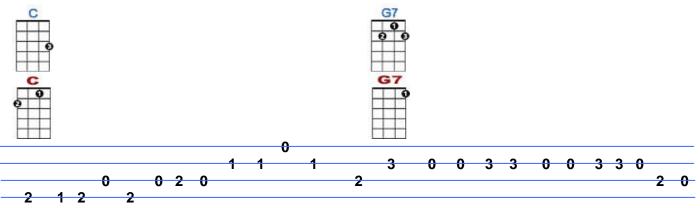
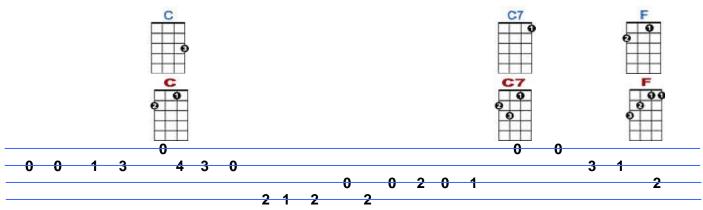
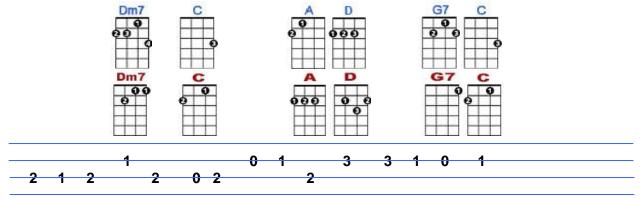
When I'm Sixty-Four by the Beatles



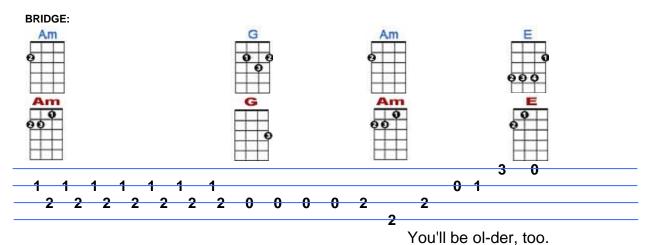
When I am old and losing my hair, many years from now, will you still be sending me a Valentine?

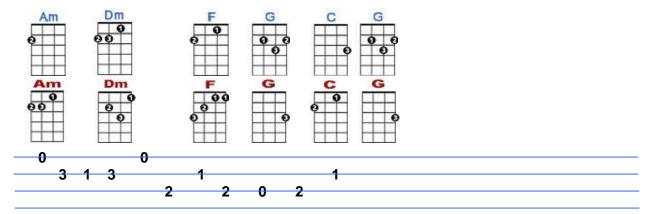


Birthday greetings, bottle of wine? If I'd been out to quarter to three, would you lock the door?



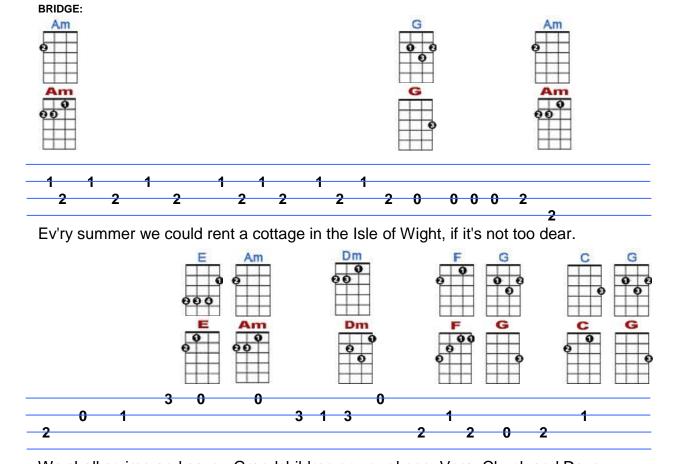
Will you still need me, will you still feed me, when I'm six - ty - four?





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

2nd 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 six-ty-four?



We shall scrimp and save. Grandchildren on your knee, Vera, Chuck and Dave.

3rd **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 six-ty-four?