

# 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 '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

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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?

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