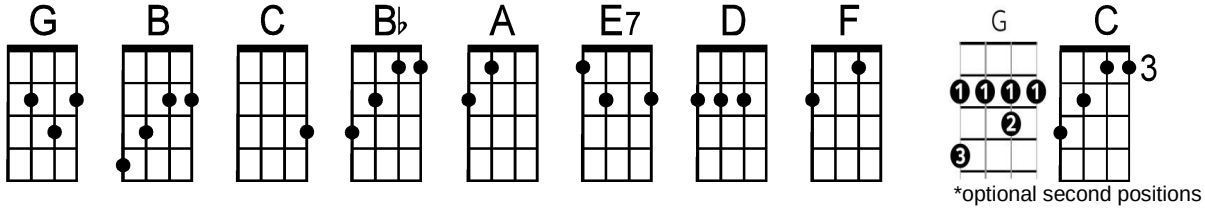
(Sittin' on) the Dock of the Bay

by Otis Redding and Steve Cropper (1967)



*optional second positions

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G*                          B
Sittin' in the mornin' sun
          C*                (C  B Bb)   A
I'll be sittin' when the ev-en-in'  come
G*                           B
Watchin' the ships roll in
               C*                   (C   B  Bb) A
And then I watch 'em roll a-way-ay a--gain.
    G                                E7
I'm sitting' on the dock of the Bay
                  G           E7
Watchin' the tide roll a-way
           G                              A                G          E7
I'm just sittin' on the dock of the Bay, wasting  ti-i-i-ime

  G*                    B
I left my home in Georgia
C*                   (C  B Bb)   A
Headed for the 'Fri-is-co  Bay
          G*                     B
 'Cause I've had nothin' to live for
                    C*                  (C   B     Bb)   A
And looks like nothin's gonna co-ome my way
                      G                             E7
So I'm just gonna sit on the dock of the Bay
                    G           E7
Watching the tide roll a-way
    G                              A                G      E7
I'm sittin' on the dock of the Bay, wasting ti-i-i-ime.

                    G         D    C
Bridge:               Look like  nothin's gonna change
                    G          D                C
                      Every-thing still re-mains the same
                    G          D          C              G
                       I can't do what ten people tell me to do
                    F                              D
                      So I guess I'll just re-main the same

G*                           B
Sittin' here resting my bones
            C*                      (C    B   Bb) A
And this loneliness won't leave me  a--lone
      G*                          B
It's two thousand miles I roamed
           C*           (C  B   Bb)    A
Just to make this do-ock my home
                           G                          E7
Now I'm just gonna sit at the dock of the Bay
                  G           E7
Watching the tide roll a-way
 G                              A                G    E7. . . .G . . . ./. . . ./. . . ./. . . . E7. . . . (repeat……)
Sittin' on the dock of the Bay, wastin' ti-i-ime (whistle and fade)
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