

# When I'm sixty-four



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'd been out till 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  
And if you say the word  
I could stay with you

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 can rent a cottage  
In the Isle of Wight, if it's not too  
dear

We shall scrimp and save  
Grandchildren on your knee  
Vera, Chuck and Dave

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 for evermore  
Will you still need me, will you still  
feed me

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