(Sittin' on) the Dock of the Bay
by Otis Redding and Steve Cropper (1967)

G    B
Sittin' in the mornin' sun
(C  B Bb) A
I'll be sittin' when the ev-en-in' come
G    B
Watchin' the ships roll in
(C  B Bb) A
And then I watch 'em roll a-way 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  B Bb) A
Headed for the 'Fri-is-co Bay
G    B
'Cause I've had nothin' to live for
(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.

Bridge:

G    D    C
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  B Bb) A
And this loneliness won't leave me a--lone
G    B
It's two thousand miles I roamed
(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...
Sittin' on the dock of the Bay, wastin' ti-i-i-ime (whistle and fade)