

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

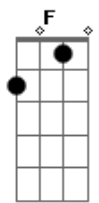
Ka-ching, Ka-ching

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

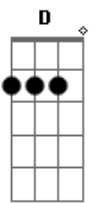
[Solo] **D C D C**
D C D C
G F G F D C

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

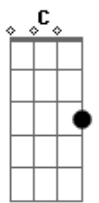
Acordes



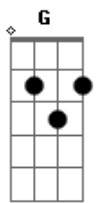
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