] randah for his [F] master he waits,
But the [G7] boss is inside drinking wine with his [C] mates,
[C] He hurries for [C7] cover and he [F] cringes with fear,
It's no [G7] place for a dog round a pub with no [C] beer,

[C] Old Billy the [C7] blacksmith the first [F] time in his life,
Has [G7] gone home cold sober to his darling [C] wife,
[C] He walks in the [C7] kitchen she says "You're [F] early my dear",
Then he [G7] breaks down and tells her the pubs got no [C] beer,

So it's [C] lonesome a [C7] way from your [F] kindred and all,
By the [G7] campfire at night where the wild dingos [C] call,
[C] But there's nothing so [C7] lonesome [F] morbid or drear,
Than to [G7] stand in a bar of a pub with no [C] beer,