Music resources from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

# My Way-Sinatra Frank.txt

## My Way-Sinatra Frank

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    D              F#m               F#m7           B7
And now the end is near, and so I face the final curtain;

     Em                  B+                   Em   A7              D
My friend, I'll say it clear, I'll state my case   of which I'm certain.

D                          DM7         D7        G             Gm
I've lived a life that's full, I've traveled each and every highway,

     D  Bm7                   Em  A7          G6 Gdim  D
And more,   much more than this,    I did it my      way.


    D               F#m               F#m7              B7
Regrets? I've had a few...but then again, too few to mention;

   Em                B+                   Em  A7           D
I did what I had to do, and saw it through    without exemption.

D                          DM7          D7      G             Gm
I planned each charted course, each careful step along the byway;

     D   Bm7                Em   A7          G6  Gdim    D
But more,   much more than this,   I did it my         way.


A7               D                   DM7    D7
Yes, there were times, I'm sure you knew,

            G
When I bit off more than I could chew;

               Em                    A7
But through it all, when there was doubt,

          F#m            Bm     Bm7
I ate it up and spit it out.

            Em7              A7                G6  Gdim  D    A7
I faced it all, and I stood tall, and did it my       way.


       D                        F#m                F#m7                B7
I've loved, I've laughed and cried; I've had my fill, my share of losing.

    Em                B+               Em  A7      D
And now, as tears subside, I find it all    so amusing.

    D                 DM7        D7     G            Gm
To think, I did all that...and may I say, not in a shy way,

    D Bm7             Em  A7          G6  Gdim   D
Oh no,    oh no not me,    I did it my        way.


     A7       D                 DM7    D7
For what is a man? What has he got?

         G
If not himself, then he has naught.

            Em             A7
To say the things he truly feels,

             F#m               Bm   Bm7
And not the words of one who kneels;

            Em7              A7              G6  Gdim  D
The record shows I took the blows and did it my       way.
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