

WHEN I'M 64

When I get older losing my hair, many years from now
Will you still be sending me a valentine, birthday greeting
bottle of wine.

If I'd ben 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 up weeds
who could ask for more? Will you still need me,
will you still feed me when I'm sixty four?

Every summer we could rent a cottage in the isle of
Wright if it's not too dear. We shall scrimp and save
Grandchildren on your knee Vera, Church and Dave.

Send me a post card, drop me a line, stating point of view
Indicate precisely what you mean to say, yours sincerely,
wasting away. Give me an answer fill in a form, mine
forever more, Will you still need me, will you still feed me
when I'm **A HUNDRED AND FOUR?**