

**Cause Cheap Is How I Feel**  
**Cowboy Junkies**

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From: Brent Wood  
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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

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