

All Time Low - Sick Little Games

Tom: D

^D
Oh my God, I'm such a terrible mess

^G
I'm turned on by the tabloids

^A
You would never have guessed

^D
That I'm a sucker for their gossip

^{Bm}
Man, I take it too far

^G
I bottle up my Hollywood

^A
And watch 'em name their kids after cars

^G
I'm finding me out

^A
I'm having my doubts

^{Bm} ^G
I'm losing the best of me

^D ^A
We're all part of the same

^{Bm}
Sick little games

^G
And I need to get away, get away

^D ^A
I'm wasting my days

^{Bm}
I throw them away

^G ^D ^A ^{Bm} ^G
Losing it all on these sick little games

^D ^{Bm}
I fell in love, she was the friend of a sister

^G ^A
Of somebody famous at least for a day

^D ^{Bm}
Expensive habits and a taste for the town

^G
Had me chasin down red carpets

^A
And watching all my friends slip away

^G
They're finding me out

^A
I'm having my doubts

^{Bm} ^G
I'm losing the best of me

^G
Dressed up as myself

^A
To live in the shadow

^{Bm} ^G
Of who I'm supposed to be

^D ^A
We're all part of the same

^{Bm}
Sick little games

^G
And I need to get away, get away

^D ^A
I'm wasting my days

^{Bm}
I throw them away

^G
Losing it all on these sick little games

^{Bm}
If I play my cards right

^G
I could make the big time

^{Bm} ^A
I could be a reason to stare

^{Bm}
Caught up in the spot light

^G
Shaking from the stage fright

^{Bm} ^A
How did I end up here?

^D ^A
All part of the same

^{Bm}
Sick little games

^G
And I need to get away, get away, get away, get away

^D ^A
We're all part of the same

^{Bm}
Sick little games

^G
And I need to get away, get away

^D ^A
I'm wasting my days

^{Bm}
I throw them away

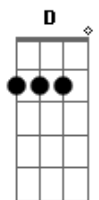
^G
Losing it all on these sick little games

^D ^A
All part of the same

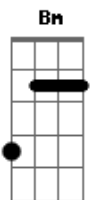
^{Bm}
Sick little games

^G
And I need to get away, get away, get away, get away

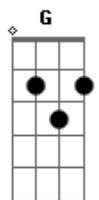
Acordes



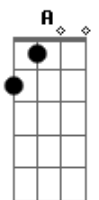
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