# 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 pleaseIf 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 sparksThis 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 sweetAnd 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 aliveCan 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 skyThis 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 betweenNow 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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