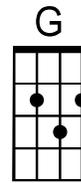


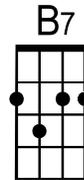
(Sittin' on) The Dock of the Bay

Otis Redding and Steve Cropper

[G]Sittin' in the mornin' [B7] 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



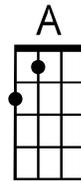
I'm [G]sittin' on the dock of the [E7] bay
Watching the [G]tide roll a[E7]way
I'm just [G]sittin' on the dock of the [A]bay
Wastin' [G]time [E7]



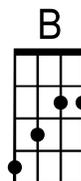
I [G] left my home in [B7]Georgia
[C]Headed for the 'Frisco [A]bay
'Cause [G]I've had nothing to [B] live for
And looks like [C]nothin's gonna come my [A]way



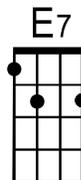
So I'm just gonna [G] sit on the dock of the [E7]bay
Watching the [G] tide roll a[E7]way
I'm [G]sittin' on the dock of the [A] bay
Wastin' [G]time [E7]



[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 [B7] 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]

