

# Piosenka z filmu Nasze magiczne Encanto, We D

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!