

Tracy Byrd "Different Things"

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The first thing that I reach for every morning
Is a pack of smokes layin' 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 has 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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