

John Denver

"When I'm Sixty Four by The Beatles"

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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?

You'll be older, too.

Aaah, 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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