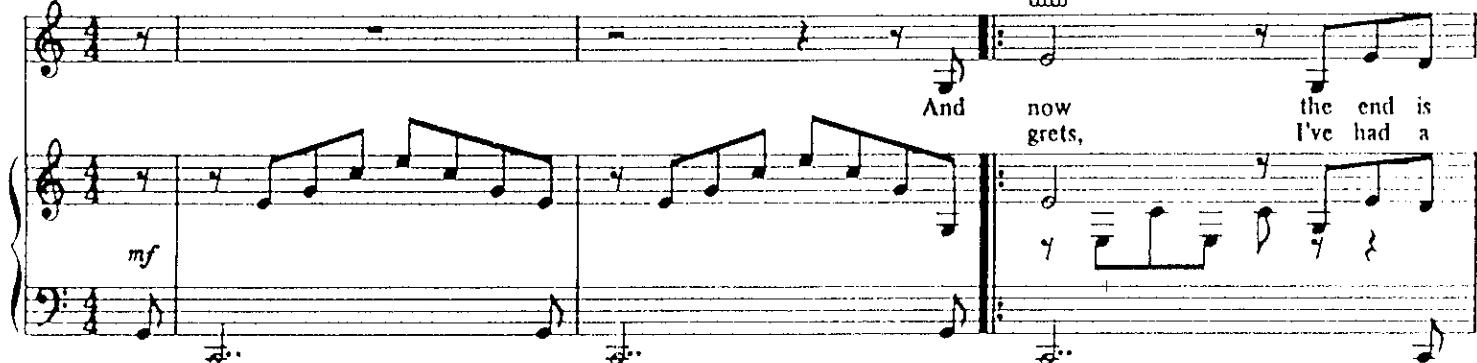


Words by PAUL ANKA  
Original French Lyric by GILLES THIBAULT  
Music by CLAUDE FRANCOIS and JACQUES REVAUX

Moderately Slow

C.



And now grets, the end is I've had a

Em/B

Gm6/Bb

A7

Dm

near, and so I face the fin - al cur tain, My friend, I'll say it  
few, but then a gain, too few too men - tion, I did what I had to

Dm(+7)/C

Dm7/C

G7

C.

clear, I'll state my case, of which I'm cer - tain I've  
do, and saw it thru with - out ex - emp - tion, I

lived planned

a life that's full.  
each chart-ered course,

I trav - eled each each care - ful step

and ev -'ry a - long the

C7

F

Fm/Bb

C.

G7

F6

high-way,  
by-way,  
And more,  
And more,  
much more than  
much more than  
this, this,  
I did it  
I did it  
My

**b7**

2. F6

C..

Way.

Re - My

Way.

Yes, there were

times,

I'm sure you

**b7**

3

3

C7

F

Dm7

knew, when I bit off more than I could chew, But thru it all, when there was

**b7**

3

3

Am

Dm7

doubt,

Em7

I ate it up,

and spit it out.

I faced it all,

and I stood

G7 F6 C.

tail, and did it My Way. I've loved, I've laughed and

Em/B Gm6/Bb A7 Dm

cried, I've had my fill, my share of los - ing. And now, as tears sub -

b6

Dm(+7)/C# Dm7/C G7 C.

side, I find it all so a - mus - ing. To think I did all

C7 F Fm/Bb C.

that, and may I say, "Not in a shy way." Oh, no oh no, not

G7

me, I did it My Way.

F6

For what is a man, what has he

C.

3

3

3

C7

got, if not him - self, than he has not to say the things he truly

F

Dm7

G7

feels, And not the words of one who kneels. The rec - ord shows I took the

Em7

Am

Dm7

G7

blows and did it My Way.

F6

C.

rit.

8ph