## **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 tragedyTurn 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, boyYou 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 awayGo! Go! Yeah, you're on a roll

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-chingGo!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-chineKa-ching, Ka-ching, ah,

Ka-ching, Ka-ching

Ka-ching, Ka-chingYou find it hard to stop 'cause yeah

You're running like a steam trainKa-ching, Ka-ching

Ka-ching, Ka-ching You-keep-playing-me like-a-fruit-ma-chine

Lyrics provided by http://counterlikes.com/