

We don't talk about Bruno, no, no, no  
We don't talk about Bruno, but

It was my wedding day  
It was our wedding day  
We were getting ready  
And there wasn't a \_\_\_\_\_ in the sky  
No clouds allowed in the sky  
Bruno walks in with a mischievous grin

\_\_\_\_\_  
You telling this story or am I?  
I'm sorry, mi vida, go on  
Bruno \_\_\_\_\_, "It looks like rain"  
Why did he tell us?  
In doing so, he floods my \_\_\_\_\_  
Abuela, get the \_\_\_\_\_  
Married in a hurricane  
What a joyous day but anyway

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Hey, grew to live in fear of Bruno stuttering or stumbling  
I can always hear him sort of muttering and \_\_\_\_\_  
I associate him with the sound of falling sand, ch ch ch  
It's a heavy lift with a gift so humbling  
Always left Abuela and the \_\_\_\_\_ fumbling  
Grappling with prophecies they couldn't \_\_\_\_\_  
Do you understand?  
A seven-foot frame, rats along his back  
When he calls your \_\_\_\_\_ it all fades to black  
Yeah, he \_\_\_\_\_ your dreams and feasts on your screams (Hey)

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He told me my \_\_\_\_\_ would die, the next day, dead (No, no)  
He told me I'd grow a gut and just like he said (No, no)  
He said that all my hair would disappear, now, look at my head (No, no)  
Your fate is sealed when your prophecy is read

He told me that the life of my dreams  
Would be promised, and someday be mine  
He told me that my \_\_\_\_\_ would grow  
Like the grapes that thrive on the vine (Óye, Mariano's on his way)  
He told me that the man of my dreams  
Would be just out of reach  
Betrothed to another  
It's like I hear him, now  
Hey sis, I \_\_\_\_\_ not a sound out of you  
It's like I can hear him now, I can hear him, now

# We don't talk about Bruno

Click here



family  
power  
says  
mumbling  
thunder  
fish  
brain  
want  
cloud  
understand  
sees  
umbrellas  
name

