

# THAT'S OUR DENIS

He's Northern Ireland's answer to Sid Vicious  
in his ripped jeans and a middle finger to the Queen,  
this Marti Pellow look-a-like means business.  
His pink hair, mohawk and spikes - don't be alarmed by this.  
It's his Mum's knitted jumpers for this rebellious anarchist.

That's our Denis.  
At work, you'll more than likely find him on a fag break  
and you can tell where he's been as there's disposable lighters all over the place.  
Tied to the hip with his adopted son Joe,  
and no doubt cutting corners everywhere he goes.

That's our Denis.  
You may find him fishing by a lake, passing the day  
or complaining there's "always one that got away."  
It's a rollercoaster ride in a house filled with female hormones  
if it wasn't for Wiggle and Smudge he'd be all alone.  
His neighbours adore him, they say "there's never a din"  
except for Monday morning,  
when the sound of a thousand green bottles  
come tumbling out of the recycling bin.

That's our Denis.  
It seems that our Denis has trouble on two legs.  
He's been known to stumble on rocks and cut his hands to shreds  
and enjoys the odd kick-about, only to fall through a fence.  
There's no excuse for it, 50 isn't really that old.  
Then again, he has been known to fall down the odd manhole.  
Ask him about the scar on his cheeks,  
where a fox bit his arse, and he ended up in A&E.

That's our Denis.  
Force feeding chillies to Alana, he's got a temper quite fiery  
when the children come round, they're told to "play quietly!"  
But some say he's quiet at times, and reserved in fact.  
Apart from when he threw the dog collar at the glass door and it smashed.  
He's a bank account to his daughters, they burn money like a furnace  
and Ailish and her friends would have no social life without his 24 hour taxi service.

That's our Denis.  
We also have to take our hats off to Geraldine.  
For almost 20 years she's had to put up with his smelly feet.  
Ask him to change his boxers he'll reply "what for?"  
and sleeping by his side is like lying next to a foghorn.  
The Lewis Firework Procession is where they first met.  
Under the dazzling colours, their future together was set.  
Some would say that it was written in the stars.  
Others would argue, it was all the vodka they were drinking beforehand in the back of Denis' car.

That's our Denis.  
So here's to another 50 years  
of punk rock concerts and Budweiser beers,  
of less trips to the hospital, but still falling over wherever possible.  
To another 50 years of living life to the max  
and managing the time to be a  
kind neighbour,  
a joy to work with colleague,  
a close friend,  
a loving husband  
and support Dad.  
So there's only one way to end this,  
raise a glass  
to our Denis.

