

# 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?

