

## Sancho's Broken Arrow

741 East Colfax Avenue  
Phone: 303-832-5288

Hipster Scale



Dive Bar Rating



It's not really my scene, but Sancho's deserves a lot of credit for the counter culture it supports: hippies, mostly, though in Colorado the line between hippies and garden-variety, Subaru-driving natives and transplants is so blurred that it's foolish to assume everyone who loves this bar has dreadlocks, unconventional armpit hair or poor hygiene. Around these parts, it's difficult even to categorize fans of jam bands as anything except exactly that—people who like, love or can mostly tolerate ten-minute guitar and drum solos.

Before you visit, ask yourself: Do I fit into the aforementioned category? If the answer is “no,” regardless of whether some of your closest friends wear tie-dye and tailgate all three days of Widespread Panic at Red Rocks, you won't make it ten minutes inside Sancho's. Why? Because, with a few exceptions—Jimi Hendrix, Neil Young, the Rolling Stones and Steve Miller Band—the turn-page jukebox is stocked almost exclusively with Grateful Dead albums and bootlegs. (Phish and Widespread also make limited appearances.) And the volume is loud. All the time.

If you're okay with extended guitar noodling and all-out shredding, then by all means float on in. The two-for-one happy hour begins at 4:20 p.m. (see what they did there?); the walls and ceilings are covered in more Dead and Phish posters, photos, mosaics and murals than even heaven on the greatest of acid trips; and three pool tables, two foosball setups and an air hockey table await. No matter how in tune with nature you are, shoes are strongly recommended due to sticky stone floors, sunken steps leading to vomit-caked bathrooms and no less than 300 other feet ready to crush yours on any given night. Yes, the place gets packed, at which point the volume goes up, which leads to outright pandemonium.

The feel-good, extended-solo kind—if that's your scene.

