

# Mr. Larkin

## State Radio

I work in the kitchen  
At an old-folks store  
I do my best  
But I too am getting old  
I do the dishes  
But lately I've been dropping plates  
Since i get older my hands are starting to shake

So Mr. Larkin see I, I've got to hold this job  
Did you misspeak when you told me she was all but gone  
Mr. Larkin got me my one weeks pay  
But don't ask me to leave her, I cant afford that way

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 every day  
we couldn't afford the cost in any other way

### Chorus

So, so Mr. Larkin see I, I know she know who I am  
Every now and then she'll, eh, she'll squeeze my hand  
It's what I live for and it's why she don't die  
So Mr. Larkin won't you, won't give me this try

I walk to work on route 27  
I see the same cars pass every day  
And through all this new england weather  
You know never once have I been late

### Chorus

I see the argument your making  
And I understand you've got to do your job  
And believe me I know she's turning angel  
But you see this women is all I got

### Chorus

---

Lyrics submitted by je.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>