

# 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  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>

