

Cowboy Junkies, Cause Cheap Is How I Feel

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 you 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 that what I said was real,
For something small and frail and plastic, baby,
'cause cheap is how I feel

Half moon in the sky tonight, 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 churning,
Feeling 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