

The Cult, Gimmick

There's a whisper in the wires, no love
Of a black train-a-comin', no love
From the heart of the desert, no love
And the rhythms of my hometown

My eyes are open, no love
Watching for the train, no love, no love
Just a breath across the ocean
Feel no love
If it flies, it dies

Flags into a pocket, no love
We're standing on a platform
Feel no love
In everyone a hook line, no love, no love
Against me making time
Feel no love

Whisper in the wires, no love
Of a black train-a-comin', no love, no love
From the heart of the desert, no love
And the rhythms of my hometown
And the rhythms of my hometown
Feel no love
And the rhythms of my hometown