

All Time Low - Sick Little Games

Tom: **D**

D
Oh my God, I'm such a terrible mess
Bm
G
I'm turned on by the tabloids

A
You would never have guessed
D

That I'm a sucker for their gossip

Bm
Man, I take it too far
G

I bottle up my Hollywood

A
And watch 'em name their kids after cars
G

I'm finding me out

A
I'm having my doubts
Bm
G

I'm losing the best of me

D
We're all part of the same
A

Bm
Sick little games
G

And I need to get away, get away

D
I'm wasting my days
A
Bm

I throw them away

G
Losing it all on these sick little games
D **A** **Bm** **G**

D
I fell in love, she was the friend of a sister
Bm
G

Of somebody famous at least for a day

D
Expensive habits and a taste for the town
Bm
G

Had me chasin down red carpets

A
And watching all my friends slip away
G

They're finding me out

A
I'm having my doubts
Bm
G

I'm losing the best of me

G
Dressed up as myself
A

To live in the shadow

Bm **G**
Of who I'm supposed to be

D **A**
We're all part of the same

Bm
Sick little games
G

And I need to get away, get away

D **A**
I'm wasting my days
Bm

I throw them away

G
Losing it all on these sick little games

Bm
If I play my cards right
G

I could make the big time

Bm **A**
I could be a reason to stare

Bm
Caught up in the spot light
G

Shaking from the stage fright

Bm **A**
How did I end up here?

D **A**
All part of the same
Bm

Sick little games
G

And I need to get away, get away, get away, get away

D **A**
We're all part of the same
Bm

Sick little games
G

And I need to get away, get away

D **A**
I'm wasting my days
Bm

I throw them away

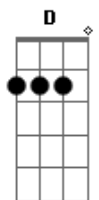
G
Losing it all on these sick little games

D **A**
All part of the same
Bm

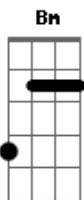
Sick little games
G

And I need to get away, get away, get away, get away

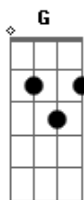
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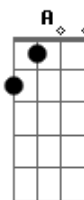
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