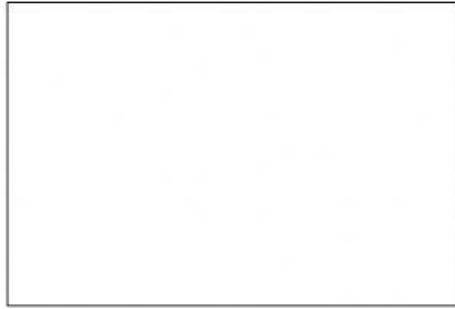


ENCANTO

WE DON'T TALK ABOUT BRUNO



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

We talk about Bruno, no, no, no
We talk about Bruno

It was my wedding day (it was our wedding day)
We were getting ready
And there a cloud in the sky (no clouds allowed in the sky)
Bruno walks in with a mischievous grin (thunder)
You telling this, or ?
I'm sorry, mi vida, go on

Bruno says: It looks like rain (why did he tell us?)
In doing so, he floods my brain
Abuela, get the umbrellas
Married in a hurricane
What a joyous day, but anyway

Hey, grew to live in fear of Bruno stuttering or stumbling
I can always hear him sort of muttering and mumbling
I associate with the sound of falling sand (ch-ch-ch)
It's a heavy lift with a gift so humbling
Always left Abuela and the family fumbling
Grappling with prophecies they couldn't understand
Do you understand?

A -foot frame, rats along his
When he your name it all fades to black
Yeah, he your dreams and feasts on
your screams (hey)

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

He told me my fish , 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
Now, look at my head (no, no)
Your fate is sealed when your prophecy is
read

He told me that the of my dreams
Would be promised, and someday be mine
He told me that my power would grow
Like the grapes that thrive on the vine (oye,
Mariano's on his way)

He told me that the of my dreams
Would be just out of reach
Betrothed to another
It's like I hear him, now
Hey, sis, I want not a sound out of you (it's
like I hear him, now)
I can hear him, now

Hm, Bruno
Yeah, about that Bruno
I really need to know about Bruno
Gimme the and the whole truth, Bruno
(Isabela, your boyfriend's here)
Time for dinner