

# The Cult "Gimmick"

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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 rhythm's not 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 rhythm's not my hometown

And the rhythm's not my hometown  
I feel no love  
And the rhythm's not my hometown

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