

Fruit Machine

The Ting Tings

You keep playing me like a fruit machine
Puttin' in change systematically
Winning streak that you had over me
Has 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 skint, here's a pair of sympathies You've hit the button 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
Win, 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, boy
Ka-ching, Ka-ching, boy
Ka-ching, Ka-ching, boy
Ka-ching, Ka-ching, boy You keep playing me like a fruit machine
Overstretch your generosity
Thought of bandits leading you astray
The little we had
You've thrown it all away Go! Go! Go! Yeah, you're on a roll
Go! Go! Go! Yeah, you're on a low
Go! Go! Go!
You find it hard to stop 'cause yeah
You're running like a steam train
(I like the way 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-ma-chine
You-keep-play-ing-me like-a-fruit-ma-chine
You-keep-play-ing-me like-a-fruit-ma-chine
You-keep-play-ing-me like-a-fruit-ma-chine Ka-ching, Ka-ching, ah,
Ka-ching, Ka-ching
Ka-ching, Ka-ching You find it hard to stop 'cause yeah
You're running like a steam train Ka-ching, Ka-ching
Ka-ching, Ka-ching You-keep-playing-me like-a-fruit-ma-chine

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