

# 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

C Em/B Gm6/B $\flat$  A7

now the end is near, and so I face the fin - al cur - tain. My  
grets, 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

C7

F

Fm

lived planned a life that's full, I trav-eled each and ev-'ry high-way. And  
each chart-ered course, each care-ful step a-long the by-way. And

C

G7

1. F6

C

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

2. 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.*