

# Different Things

Tracy Byrd

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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