

(Sittin' on) the dock of the bay

1967, Otis Reading and Steve Cropper

Intro: G /

G B7 C A
Sittin' in the mornin' sun, I'll be sittin' when the evenin' comes

G B7 C A
Watchin' the ships roll in, then I watch 'em roll away again, yeah

G E G E
I'm sittin' on the dock of the bay, watchin' the tide, roll away

G A G E
I'm sittin' on the dock of the bay, wastin' time

G B7 C ** A
I left my home in Georgia — headed for the Frisco Bay

G B7 C ** A
'Cause I've had nothin' to live for, looks like nothin's gonna come my way, so

G E G E
I'm just gon' sit on the dock of the bay, watchin' the tide roll away

G A G E
I'm sittin' on the dock of the bay, wastin' time

G - D - C G - D - C
- Looks like nothin's gonna change — everything still remains the same

G - D - C - G - F D
— I can't do what ten people tell me to do — so I guess I'll remain the same

G B7 C ** A
I'm sittin' here restin' my bones, and this loneliness won't leave me alone

G B7 C ** A
This two thousand miles I roamed, just to make this dock my home

G E G E
I'm just gon' sit at the dock of the bay, watchin' the tide roll away

G A G E
Sittin' on the dock of the bay, wastin' time

Whistling: G / / E G / / E[~]

**** Run-down: C—B—B^b**

A	B7...or...B7	C	D	E	F	G	C	B	B ^b