

## **Ting Tings, The "Fruit Machine"**

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You keep playing me like a fruit mach-ine  
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 sink  
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 the clicking!

Ker-ching, Ker-ching  
Ker-ching, Ker-ching  
Ker-ching, Ker-ching  
Ker-ching, Ker-ching

You keep playing me like a fruit mach-ine  
Overstretch your gen-er-o-si-ty  
For our band, it's leading you astray  
The little we hadâ€¦  
You've thrown it all away!

Go! Go! Go! (Yeah you're on a role)  
Go! Go! Go! (Yeah you're on a low)  
Go! Go! Go!

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 clicking!

Ker-ching, Ker-ching  
Ker-ching, Ker-ching

Go!

[Instrumental]

You-keep-play-ing-me-like-a-fruit-mach-ine  
You-keep-play-ing-me-like-a-fruit-mach-ine  
You-keep-play-ing-me-like-a-fruit-mach-ine  
You-keep-play-ing-me-like-a-fruit-mach-ine

Ker-ching, Ker-ching, oh!  
Ker-ching, Ker-ching  
Ker-ching, Ker-ching

Oh, you find it hard to stop it yeah  
You're running like a steam train

Ker-ching, Ker-ching  
Ker-ching, Ker-ching

You-keep-playing-me-like-a-fruit-mach-ine!

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