

Cause Cheap Is How I Feel
Cowboy Junkies

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Date: Thu, 25 Jun 1998 08:30:07 -0700
From: Brent Wood
Subject: c/cowboy_junkies/cause_cheap_is_how_i_feel.crd

CAUSE CHEAP IS HOW I FEEL

written by M. Timmins and The Cowboy Junkies,
from the album Caution Horses
submitted and transcribed in June 1998
by Brent Wood, bwood@artcenter.edu

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 C

But I hoard all this to myself,

G

Cause cheap is how I feel.

(guitar 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.

Keep on playing, gang.

Brent Wood

bwood@artcenter.edu