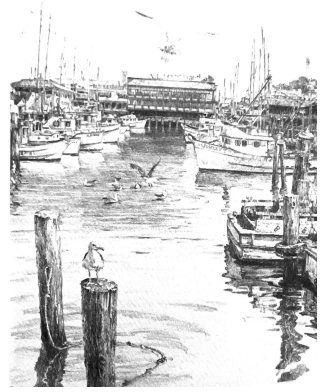


Dock of the Bay

Written by: Otis Redding



[G] Sittin' in the morning [B7] sun
I'll be [C] sittin' when the evenin' [A] comes
[G] Watching the ships roll [B7] in
And I [C] watch 'em roll away a-[A]gain

[G] Sitting on the dock of the [Em] bay
watching the [G] tide roll a-[Em]way
I'm just [G] sittin' on the dock of the [A] bay wastin' [G] time [Em]

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

So I'm just gonna [G] Sit on the dock of the [Em] bay
watching the [G] tide roll a-[Em]way
I'm [G] sittin' on the dock of the [A] bay wastin' [G] time [Em]

[G] Look [D] like [C] nothing's gonna change
[G] E-e-[D]-everything [C] still remains the same
[G] I can't [D] do what [C] ten people tell me [G] 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] alone
It's [G] two thousand miles I [B7] roamed
Just to [C] make this dock my [A] home

Now, I'm just [G] Sittin' on the dock of the [Em] bay
watching the [G] tide roll a-[Em]way
[G] Sittin' on the dock of the [A] bay wasting [G] time [Em]

(WHISTLE AND FADE)

[G] [G] [G] [Em] [G] [G] [G] [Em]