

My Way

Tiny Tim

And now, the end is near
And so I face the final curtain
My friend, I'll make 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 I saw it through without exemption
I planned each chartered 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
But 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

Yes, my dear friend
I remember the Wright brothers in 1903
When they built those airplanes
I went along doing things my way
I piloted along the highway
I fought in World War I, they called me a vagabond
I picked this one up, and that one up, and they was wonderful
Oh, I saw the Charleston, and when those girls wore those short skirts
I was right there with them, on the radio
The talking movies and another World War
And boogie woogie, and I went around doing things my way
And finally, finally... I lived to see a man on the moon
And now I'm still going along doing things my way
Yes sir, yes sir

For what is a man, what has he got?

If not himself, then he has naught
To say the things he truly feels
And, and not the words, not the words on one who kneels
The record shows I took the blows
Did it my way