## Beautiful South "When I'm 84"

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Queuing with the old folk
There's an old man with a wicked smile
Not through smug politeness
He's doing it in style, style
He's doing it in style, style

No savings book or flannel slacks No pardon when I heard them ask Just a Vodafone and a Filofax When I'm 64, I'll dream on

They all bore the milkman
Stop him for hours at their front gate
He just sits and thinks
I'll make the bastard wait, wait
I'll make the bastard wait, wait

No dribbling or incontinence No longing for the old sixpence Just smoking weed till age make sense When I'm 74, I'll dream on

They all save for Blackpool Just for the cheap companionship Meanwhile he counts pennies For a different trip, trip For a different trip, trip

No smoking pipes and drinking bitter No eying up the baby sitter I'll trip up kids and I'll drop my litter When I'm 84, I'll dream on When I'm 84, I'll dream on late

(I'll dream on)
You're in your nineties, Arthur
(I'll dream on and I'll whisper late)
Be careful with your back
(I'll dream on and I'll whisper late)
Exercise your muscles

(I'll dream on and I'll whisper late)

I'd rather Jack (I'll dream on and I'll whisper late) I'd rather Jack (I'll dream on and I'll whisper late)

Yes, I'd rather Jack (I'll dream on and I'll whisper late) I'd rather Jack (I'll dream on and I'll whisper late)

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