

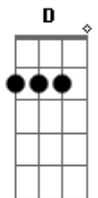
# All Time Low - Sick Little Games

Tom: D

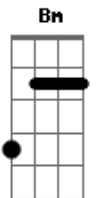
Oh my God, I'm such a terrible mess  
 I'm turned on by the tabloids  
 You would never have guessed  
 That I'm a sucker for their gossip  
 Man, I take it too far  
 I bottle up my Hollywood  
 And watch 'em name their kids after cars  
 I'm finding me out  
 I'm having my doubts  
 I'm losing the 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

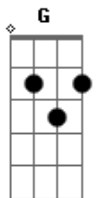
## Acordes



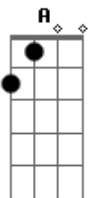
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