

Cult, The

"Gimmick"

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There's a whisper in the wires- no love
Of a black train-a-coming- 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-coming- 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

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