

The Manhattan Transfer, The Night That Monk Re

The night that Monk returned to heaven
Climbed every step and stood on seven
He hummed "Epistrophy";

The light of angels shone above him
They mentioned God would surely love him...
To play "My dear, Ruby";

So Monk
Pure Monk
Sat down and played a chorus
And God said, "Monk...the door is open to my house