My Way

Texti: Paul Anka (enskur texti)

Lag: Claude François og Jacques Revaux

Frumtexti Comme d’habitude: Claude François og Gilles Thibaut.

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 travelled 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
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.
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",
Oh no 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 not,
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.

Höfundaskráning: https://catalogue.bnf.fr/ark:/12148/cb472339071

Textaheimild: varðveitt söngtextaskjal úr safni Ragga Bjarna. Höfundar halda réttindum sínum.