

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

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

F **Bb**
Half a moon in the sky tonight- not enough
F
to come up with an answer
Bb
to the question why is it that every time I see you
F
my love grows a little stronger.
Bb
But your memory leaves my stomach turning,
C
feeling like a liar about to be revealed...
Gm **Bb**

But I hoard all this to myself,

F

Cause cheap is how I feel.

(guitar solo)

F **Bb**

It s not the smell in here that really gets to me, it s the lights-

F

How I hate the shadows that they cast.

F **Bb**

And the sound of clinking bottles is the one sure thing

C

I ll always drag with me from my past.

Bb

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

Gm

and maybe strike a deal:

C

Bb

Your body for my soul, face swap,

F

Cause cheap is how I feel.

Keep on playing, gang.

Brent Wood

bwood@artcenter.edu