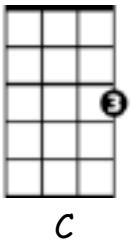
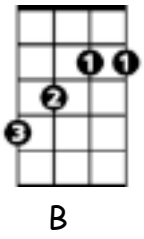


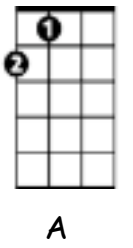
"(Sittin' on) The Dock of the Bay" by Otis Redding and Steve Cropper

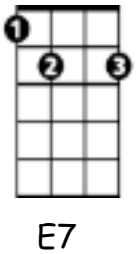
[G]Sittin' in the mornin' [B]sun
I'll be [C]sittin' when the evenin' [A]come
[G]Watching the ships roll [B]in
And then I [C]watch 'em roll away a[A]gain
I'm [G]sittin' on the dock of the [E7]bay
Watching the [G]tide roll a[E7]way
I'm just [G]sittin' on the dock of the [A]bay
Wastin' [G]time [E7]



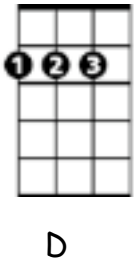


I [G]left my home in [B]Georgia
[C]Headed for the 'Frisco [A]bay
'Cause [G]I've had nothing to [B]live for
And looks like [C]nothin's gonna come my [A]way
So I'm just gonna [G]sit on the dock of the [E7]bay
Watching the [G]tide roll a[E7]way
I'm [G]sittin' on the dock of the [A]bay
Wastin' [G]time [E7]

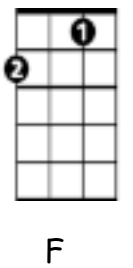




[G]Look [D]like [C]nothing's gonna change
[G]Every[D]thing [C]still remains the same
[G]I can't [D]do what [C]ten people tell me to do
[F]So I guess I'll re[D]main the same



[G]Sittin' here resting my [B]bones
And this [C]loneliness won't leave me a[A]lone
It's [G]two thousand miles I [B]roamed
Just to [C]make this dock my [A]home
Now I'm just gonna [G]sit at the dock of the [E7]bay
Watching the [G]tide roll a[E7]way
[G]Sittin' on the dock of the [A]bay
Wastin' [G]time [E7]



Whistle over G and E7 until bored.