

## Covette

### "'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 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

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