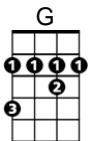
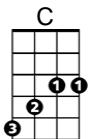
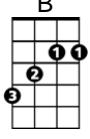


**(Sittin' on) THE DOCK OF THE BAY**

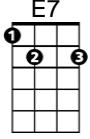
OTIS REDDING AND STEVE CROPPER 19/11/17

**INTRO: G**

[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 [A] 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 [A] 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 [A] bay  
 Watching the [G] tide roll a [E7]-way  
 [G] Sittin' on the dock of the [A] bay  
 Wastin' [G] time [E7]