My Way

Violent Femmes

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 traveled ewach 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.
I saw it through without exemption.
I plan 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 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 sly way.
Oh no, oh no not me, I did it my way.
Oh 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.

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