

# The Ting Tings - Fruit Machine

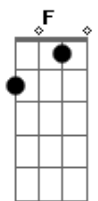
Tom: F

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

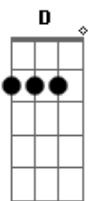
Ka-ching, Ka-ching

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

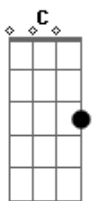
## Acordes



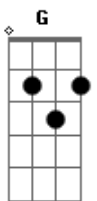
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