

When I'm Sixty-four

Slow Count <3.4>

When I get older losing my hair, many years from now<1.2>
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<1.2>
Will you still need me, will you still feed me, when I'm sixty-four<1.2>

<2.4>

You'll be older too<2.2>
And if you say the word, I could stay with you<2.2>

I could be handy, mending a fuse, when your lights have gone<1.2>
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<1.2>
Will you still need me, will you still feed me, when I'm sixty-four<1.2>

Every summer we can rent a cottage in the Isle of Wight, if it's not too dear
We shall scrimp and save<2.2>
Grandchildren on your knee, Vera, Chuck & Dave<2.2>

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, hoo!

The Beatles