

# Fruit Machine

## The Ting Tings

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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