Connie Evingson "When I'm 64"

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When I get old and 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 64?

You'll be older too And if you say the word I could stay with you

I could be handing, mending a fuse When your lights have gone You can knit a sweater by the fireside Sunday morning 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 64?

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 Well, indicate precisely what you mean to say Yours sincerely wasting away

Give me your answer, fill in the form Mine forever more Will you still need me? Will you still feed me When I'm 64?

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 64?

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