

# Secret Alphabets

## Kasabian

This is the end of the tracks  
Where the fountains climb into your eye  
Nobody's hurting and nobody's lying  
They climb into your eye never to die They say the man, he used to sail on his journey  
And laid a trap so much the pilgrims for their money  
He placed his gold all over this world And in morning as he looked out over Cairo  
He makes his process and his smoked them in a barroom  
He could not die and we never found out why This is the end of the tracks  
Where the fountains climb into your eye  
Nobody's hurting and nobody's lying  
They climb into your eye never to die This is the end of the tracks  
Where the fountains climb into your eye  
Nobody's hurting and nobody's crying  
They climb into your eye never to die No one's getting older  
Everybody's feeling young  
Journey's almost over now  
There's hope for everyone This is the end of the tracks  
Where the fountains close  
(This is the end of time)  
This is the end of the tracks  
Where the fountains close  
(This is the end of our life)

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