

Sitting On The Dock of The Bay

by Otis Redding and Steve Cropper, 1967

[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, yeah

I'm [G]sittin' on the dock of the [Em]bay
Watching the [G]tide roll a[Em]way
Ooo, I'm just [G]sittin' on the dock of the [A]bay
Wastin' [G]ti----[Em]ime

I [G]left my home in [B]Georgia
[C]Headed for the 'Frisco [A]bay
[G]'Cause I've had nothing to [B]live for
And look like [C]nothin's gonna come my [A]way

So I'm just gon' [G]sit on the dock of the [Em]bay
Watching the [G]tide roll a[Em]way
Ooo, I'm just [G]sittin' on the dock of the [A]bay
Wastin' [G]ti----[Em]ime

Bridge

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

[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 [Em]bay
Watching the [G]tide roll a[Em]way
Ooo, I'm just [G]sittin' on the dock of the [A]bay
Wastin' [G]ti----[Em]ime

Whistling or kazoo

[G] / / / / x3 [E] / / / /
[G] / / / / x3 [E] / / / /
[G]

