

# Breathing

## Milhouse

I take my hat off, bow before the greatness  
You're so much braver I give you credit for  
    Somehow the Grays create a harmony  
    And no color can add a flavor...  
    I've started to feel like...  
    Know the face, familiar stranger  
    I'm not a child, I feel misunderstood  
    I built a bridge, you use the tunnel... now...

- The rope we are pulling is slipping away from me  
All this wasted time is killing me... and I've started to feel like...  
    [x2]I can not control my life anymore  
    Feel a need to leave and breathe on my own  
    I remember all the broken songs of our life  
    Maybe one more wrong will make it all right...  
    I just really need to be alone now...

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