

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,  
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!