

Fruit Machine

[unknown]

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?

Kerching, kerching boy

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You keep playing me like a fruit machine

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