

Encanto (Disney) - We Don't Talk About Bruno

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He told me my fish would die
                            tom:
                                                                               Gb
                                                                 The next day, dead (no, no)
Intro: G
                           Gb
We don't talk about Bruno, no, no, no
                                                                 He told me I'd grow a gut and just like he said (no, no)
We don't talk about Bruno, but
                                                                 He said that all my hair would disappear
                                                                                Gb
                                                                 Now, look at my head (no, no)
[Primeira Partel
                                                                 Your fate is sealed when your prophecy is read
 It was my wedding day (it was our wedding day)
                                                                 [Terceira Parte]
We were getting ready
And there wasn't a cloud in the sky
                                                                 He told me that the life of my dreams
            Em
(No clouds allowed in the sky)
                                                                 Would be promised, and someday be mine
Bm Em Gb
Bruno walks in with a mischievous grin (thunder)
                                                                 He told me that my power would grow
You telling this story, or am I?
                                                                 Like the grapes that thrive on the vine
(I'm sorry, mi vida, go on)
                                                                 (Oye, Mariano's on his way)
Bruno says, "It looks like rain" (why did he tell us?) $^{\mbox{\footnotesize{Bm}}}$ $^{\mbox{\footnotesize{Em}}}$ Gb In doing so, he floods my brain
                                                                 He told me that the man of my dreams
                                                                       Bm
                                                                 Would be just out of reach
(Abuela, get the umbrellas)
                                                                 Betrothed to another
Bm Em Gb
Married in a hurricane (what a joyous day, but anyway)
                                                                 It's like I hear him, now
[Refrão]
                                                                         Bm
                                                                 Hey, sis, I want not a sound out of you
We don't talk about Bruno, no, no, no
                                                                 (It's like I hear him, now)
We don't talk about Bruno
                                                                 I can hear him, now
[Segunda Parte]
                                                                 Hm. Bruno
Hey, grew to live in fear of Bruno
                                                                  Yeah, about that Bruno
                                                                 I really need to know about Bruno
Stuttering or stumbling
I can always hear him sort of muttering and mumbling
                                                                 Gimme the truth and the whole truth, Bruno
 I associate him with the sound
                                                                 (Isabela, your boyfriend's here)
        Gb
Of falling sand (ch-ch-ch)
                                                                 Time for dinner
It's a heavy lift with a gift so humbling
                                                                 [Quarta Parte]
        Gb
                          Fm
Always left Abuela and the family fumbling
                        Em
                                                                 A seven-foot frame, rats along his back
Grappling with prophecies they couldn't understand
                                                                       Bm Em Gb
                                                                 When he calls your name it all fades to black

Bm Em Gb Em

Yeah, he sees your dreams and feasts on your screams
Do you understand?
                   Gb
A seven-foot frame, rats along his back
                                                                 You telling this story or am I?
  Bm Em Gb
                                                                 Oye, Mariano's on his way
When he calls your name it all fades to black
       Bm
                  Em
                                                                 Bruno says: It looks like rain
Yeah, he sees your dreams
                                                                   Bm Em
And feasts on your screams (hey)
                                                                 In doing so, he floods my brain
                                                                        Em Gb Em
[Refrão]
                                                                 Married in a hurricane
                                                                 (He's here)
We don't talk about Bruno, no, no, no
                                                                 [Final]
We don't talk about Bruno
                                                                 Don't talk about Bruno, no
[Ponte]
                                                                 Why did I talk about Bruno?
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I never should've brought up Bruno

