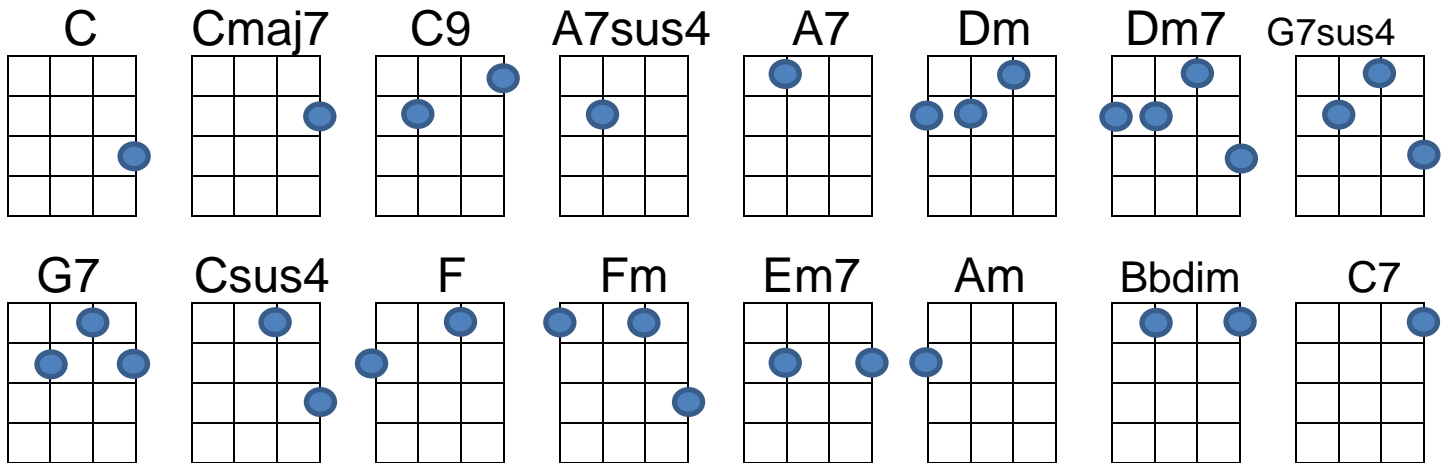


KUBAS (Kent Ukulele & Banjulele Appreciation Society)

My Way

Written by: Paul Anka - 1967

Recorded by: Frank Sinatra - 1967



And (C) now the end is (Cmaj7) near,
And so I (C9) face the final (A7sus4) cur(A7)tain,
My (Dm) friend I'll say it (Dm7) clear,
I'll state my (G7sus4) case (G7) of which I'm (Csus4) cer(C)tain,
I've (C) lived (Cmaj7) a life that's (C9) full, (Bbdim)
I travelled (F) each and every (Fm) highway,
And (C) more, much more than (G7sus4) this, (G7) I did it, (Dm) my (C) way.

Re(C)grets I've had a (Cmaj7) few,
But then a(C9)gain too few to (A7sus4) men(A7)tion,
I (Dm) did what I had to (Dm7) do,
And saw it (G7sus4) through (G7) without ex(Csus4)emp(C)tion,
I (C) planned (Cmaj7) each charted (C9) course, (Bbdim)
Each careful (F) step, along the (Fm) byway,
And (C) more, much more than (G7sus4) this, (G7) I did it (Dm) my (C) way.

(C) Yes (Csus4) there were (C) times, (Cmaj7) I'm sure you (C9) knew,
When (C7) I bit (F) off, more than I could chew,
But through it (Dm) all, when there was (G7) doubt,
I ate it (Em7) up, and spit it (Am) out,
I faced it (Dm) all, and I stood (G7) tall, and did it, (Dm) my (C) way.

My Way continued:

I've (C) loved, I've laughed and (Cmaj7) cried,
I've had my (C9) fill, my share of (A7sus4) lo(A7)sing,
And (Dm) now, as tears sub(Dm7)side,
I find it (G7sus4) all, (G7) so a(Csus4)mu(C)sing,
To (C) think, (Cmaj7) I did all (C9) that, (Bbdim)
And may I (F) say, not in a (Fm) shy way,
Oh (C) no, oh no not (G7sus4) me, (G7) I did it, (Dm) my (C) way,

(C) For what (Csus4) is a (C) man, (Cmaj7) what has he (C9) got, (Bbdim)
If not him(F)self, then he has not,
To say the (Dm) things, he truly (G7) feels,
And not the (Em7) words, of one who (Am) kneels,
The record (Dm) shows, I took the (G7) blows, and did it,
(Dm) My (C) Way.