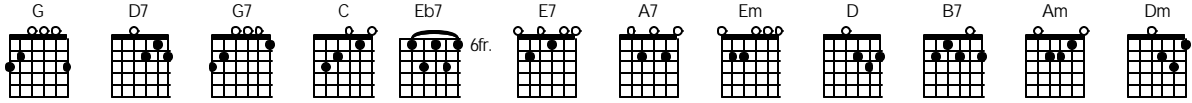


When I'm Sixty-Four

The Beatles



G D7
 When I get older, 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 'till quarter to three, would you lock the door?
 Will you still need me, will you still feed me, when I'm sixty-four?

Chorus

Em D Em
 Hmm mmm mmmh.
 You'll be older, too.
 Aaah, and if you say the word, I could stay with you.

G D7
 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?

Chorus

Em D Em
 Every summer we can rent a cottage in the Isle of Wight if it's not to dear.
 We shall scrimp and save.
 Ah, grandchildren on your knee, Vera, Chuck, and Dave.

G D7
 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 your answer, fill in a form, mine forever more.
 Will you still need me, will you still feed me, when I'm sixty four?