

When I'm Sixty-Four

John Denver

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?

You'll be older too. And if you say the word, I would 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 the weeds, who could ask for more?
Will you still need me, will you still feed me,
When I'm sixty-four?

Every summer we can 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 & 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 your answer, fill in a form, mine forevermore.
Will you still need me, will you still feed me,
When I'm sixty-four?