

My Way

And now, the end is near.
And so I face the final curtain.
My friend, 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.
And 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, 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.
The record shows I took the blows,
And did it my way!

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