

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 this 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

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, these flags are insane
But these faces are sweet
And the fire in the corner
Can feel my heart beat
Oh, fleeting candlelit hour
In 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

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're 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 relief
I want everyone in here
To see what I see;
This is love on the highway

Not fear!
Not fear!
Not fear!
Now we can lie in ours beds