

## When I'm 84

Sung to the Beatles tune *When I'm 64*, word revised by Robert Park at age 83

When I get older losing my hair  
Several years from now  
Will you still be making me your Valentine  
Birthday greetings, both yours and mine

If I'd been out till quarter past ten  
Would you lock the door  
Will you still need me, will you still feed me  
When I'm eighty-four

I can be handy, mending a fuse  
When our lights have gone  
You can knit a sweater by the fireside  
Sunday mornings go for a drive  
Doing the garden, digging the weeds  
Who could ask for more

Will you still need me, will you still feed me  
When I'm eighty-four

Send me an email, text me a line  
Stating point of view  
Indicate precisely what you mean to say  
Yours sincerely, wasting away

Give me your answer, is this the norm  
Mine for evermore  
Will you still need me, will you still feed me  
When I'm eighty-four