My Way

Original French Words by
Gilles Thibault

English Words by Paul Anka
Music by Jacques Revaux
and Claude Francois

Moderately slow

mf

C   Em   Gm6

And now the end is near, and so I face the fin- al
(Re-) grets, I've had a few, but then a - gain, too few to

A7   Dm   Dm7

cur - tain, My friend, I'll say it clear, I'll state my
men - tion, I did what I had to do, and saw it

G7   C   C7

case, of which I'm cer - tain. I've lived a life that's full, I trav-eled
thru with-out ex-emp-tion. I planned each chart-ered course, each care-ful

F / Fm / C / G7

each and ev-'ry high-way, And more, much more than this, I did it
step a-long the by-way, And more, much more than this, I did it

F6 / C / F6 / C

1. My Way. Re-
2. My Way. Yes, there were

C / C7 / F

times, I'm sure you knew, when I bit off more than I could chew, But thru it

Dm7 / G7 / Em7 / Am

all, when there was doubt, I ate it up, and spit it out. I faced it

all, and I stood tall, and did it My Way. I've

loved, I've laughed and cried, I've had my fill, my share of los-ing, And

now, as tears sub-side, I find it all so a-mus-ing. To

think I did all that, and may I say, "Not in a shy way." Oh,

no,   oh no, not me,   I did it My   Way.   For what is a

man,   what has he got,   if not him-self,   then he has not   to say the

things   he tru-ly feels,   And not the words   of one who kneels.   The rec-ord

shows   I took the blows,   and did it My   Way.

rall.