

Ode to the Green Parrot

Five miles to the West. Was a place we loved best.
Though we weren't legal yet, a fake ID we could get.
We could play cards or shoot pool.
This place was really so cool.
It was Nina's Green Parrot in Galena.
You could call it "the library" where we had to go study.
Or tell your folks you were meeting a buddy.
Maybe a late band practice or working on being an actress?
There was always a reason, no matter the season
To go to Nina's Green Parrot in Galena.

The jukebox was blaring, but there could never be swearing.
With only 3.2 beer a DUI we'd never fear.
No one came to fight, It was just a fun place at night.
That was Nina's Green Parrot in Galena.

Mining all of that lead, zinc and ore
Down below were shafts and drifts galore.
Then last Tuesday morning, with absolutely no warning,
The ground opened up and started sinking,
And now there is no one left drinking
At Nina's Green Parrot in Galena.

- Vicki Mays