

We Don't Talk About Bruno – Lin-Manuel Miranda

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 cloud in the sky
(No clouds allowed in the sky)
Bruno walks in with a mischievous grin-
(thunder!)
You telling this story, or am I?
(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)
We don't talk about Bruno, no, no, no
We don't talk about Bruno
Hey, grew to live in fear of Bruno
Stuttering or stumbling
I could always hear him sort of
Muttering and mumbling
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 family fumbling
Grappling with prophecies they
Couldn't understand
Do you understand?
A seven-foot frame, rats along his back
When he calls your name,
It all fades to black
Yeah, he sees 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 would die,
The next day, dead
(no, no)
He told me, I'd grow a gut,
And just like he said
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 power 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 want not a sound out of you)
It's like I can hear him now
I can hear him now
Uhm, Bruno
Yeah, about that Bruno
I really need to know about Bruno
Gimme the truth and the whole truth, Bruno
Isabella, your boyfriend's here
Time for dinner
It was my wedding day
(it was our wedding day)
We were getting ready,
And there wasn't a cloud in the sky
(No clouds allowed in the sky)
Bruno walks in with a mischievous grin-
(thunder!)
You telling this story, or am I?
Óye, Mariano's on his way

Bruno says, "It looks like rain"
(a seven-foot frame, rats along his back)
In doing so, he floods my brain
(when he calls your name,
It all fades to black)
Married in a hurricane
(and I'm fine, and I'm fine,
And I'm fine, I'm fine)
(Hey) he's here!
Don't talk about Bruno
(why did I talk about Bruno?)
Not a word about Bruno
(I never should've brought up Bruno)



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych