

## When I'm Sixty-Four

By Paul McCartney (1967)

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 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?

Bridge 1:

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?

Bridge 2:

Every summer we could rent cottage in 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 an answer, fill in a form, mine forever more.

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