

Passing by and up the stairs  
The royal Hotel in Orange;  
I asked which way to get a drink,  
And she said just ask for a beer or orange.

So you might have wanted a Foster's Dry,  
A Tooheys or Carlton or Crown Larger;  
But the best you could have bought here,  
Was a Victoria Bitter or Guinness.

An orange and chocolate liquor I said,  
Was the first alcoholic drink I drank;  
Then after a beer at dads Christmas party,  
There was nearly any old beer I could drink.

So whether it's old or new or light,  
Your best drink will be at the royal;  
For the one to get right in the middle of the season,  
Is the wine for the girl and that is the reason.

I said to the bar tender, I'll have an orange juice,  
And she services it up cold with a straw and ice;  
It was nice and chilled and very cool to drink,  
An orange juice at the Royal Hobart on Orange.

The reason for the royalty and Victorian beer,  
Is the quaint little cottages where the flag appears;  
Or royalty and monarchs of days gone by of old,  
Where Victoria or Elizabeth stayed in country cottage gold.