

## When I'm 84

### The Beautiful South

Queuing with the old folk  
There's an old man with a wicked smile  
Not through smug politeness  
He's doing it in style

No savings book or flannel slacks  
No "Pardon" when I heard them ask  
Just a vodaphone and a filofax

When I'm 64  
I'll dream on

They all bore the milkman  
Stop him for hours at their front gate  
He just sits and thinks  
I'll make the bastard wait

No dribbling or incontinence  
No longing for the old sixpence  
Just smoking weed till age makes sense

When I'm 74  
I'll dream on

They all save for Blackpool  
Just for the cheap companionship  
Meanwhile he counts pennies  
For a different trip

No smoking pipes and drinking bitter  
No eyeing up the baby sitter  
I'll trip up kids and I'll drop my litter

When I'm 84  
I'll dream on  
When I'm 84  
I'll dream on late  
I'll dream on  
And I'll whisper late

You're in your nineties Arthur  
Be careful with your back  
Exercise your muscles  
I'd rather Jack  
I'd rather Jack