

Beautiful South, The, When I'm 84

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When I'm 84

(heaton/rotheray)

Queuing with the old folk

There's an old man with a wicked smile

Not through smug politeness

He's doing it in style

No savings book or flannel slacks

No "pardon"; when I heard them ask

Just a vodaphone and a filofax

When I'm 64

I'll dream on

They all bore the milkman

Stop him for hours at their front gate

He just sits and thinks

I'll make the bastard wait

No dribbling or incontinence

No longing for the old sixpence

Just smoking weed till age makes sense

When I'm 74

I'll dream on

They all save for blackpool

Just for the cheap companionship

Meanwhile he counts pennies

For a different trip

No smoking pipes and drinking bitter

No eyeing up the baby sitter

I'll trip up kids and I'll drop my litter

When I'm 84

I'll dream on

When I'm 84

I'll dream on late

I'll dream on

And I'll whisper late

You're in your nineties arthur

Be careful with your back

Exercise your muscles

I'd rather jack

I'd rather jack