

# 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 morning go for a ride.  
Dong 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 Wright, 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.