

When I'm Sixty-four

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

I could be handy mending a fuse,
When you're lights have gone out.
You can knit me 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

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 forevermore.
Will you still need me?
Will you still feed me?
When I'm sixty-four