

When I'm Sixty-Four

Cheap Trick

When I get older, losing my hair
Many years from now
Will you still be sending me a valentine
Birthday greetings, bottle of wine? But if I'd been out till quarter to three
Would you lock the door?
Would 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
Well, I could stay with you Well, I could be handy a-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 and digging the weeds
But who could ask for more?
Would 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 Wight if it's not too dear
We shall scrimp and save
Grandchildren on your knee, Vera, Chuck and Dave Well, send me a postcard and drop me a line
Stating point of view
Well, indicate precisely what you mean to say
Yours sincerely, wasting away Give me your answer, fill in a form
Mine forever more
Would you still need me?
Will you still feed me when I'm sixty four?
That's right, hoo Do, do, do, do, do

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