

Fruit Machine

The Ting Tings

You keep playing me like a fruit mach-ine
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 colors out of sink
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
When 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 the clicking!
Ker-ching, Ker-ching
Ker-ching, Ker-ching
Ker-ching, Ker-ching
Ker-ching, Ker-ching
You keep playing me like a fruit mach-ine
Overstretch your gen-er-o-si-ty
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 the clicking!
Ker-ching, Ker-ching
Ker-ching, Ker-ching
Go!
[Instrumental]
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!