

My Way

Frank Sinatra

And now, the end is near, And so I face the final curtain.

My friends, I'll say it clear;
I'll state my case of which I'm certain

I've lived a life that's full.
I've traveled each and every 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 through 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.
But 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. not me.
I did it my way.

For what is a man? What has he got?
If not himself
Then he has naught.
To say the things he truly feels
And not the words of one who kneels.
Let the record show I took the blows
And did it my way.

Yes, it was my way.