

The Ting Tings - Fruit Machine

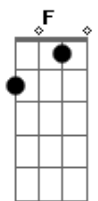
Tom: F

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 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 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
 Well, 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 sound

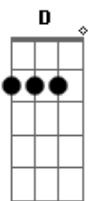
Ka-ching, Ka-ching

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, go (Yeah you're on a role)
 Go, go, go (Yeah you're on a low)
 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 sound
 Ka-ching, Ka-ching
 Go
 [Solo]
 You-keep-play-ing-me
 Like-a-fruit-mach-ine
 Ker-ching, Ker-ching
 Ker-ching, Ker-ching
 You-keep-playing-me
 Like-a-fruit-mach-ine

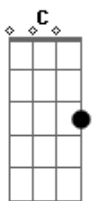
Acordes



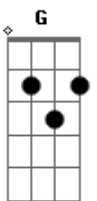
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