

# My Way

Original French Words by  
Gilles Thibault

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

Moderately slow



And now the end is near,  
(Re-) grets, I've had a few,

and so I face but then a - gain,  
the fin - al too few to

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

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 step            and ev'-ry high-way,    And more,            much more than this,    I did it  
 a - long the by - way,                    And more,            much more than this,    I did it  
  
 F6                      C                      F6                      C  
 1. My Way.            Re - 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



C G7 F6 C  
 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.*