

State Radio, Mr Larkin

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