

## **Junkies Cowboy**

### **"'cause Cheap Is How I Feel"**

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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, 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 hoard 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  
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, fair swap  
'Cause cheap is how I feel

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