

The Ting Tings - Fruit Machine

Tom: **F**

You keep playing me ^D
 Like a fruit machine ^C ^D
 Puttin' in change systematically ^C ^D
 Winning streak that you had over me ^C ^D
 It's turned into your broken tragedy ^C ^D
 Turn your pockets out onto the street ^C ^D
 Now you see you've spent it all on me ^C ^D
 You see my true colours out of synch ^C ^D
 Now your skin is a pair of sympathies ^C ^D
 You've hit the bottom ^C
 One hundred times before ^D
 Now feel the fever ^C ^D
 As I leave you wanting more ^C ^D
 You thought you could turn and walk away ^C ^D
 Taking chances that weren't yours to take ^C ^D
 Well, I don't think so my foolish boy ^G ^F ^G
 Watch the next one taking all the joy ^F ^G
 Hold me, nudge me spinning me around ^F ^G
 Where's the money? ^F ^G ^D
 Can't hear the clinking sound ^C ^D

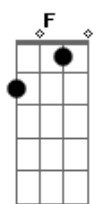
Ka-ching, Ka-ching

You keep playing me like a fruit machine ^C ^D
 Overstretch your generosity ^C ^D
 For our band It's leading you astray ^C ^D
 The little we had ^C ^D
 You've thrown it all away ^C ^D
 Go, go, go (Yeah you're on a role) ^C ^D
 Go, go, go (Yeah you're on a low) ^C ^D
 You find it hard to stop it yeah ^C ^D
 You're running like a steam train ^C ^D
 (Oh, I like the way that you do that) ^F
 Where's the money? ^F ^G ^D
 Can't hear the clinking sound ^C ^D
 Ka-ching, Ka-ching ^C ^D
 Go

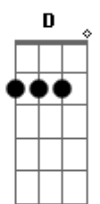
[Solo] ^D ^C ^D ^C
^D ^C ^D ^C
^G ^F ^G ^F ^D ^C

^D
 You-keep-play-ing-me ^C ^D
 Like-a-fruit-mach-ine ^G ^F ^G
 Ker-ching, Ker-ching ^D
 Ker-ching, Ker-ching ^D
 You-keep-playing-me ^D
 Like-a-fruit-mach-ine

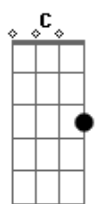
Acordes



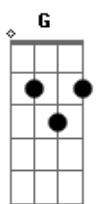
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