

Sick Little Games

All Time Low

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Oh my god, I'm such a terrible mess
I'm turned on by the tabloids
You would never have guessed But I'm 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 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 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 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 to 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 We're all part of the same sick little games
And I need to get away

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