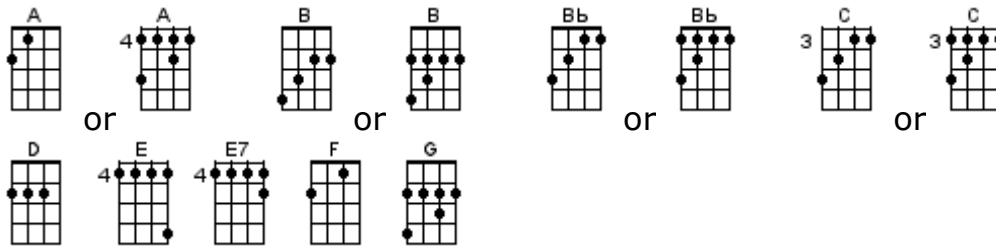


(Sittin' On) The Dock Of The Bay (Challenging)

Otis Redding, Steve Cropper 1967



INTRO: / 1 2 3 4 / [G] / [G] /

[G] Sittin' in the mornin' [B] sun
I'll be [C] sittin' when the [C] e-[B]-e-[Bb]venin' [A] come
[G] Watching the ships roll [B] in
And then I [C] watch 'em roll a-[C]wa-[B]ay [Bb] a-[A]gain, yeah

I'm [G] sittin' on the dock of the [E] bay
Watchin' the [G] tide roll a-[E]way
Ooo, I'm just [G] sittin' on the dock of the [A] bay
Wastin' [G] ti-i-i-[E7]ime

I [G] left my home in [B] Georgia
[C] Headed for the [C] 'Fr-[B]is-[Bb]co [A] Bay
'Cause [G] I've had nothin' to [B] live for
An' look like [C] nothin's gonna [C] co-[B]ome [Bb] my [A] way

So I'm just gon' [G] sit on the dock of the [E] bay
Watchin' the [G] tide roll a-[E]way
Ooo, I'm [G] sittin' on the dock of the [A] bay
Wastin' [G] ti-i-i-[E7]ime

[G] Look [D] like [C] nothin's gonna change
[G] Every-[D]thing [C] still remains the same
[G] I [D] can't do what [C] ten people tell [G] me to do
[F] So I guess I'll re-[D]main the same, yes

[G] Sittin' here restin' my [B] bones
An' this [C] loneliness won't [C] leave [B] me [Bb] a-[A]lone
It's [G] two thousand miles I [B] roamed
Just to [C] make this [C] do-[B]ock [Bb] my [A] home

Now, I'm just gon' [G] sit on the dock of the [E] bay
Watchin' the [G] tide roll a-[E]way
Ooo-ee, I'm [G] sittin' on the dock of the [A] bay
Wastin' [G] ti-i-i-[E7]ime

< WHISTLE SOLO >

[G] / [G] / [G] / [E] /
[G] / [G] / [G] / [E] / [G]↓

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