

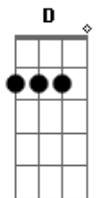
All Time Low - Sick Little Games

Tom: D

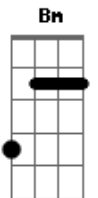
Oh my God, I'm such a terrible mess
 I'm turned on by the tabloids
 You would never have guessed
 That I'm a sucker for their gossip
 Man, I take it too far
 I bottle up my Hollywood
 And watch 'em name their kids after cars
 I'm finding me out
 I'm having my doubts
 I'm losing the best of me
 We're all part of the same
 Sick little games
 And I need to get away, get away
 I'm wasting my days
 I throw them away
 Losing it all on these sick little games
 I fell in love, she was the friend of a sister
 Of somebody famous at least for a day
 Expensive habits and a taste for the town
 Had me chasin down red carpets
 And watching all my friends slip away
 They're finding me out
 I'm having my doubts
 I'm losing the best of me
 Dressed up as myself
 To live in the shadow

Of who I'm supposed to be
 We're all part of the same
 Sick little games
 And I need to get away, get away
 I'm wasting my days
 I throw them away
 Losing it all on these sick little games
 If I play my cards right
 I could make the big time
 I could be a reason to stare
 Caught up in the spot light
 Shaking from the stage fright
 How did I end up here?
 All part of the same
 Sick little games
 And I need to get away, get away, get away, get away
 We're all part of the same
 Sick little games
 And I need to get away, get away
 I'm wasting my days
 I throw them away
 Losing it all on these sick little games
 All part of the same
 Sick little games
 And I need to get away, get away, get away, get away

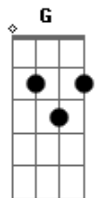
Acordes



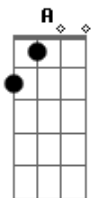
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