

Everything I Know

Lin-Manuel Miranda

In this album there's a picture
Of the ladies at Daniela's
You can tell it's from the eighties
By the volume of their hair
There's Usnavi, just a baby
'Eighty-seven, Halloween
If it happened on this block, Abuela was there

Every afternoon I came
She'd make sure I did my homework
She could barely write her name
But even so...
She would stare at the paper
And tell me
"Bueno, let's review
Why don't you tell me
Everything you know."

In this album there's a picture
Of Abuela in Havana
She is holding a rag doll
Unsmiling, black and white
I wonder what she's thinking
Does she know that she'll be leaving
For the city on a cold dark night?
And on the day they ran
Did she dream of endless summer?
Did her mother have a plan?
Or did they just go?
Did somebody sit her down and say
"Claudia, get ready, to leave
Behind everything you know"?
Everything I know
What do I know?

In this folder there's a picture
From my high school graduation
With the program, mint condition
And a star beside my name
Here's a picture of my parents
As I left for California
She saved everything we gave her
Every little scrap of paper

And our lives are in these boxes
While the woman who held us is gone
But we go on, we grow, so...
Hold tight, Abuela, if you're up there
I'll make you proud of everything I know!
Thank you, for everything I know