

## **Claudine Longet**

# **"When I'm Sixty-four"**

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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 till quarter to three  
Would you lock the door,  
Will you still need me, will you still feed me,  
When I'm sixty-four?

Oo oo oo oo oo oo oo oo  
You'll be older too, (ah ah ah ah 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 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,  
When I'm sixty-four?

Whooh!

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