

WHEN I'M 64

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 it 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 & 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,
 When I'm sixty-four