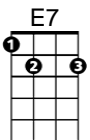
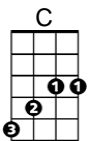
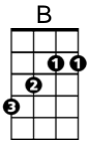
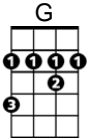


(Sittin' on) THE DOCK OF THE BAY

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]