

Mr. Larkin (Acoustic) [Live]

State Radio

I work in the kitchen at an old folk's home
I do my best but I too am getting on
I do the dishes but lately I been dropping plates
See as I get older, my hands are starting to shake So Mr. Larkin, see I got to hold this job
Did you misspeak when you told me?
She was all but gone Mr. Larkin
Dock me my one week's pay
But don't ask me to leave
I can't afford that today Ten years ago my wife took sick
So I brought her here, my job I quit
I started working for the home
So I could be by her everyday
We couldn't afford the cost in any other way, so So Mr. Larkin see I
I know she know who I am
Every now and then she'll squeeze my hand
It's what I live for, it's why she don't die
So Mr. Larkin
Won't you, won't you give me this try? I walk to work on route 27
I see the same cars pass everyday
And through all this new England weather
You know never once, have I been late? So Mr. Larkin see I
I know she know who I am
Every now and then she'll squeeze my hand
It's what I live for, it's why she don't die
So Mr. Larkin
Won't you, won't you give me this try? I see the argument you're makin'
And I understand you got to do your job
And believe me, I know she's turning angel
But you see this woman is all I got So Mr. Larkin see I
I know, she know who I am
Every now and then she'll squeeze my hand
It's what I live for, it's why she don't die
So Mr. Larkin
Won't you, won't you give me this try? Won't you give me this try?
Won't you give me this try?

Songwriters

Charles Stokes Urmston Published by
AIN'T NO TRIP TO CLEVELAND MUSIC

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