

# 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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