

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# Eb
cuz if he s out tonight, he must be truly down.
C#
And I m searchin all the windows for a last minute present
Bbm
to prove to you that what I said was real...
Eb 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,
Eb
feeling like a liar about to be revealed...
Bbm 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

Eb

I ll always drag with me from my past.

C#

I think I ll find a pair of eyes tonight to fall into

Bbm

and maybe strike a deal:

Eb

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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