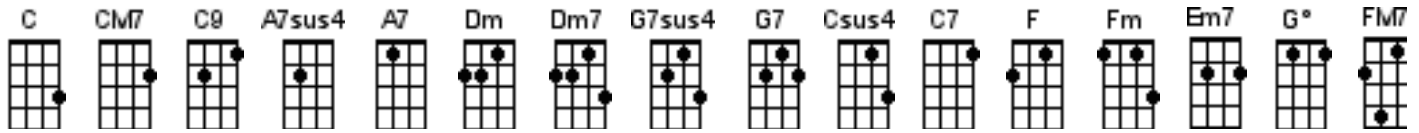


My Way. Frank Sinatra. 1969.

Songwriters: 1967. Paul Anka, Gilles Thibaut, Claude Francois, Jacques Revaux, Jacques Revaux



4/4 time 1, 2, 1 2 3 4

And [C] now, the end is [Cmaj7] near
And so I [C9] face the final [A7sus4] cur-[A7//]-tain
My [Dm] friend, I'll say it [Dm7] clear
I'll state my [G7sus4/] case, [G7/] _ of which I'm [Csus4] cer-[C//]-tain
I've [C/] lived [Cmaj7/] _ a life that's [C9/] full
[C7/] _ I travelled [F] each and every [Fm] highway
And [C] more, much more than [G7sus4/] this, [G7/^{triple}] I did it [Dm] my [C] way

Re-[C]-grets, I've had a [Cmaj7] few
But then a-[C9]-gain, too few to [A7sus4] men-[A7//]-tion
I [Dm] did what I had to [Dm7] do
And saw it [G7sus4/] through [G7] _ without ex-[Csus4]-emp-[C]-tion
I [C/] planned [Cmaj7/] _ each charted [C9/] course
[Gdim7/] _ Each careful [F] step along the [Fm] byway
And [C] more, much more than [G7sus4/] this, [G7/^{triple}] I did it [Dm] my [C] way

[C] Yes, [Csus4] there were [C//] times, I'm [Cmaj7] sure you [C9//] knew
When [C7] I bit [F] off more than I could [F] chew
But through it [Dm] all, when there was [G7] doubt
I ate it [Em7] up and spit it [Am] out
I faced it [Dm] all, and I stood [G7] tall, and did it [Dm] my [C] way

I've [C] loved, I've laughed and [Cmaj7] cried
I've had my [C9] fill, my share of [A7sus4] loo-[C//]-sing
And [Dm] now, as tears sub-[Dm7]-side
I find it [G7sus4] all [G7] so a-[Csus4]-mu-[C]-sing
To [C/] think [Cmaj7/] _ I did all [C9/] that
[Gdim/] _ And may I [F] say, not in a [Fm] shy way
Oh, [C] no, oh, no, not [G7sus4] me, [G7] I did it [Dm] my [C] way

[C] For what [Csus4] is a [C] man, what has he [C9/] got?
[Gdim/] _ If not him-[Fmaj7]-self, then he has naught
To say the [Dm] things he truly [G7] feels
And not the [Em7] words of one who [Am] kneels
The record [Dm] shows I took the [G7] blows, and did it [Dm] my [C] way