

# The Beatles, 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 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

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 on 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  
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?  
Hoo!