

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

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

But I hoard all this to myself,

F#

Cause cheap is how I feel.

(guitar solo)

F# **B**
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# **B**
And the sound of clinking bottles is the one sure thing

C#

I ll always drag with me from my past.

B

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

G#m

and maybe strike a deal:

C#

B

Your body for my soul, face swap,

F#

Cause cheap is how I feel.

Keep on playing, gang.

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