

## We Don't Talk About Bruno

We	don't talk about, no, no, no! We don't talk about bu
•	It was my day. It was our day,
	We were getting ready, and there wasn't ain the sky. No clouds allowed in the sky
	Bruno walks in with a grin, Thunder!!
	You telling this story, or am I? I'm sorry,, go on
	Bruno says, "It looks like," Why did he tell us?
	In doing so, he my brain, Abuela, get the umbrellas
	Married in a, What a joyous day but anyway
	We don't talk about, no, no, no! We don't talk about!
	Hey! Grew to live in of Bruno stuttering or stumbling
	I could always hear him sort of muttering and mumbling
	I associate him with the sound of falling, ch-ch-ch
	It's a heavy lift, with a gift so humbling
	Always left Abuela and the family fumbling
	Grappling with they couldn't understand
	Do you understand?



A seven-foot frame along his back.
When he calls your name. It all fades to
Yeah, he sees your And feasts on your screams (hey!)
We don't talk about Bruno, no, no! We don't talk about Bruno!
He told me my would die. The next day: dead!
He told me I'd grow a! And just like he said
He said that all mywould disappear, now look at my head
Your fate is sealed when youris read!
He told me that the life of my 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 of my dreams would be just out of reach.
to another. It's like I hear him now
Hey sis. I want not a out of you

(it's like I can hear him now) I can hear him now