

## When I'm sixty-four

1. When I get older, losing my hair, many years from now,  
will you still be sending me a valentine,  
birthday greetings, bottle of wine ?  
If I've been out 'til quarter to three, would you lock the door ?  
Will you still need me, will you still feed me, when I'm sixty-four ?

..... You'll be older, too -oo-oo Ah.

And... if you say the word, I could stay with you.

2. I could be handy mending a fuse when your lights have gone,

you can knit a sweater by the fireside,

Sunday mornings go for a ride.

Doing the garden, digging the weeds, who could ask for more ?

Will you still need me, will you still feed me, when I'm sixty-four ?

+ Every summer we could rent a cottage

in the Isle of Wight, if it's not too dear.

We shall scrimp and save.

Ah Ah, grandchildren on your knee, Vera, Chuck and Dave.

3. Send me a postcard, drop me a line, stating point of view,

indicate precisely what you mean to say,

Yours sincerely, wasting away.

Give me your answer, fill in a form, mine forever more.

Will you still need me, will you still feed me, when I'm sixty-four ?