Sick Little Games

All Time Low

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 them 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 a get-away (get away)
I'm wasting my days, I throw them away,
Losing it all on these sick little games.

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 chasing 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 a 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 can make the big time,
I could be a reason to stare.
Caught up in the spotlight, shaking from the stage fright,
How did I end up here?

We're all part of the same, sick little games,
And I need a get-away (get away)

We're all part of the same, sick little games,
And I need a get-away (get away)
I'm wasting my days, I throw them away,

Losing it all on these sick little games.

We're all part of the same, sick little games,
And I need a get-away (get away)

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