

# The Ting Tings, Fruit Machine

You keep playing me like a fruit machine  
Puttin' in change systematically  
Winning streak that you had over me  
It's turned into your broken tragedy

Turn your pockets out onto the street  
Now you see you've spent it all on me!  
You see my true colours out of synch  
Now your skin is a pair of sympathies

You've hit the bottom one hundred times before  
Now feel the fever as I leave you wanting more  
You thought you could turn and walk away  
Taking chances that weren't yours to take

Well I don't think so my foolish boy  
Watch the next one taking all the joy  
Hold me, nudge me, spinning me around  
Where's the money?  
Can't hear that clinking sound.

Ka-ching, Ka-ching  
Ka-ching, Ka-ching  
Ka-ching, Ka-ching  
Ka-ching, Ka-ching

You keep playing me like a fruit machine  
Overstretch your generosity  
For our band, it's leading you astray  
The little we had  
You've thrown it all away!

Go! Go! Go! (Yeah you're on a role)  
Go! Go! Go! (Yeah you're on a low)  
Go! Go! Go!

You find it hard to stop it yeah  
You're running like a steam train  
Oh I like the way that you do that  
Where's the money?  
Can't hear that clinking sound.

Ka-ching, Ka-ching  
Ka-ching, Ka-ching

Go!

You-keep-play-ing-me-like-a-fruit-mach-ine  
You-keep-play-ing-me-like-a-fruit-mach-ine  
You-keep-play-ing-me-like-a-fruit-mach-ine  
You-keep-play-ing-me-like-a-fruit-mach-ine

Ker-ching, Ker-ching, oh!  
Ker-ching, Ker-ching  
Ker-ching, Ker-ching

Oh, you find it hard to stop it yeah  
You're running like a steam train

Ker-ching, Ker-ching  
Ker-ching, Ker-ching

You-keep-playing-me-like-a-fruit-mach-ine!