

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