

# Paul McCartney, When I'm 64

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've 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'd be older too,  
and if you say the word,  
I could stay with you.  
I could be handy  
mending a fuse,  
when your lights are 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 in the isle of Wight  
if it's not too dear.  
we shall scrimp and save,  
Grandchildren on our knees  
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 for ever more.  
Will you still need me,  
will you still feed me  
when I'm sixty-four.