

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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