

MY WAY

Original French Words by
GILES THIBAUT

English Words by PAUL ANKA
Music by JACQUES REVAUX
and CLAUDE FRANCOIS

Moderately slow

C Em Dm7 G7

And

mf

C Em/B Gm6/Bb A7

now the end is near, and so I face the fin-al cur-tain. My
greets, I've had a few, but then a-gain, too few to men-tion. I

Dm Dm7 G7 C

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 through with-out ex-emp-tion. I

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C7 F Fm

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

C G7 F6 C

more, much more than this, I did it my way. Re-
 more, much more than this, I did it

1. F6 C C C7

my way. Yes, there were times, I'm sure you knew, when I bit

F Dm7 G7

off more than I could chew. But through it all, when there was doubt, I ate it

Em7 Am Dm7 G7

up. and spit it out. I faced it all, and I stood tall, and did it

C C Em/B

my way. I've loved, I've laughed and cried. I've had my

Gm6/Bb A7 Dm Dm7

fill, my share of los - ing. And now, as tears sub - side, I find it

G7 C C7

all so a - mus - ing. To think I did all that, and may I

F Fm C G7 F6

say. "Not in a shy way." Oh, no, oh no, not me, I did it my

C C C7 F

way. For what is a man, what has he got, if not him - self, then he has

Dm7 G7 Em7

not to say the things he tru - ly feels, and not the words of one who

Am Dm7 G7 C

kneels. The rec-ord shows I took the blows, and did it my way.

rit.