

'Cause Cheap Is How I Feel

Cowboy Junkies

It's the kind of night that's so cold when you spit
It freezes before it hits the ground
And when a bum asks for a quarter, you give a dollar
If he's out tonight, he must be truly down
And I'm searching all the windows for a last minute present
To prove to you 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 is bright 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 churnin'
Feelin' like a lie about to be revealed
But I'll horde all this to myself
'Cause cheap is how I feel
It's not the smell in here that gets to me, it's the lights
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, fair swap
'Cause cheap is how I feel

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