

Beatles

"When I'm 64"

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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 '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
Ah, 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 to, dear
We shall scrimp and save
Ah, 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 forever more
Will you still need me, will you still feed me when I'm
sixty-four?

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