

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, no, no, no!)

We don't talk about Bruno (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... (no, no!)

He said that all my hair would disappear, now look at my head (no, no! Hey!)

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

Um, Bruno...

Yeah, about that Bruno...

I really need to know about Bruno...

Gimmie the truth and the whole truth, Bruno

(Isabella, your boyfriend's here)

Time for dinner!

A seven-foot frame (it was my wedding day, it was our wedding day)

Rats along his back (we were getting ready)

When he calls your name (and there wasn't a cloud in the sky)

It all fades to black (no clouds allowed in the sky!)

Yeah, he sees your dreams (Bruno walks in with a mischievous grin-)

And feasts on your screams (thunder!)

You telling this story, or am I?

I'm sorry, mi vida, go on (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

Married in a hurricane

He's here!

Don't talk about Bruno, no! (Why did I talk about Bruno?)

Not a word about Bruno!

I never should've brought up Bruno!