

My Way.

Words: Paul Anka. Music: Claude François and Jacques Revaux.

Slow tempo

1. And

p

2. -grets now the end is near and so I face the fin - al
 3. loved I've had a few but then a - gain too few to
 I've laughed and cried I've had my fill my share of

p

cur-tain my friend, I'll say it clear, I'll state my
 men-tion, I did what I had to do, and saw it
 los-ing, and now as tears sub - side, I find it

p

case, of which I'm cer - tain. I've lived a life that's
 through with - out ex - emp - tion. I planned each chart-tered
 all so am - us - ing. To think I did all

p

Bbm7 Eb7⁻⁹ Ab Fm7⁻⁵

full, I've tra-velled each and ev-'ry high-way and
 course, each care-ful step a-long the by-way and
 that and may I say, that not in a shy way Oh

Eb Fm7 Bb7 Fm7

more, much more than this. I did it my
 more, much more than this. I did it my
 no, oh no not me. I did it my

1 Eb 2 Eb Gm Bb9 Eb Ebmaj7

way. Re-way. Yes there were times I'm sure you
 way. way. for what is a man what has he

Bbm7 Eb7⁻⁹ Ab Abmaj7 Ab Eb

knew when I bit off more than I could chew. But through it
 got, if not him-self then he has not to say the

Fm Bb7 Gm

all things when there was doubt I ate it up and spit it
 he'd truly feel and not the words of one who

Cm Fm Bb7

To Coda

out. I faced it all and I stood tall and did it
 kneels. The record shows I took the

Fm7 Eb

my way. I've

D.S. al Coda

p

CODA Bb7 Fm7 Eb

blows and did it my way.

rit. *ff*