

Michael Franks

"Monk's New Tune"

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Before I was saved by my better half
I once disappeared in a black-and-white
photograph
That I was just staring at
Framed on someone's wall
How long it lasted I could not say
But all of my heroes returned to play one
Last gig and there was I
In the middle of it all

I'm drinking mai tais with pink umbrellas
I'm thinking my how high the moon
I hears the man say "Heads up, fellas"
I hear the band play Monk's new tune

We were bad! We could perpetrate the beat!
Seeing plaid, how could we stay on our feet?
Rumor spread clear down 52nd St.
As we played Monk's new tune

Since you're a skeptic I'll say no more
Of course, this was happening way back before
before...but
Nevertheless is was very real to me
Exactly like it was yesterday
My ears hear the music my hand were blessed to play
Inside that picture that took command of me

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