

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

Moderately Slow

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

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

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

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

Em/B Gm6/Bb A7 Dm

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

C7 F

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

Fm/Bb C G7 F6

Way. Re - My Way. Yes, there were times, I'm sure you

C F6 C

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

C7 F Dm7

doubt, I ate it up, and spit it out. I faced it all, and I stood

G7 Em7 Am Dm7

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 -

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 F6 C

me, I did it My Way. For what is a man, what has he

C7 F Dm7

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

G7 Em7 Am Dm7

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

G7 F6 C

blows and did it My Way.

rit.

8vb