

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