Fruit Machine

Homelife

You keep playing me like a fruit machine
Putting 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 sync
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 that clinking sound?
Kerching, kerching boy
Kerching, kerching boy
Kerching, kerching boy
Kerching, kerching boy
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, kerching, kerching boy
(Yeah, you're on a roll)
Go, go, kerching, kerching boy
(Yeah, you're on a low)
Go, go, kerching, kerching boy
You find it hard to stop it, yeah
You're running like a steam train
I like the way that you do that
Where's the money, can't hear that clinking sound?
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