

# Mr. Larkin

## State Radio

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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?

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