

MY WAY

97

Francois/Thibault/Anka 1967

A

And now the end is near, and so I face the final curtain, my
 Re-grets, I've had a few, but then a-gain, too few to men-tion, I
 I've loved, I've laughed and cried, I've had my share of los-ing, and

friend, I'll say it clear, I'll state my case, of which I'm cer-tain, I've
 did what I had to do, and saw it thru with-out ex-emp-tion. I
 now as tears sub-side, I find it all so a-mus-ing. To

lived a life that's full, I trav-eled each and ev-'ry high-way, and
 planned each chart-ered course, each care-ful step a-long the by-way, and
 think I did all that and may I say, "not in a shy way", oh

more, much more than this, I did it my way. Re -
 more, much more that this, I did it my
 no, oh no not me, I did it my

²F6 F F7 B^bΔ7
 way. Yes, there were times, I'm sure you knew, when I bit off more than I could
 For what is man? what has he got, if not him-self, then he has

chew, but thru it all, when there was doubt, I ate it up, and spit it
 not, to say the things he tru-ly feels, and not the words of one who

D-7 G-7 C7 G-7 C7^{b9} F6
 out, I faced it all, and I stood tall, and did it my way.
 knees, the re-cord shows I took the blows, and did it my way.