

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

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

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

But I hoard all this to myself,

A

Cause cheap is how I feel.

(guitar solo)

A

D

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

A

How I hate the shadows that they cast.

A

D

And the sound of clinking bottles is the one sure thing

E

I ll always drag with me from my past.

D

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

Bm

and maybe strike a deal:

E

D

Your body for my soul, face swap,

A

Cause cheap is how I feel.

Keep on playing, gang.

Brent Wood

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