Fruit Machine (Dave Spoon Remix)

The Ting Tings

You keep playing me like a fruit machine
Puttin' in change systematically
Winning streak that you had over me
It's 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 colors out of sync
Now your skin is a pair of sympathiesYou'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 takeWell 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 clinking round.Ka-ching, Ka-ching
Ka-ching, Ka-ching
Ka-ching, Ka-ching
Ka-ching, Ka-chingYou 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! 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 clinking round.Ka-ching, Ka-ching
Ka-ching, Ka-chingGo!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-ineKer-ching, Ker-ching, oh!
Ker-ching, Ker-ching
Ker-ching, Ker-chingOh, you find it hard to stop it yeah
You're running like a steam trainKer-ching, Ker-ching
Ker-ching, Ker-chingYou-keep-playing-me-like-a-fruit-mach-ine!

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