

My way

Words: Paul Anka

Music: Jacques Revaux & Claude François

And now the end is near,
and so I face the final curtain.
My friend, I'll say it clear,
I'll state my case, of which I'm certain.
I've lived a life that's full,
I travelled each and ev'ry highway,
and more, much more than this,
I did it my way.

Regrets, I've had a few,
but then again, too few to mention.
I did what I had to do,
and saw it thru without exemption.
I planned each charted course,
each careful step along the byway,
and more, much more than this,
I did it my way.

Yes, there were times, I'm sure you knew,
when I bit off more than I could chew,
but through it 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 losing.
And now as tears subside,
I find it all, so amusing.
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 himself, then he has not
to say the things he truly feels,
and not the words of one who kneels.
The record shows
I took the blows,
and did it my way.