

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)