

The Hors d'oeuvres Plate at the OH Townhouse, Eureka

by Jerry Ratch

They got slices of greasy salami
On top of round mini carrots, celery
Pepperoncini, slices of sweet pickles
They got cinder block walls
A Tiki Bar with glasses hanging
Upside down from the stemware over the bar

They got wood paneling, cottage cheese ceiling with sparkles
But people normally leave the carrots and celery on their plates
here

They got upwards of 49 motels in town
Most with no rooms available
Because they're filled with ex-cons from San Francisco
Who were given a one-way ticket when released from jail

The dope problem, crack cocaine, etc.
Is insane and out of control
Don't go anywhere near the Southern part of town
After dark, is what they tell you

But those hors d'oeuvres plates at the OH Townhouse
Can't be beat
The slices of greasy salami, pepperoncini, and sweet pickles
Who don't like those?

Cinder block walls thick with graffiti
A bubbling fish tank with no visible fish

And that cottage cheese ceiling, with sparkles yet!

It was like mom and pop bars in basements out of the 60's
With red vinyl booths and low acoustic ceilings
Right out of the heart of Chicago
And who, I say, who, doesn't like those?

