

WHEN I'M SIXTY-FOUR

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Intro: C F G C



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 'til a 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, and if you say the word, I could stay with you. 8



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.



Ev-'ry sum-mer we could rent a cot-tage in the Isle of Wight if it's not too dear.



We shall scrimp and save, grandchildren on your knee, Ve-ra, Chuck and Dave. 8

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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



Will you still need me, will you still feed me, when I'm sixty-four? Hoooo!

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