

# Cause Cheap Is How I Feel

Cowboy Junkies

**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**  
But I hoard all this to myself,  
**G**  
'Cause cheap is how I feel.

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.