

Claude Francois

"My Way"

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(Claude Fran ois/Jacques Revaux/Gilles Thibaut)
adaptation anglaise Paul Anka

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.

But 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 by-way

But 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

"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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