

# Dinard

## Iwan Rheon

Crashing waves, hands on my arms grip sufficiently  
This is love here this weekend, not something to be  
And the thousands of faces look down to the sea  
For the laughter, like children  
Je t'aime, if you please If the fires in the town burn revolutionary  
And the hours fly by because we're just happy  
Then let the scent in the sky not go and censor these sparks This is love on the highway, not fear in the dark  
And before we lie in our beds  
To ponder what we should have said  
To call up our demons for tests  
Can we love what's in between  
Oh, those flags are insane but these faces are sweet And the fire in the corner can feel my heart beat  
Oh, fleeting candlelit hour, there's no need to hide  
Why would bliss make us blush when it keeps us alive Can we sit, sipping whiskey and slip, slip away  
To the garden of Eden and filling ashtrays  
We are warmth from the core, we are sparks in the sky This is love on the highway, not fear or denial  
And before we lie in our beds  
To ponder what we should have said  
To call up our demons for tests  
Can we love what's in between Now the weather has changed from hot embers to sleet  
When the daylight arrives, we are swept off our feet  
In a prodigal hour conspire our retreat  
To the rivers we forged and the castles we breached  
Give me fire and illusion and don't let me sleep  
Give me taunting out trouble and teasing belief  
I want everyone in here to see what I see  
This is love on the highway  
Not fear !  
Not fear !  
Not fear !  
Not fear !  
Now we can lie in our beds

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