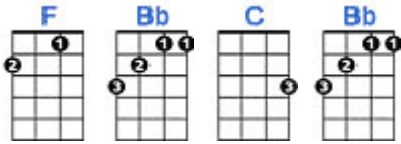


When I'm Sixty-Four by the Beatles



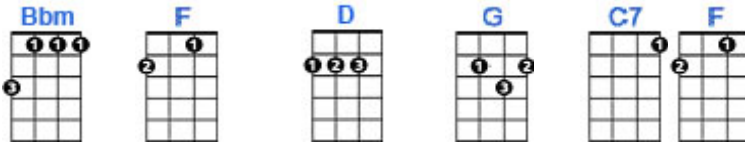
VERSE



When I'm old and losing my hair, many years from now, will you still be sending me a Valentine?

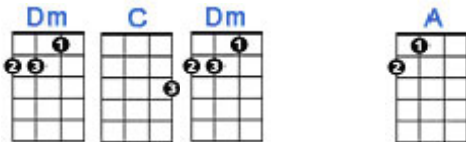


Birthday greetings, bottle of wine? If I'd been out to quarter to three, would you lock the door?

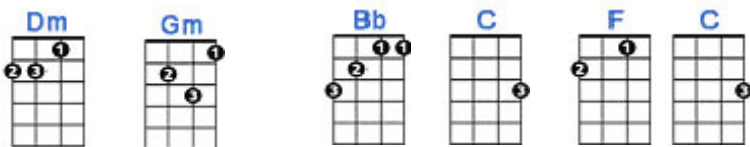


Will you still need me, will you still feed me, when I'm sixty - four?

BRIDGE



You'll be older, too.



And if you say the word, I could stay with you

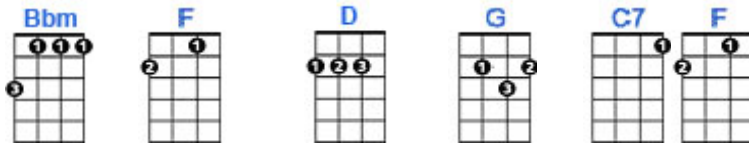
VERSE



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 the weeds, who could ask for more?

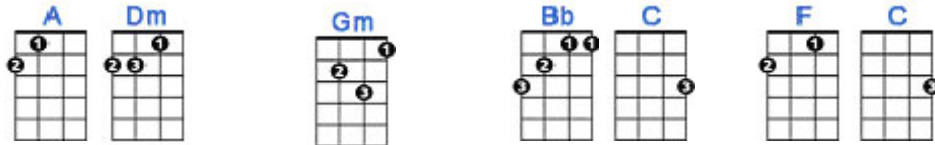


Will you still need me, will you still feed me, when I'm sixty - four?

BRIDGE



Ev'ry 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

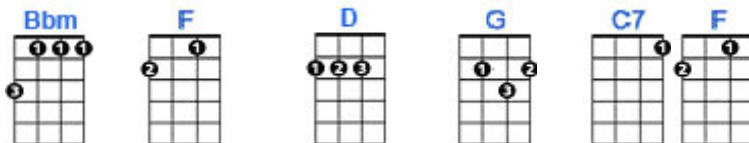
VERSE



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 your answer fill in a form, mine forever more.



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