

Ram Lounge

5026 East Colfax Avenue

Phone: 303-394-4156 7AM CASH

Hipster Scale



Dive Bar Rating



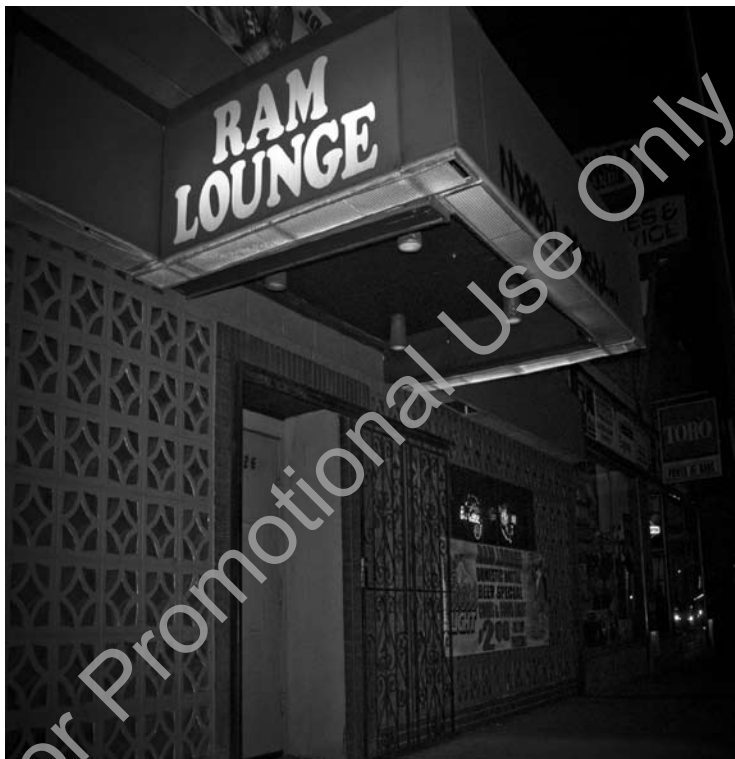
If I've learned anything about dive bars in the process of visiting more than 100 of them, it's that they don't scare me. I'm not afraid to walk into anywhere, even alone. Even if there are no windows, it's late at night and I end up being the only honky or gringo. This is not to say I'll never be the victim of random crime or singled out unfairly in a bar where I'm just plain unwelcome, but I've learned that the best way to avoid getting jumped, stabbed or worse is to not ask for it—I keep my mouth shut when necessary, tip well whenever possible and concentrate on my drink

The Ram Lounge, easily one of East Colfax's roughest, is the kind of place where a good incarceration story is always in progress; where homeless and various other transient folk can afford to snag a drink without being hustled out for fear of upsetting the expensive set; where the ethnic minority is often Caucasian; or where you're just as likely to be hit up for drugs as the dude who's actually selling. In other words, it's exactly the kind of place most white people are afraid of.

My friend Neddy absolutely loves this place. He's an average white guy with limited funds and a healthier-than-average appetite for cheap domestic beer, so 7 a.m. happy hour, Busch on tap, \$6.50 pitchers and a leave-no-trace cash-only policy greatly appeal to him. Free shots of peach brandy every time the Broncos score, even if they do taste like perfume, are also enticing, as is a Sunday spread of free food (turkey, rolls, chili, tacos, etc.) And though Neddy loves him some metal and psychedelia, a jukebox full of soul jams and disco hits always puts him in the mood to drink (and occasionally get hit on by 50 year-old black women).

If embarrassingly bad paintings—one depicts a naked white woman with small hips but hugely disproportionate thighs—a sparkle ceiling and guys flossing their teeth at the bar don't entice you, there's a makeshift patio in the alley by the Dumpster, complete with mismatched chairs, a beat-up orange couch and a torn umbrella.

All together now: I am not afraid. I am not afraid.



EAST

DENVER'S BEST DIVE BARS