

## Byrd Tracy "Different Things"

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The first thing that I reach for every morning  
Is a pack of smokes laying by my bed  
Yes, I've read the surgeon general's warning  
But that don't take the warning out of them  
What I want and what I need  
Have always been different things

The last thing mama reached for every Sunday  
Was my mortal soul as she walked out the door  
She'd say, boy you're gonna need Him someday  
But I wanted to sleep off the night before  
What I want and what I need  
Have always been different things

What I want is to give up, just let go  
And walk out on us  
But what I need is to see this through  
Oh, and find a way back to you

The last thing that I reach for every evening  
Is a woman who I can't reach anymore  
Time is worn the new off of the feeling  
And right now I want to just walk out the door  
But what I want and what I need  
Have always been different things  
What I want and what I need  
Have always been different things

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