

Cause Cheap Is How I Feel

Cowboy Junkies

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

Half a moon in the sky tonight- not enough
to come up with an answer
to the question why is it that every time I see you
my love grows a little stronger.
But your memory leaves my stomach turning,
feeling like a liar about to be revealed...
But I hoard all this to myself,
'Cause cheap is how I feel.

SOLO....

It's not the smell in here that really gets to me, it's the lights
How I hate the shadows that they cast.
And the sound of clinking bottles is the one sure thing
I'll always drag with me from my past.
I think I'll find a pair of eyes tonight to fall into
and maybe strike a deal:
Your body for my soul, face swap,
'Cause cheap is how I feel.