

All Time Low "Sick Little Games"

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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 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 can make the big time
I could be a reason to stare

Caught up in the spotlight
Shaken 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 (get away, get away...)

We're all part of the same, sick little games
And I need to getaway 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)

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