

# 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