

## The Bloke Who Serves The Beer

Slim Dusty

My name is Tom I own a Queensland pub  
There's bundy on the shelf and the ice is in the tub  
No lemon lime and bitters just bundy and fourex  
If they wreck the joint tonight I'll ring their flamin necks

There are so many songs about ringers out hell raisen  
But what about the bloke who pulls the beers  
When they've all gone I'm still out wipen tables  
When they've all hit the hay while I'm still here  
I'm the bloke you never hear of servin beer

I give change to the fellas if they want a game of pool  
Got pies in the oven mate when the weathers gettin' cool  
If the boys get rowdy and decide to have a scrap  
I just chuck em out the door and I go back to the taps

My name is tom I'm a diplomatic thinker  
I can listen to the woes of a broken hearted drinker  
When the boys come in I say how ya goin' tonight  
They get a bit wild but they're young and alright

They tell me how to break a horse and how to brand a steer  
I take their dough and listen cause that is why I'm here  
They tell me bout musterin but they don't seem to know  
That tom their local publican did that years ago  
When they've all hit the hay while I'm still here  
I'm the bloke you never hear of servin beer