

Cause Cheap Is How I Feel

Cowboy Junkies

G **C**
It's the kinda night that's so cold that your spit
G
freezes before it hits the ground.
G **C**
And when a bum asks for a quarter, you give a dollar,
C **D**
'cuz if he's out tonight, he must be truly down.
C
And I'm searchin' all the windows for a last minute present
Am
to prove to you that what I said was real...
D **C**
For something small and frail and plastic, baby
G
'Cause cheap is how I feel.

G **C**
Half a moon in the sky tonight- not enough
G
to come up with an answer
C
to the question why is it that every time I see you
G
my love grows a little stronger.
C
But your memory leaves my stomach turning,
D
feeling like a liar about to be revealed...
Am
But I hoard all this to myself,
G
'Cause cheap is how I feel.

SOLO....

G **C**
It's not the smell in here that really gets to me, it's the lights
G
How I hate the shadows that they cast.
G **C**
And the sound of clinking bottles is the one sure thing
D
I'll always drag with me from my past.
C
I think I'll find a pair of eyes tonight to fall into
Am
and maybe strike a deal:
D **C**
Your body for my soul, face swap,
G
'Cause cheap is how I feel.