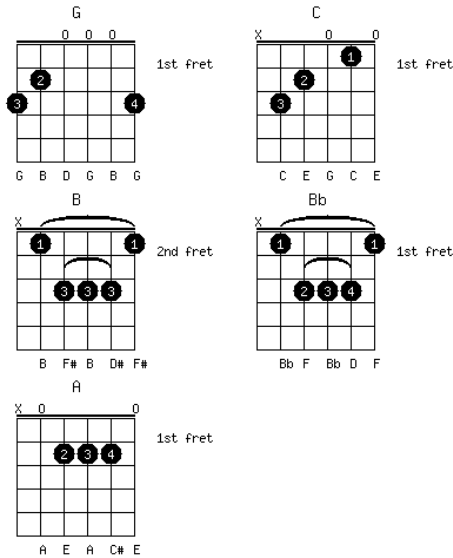
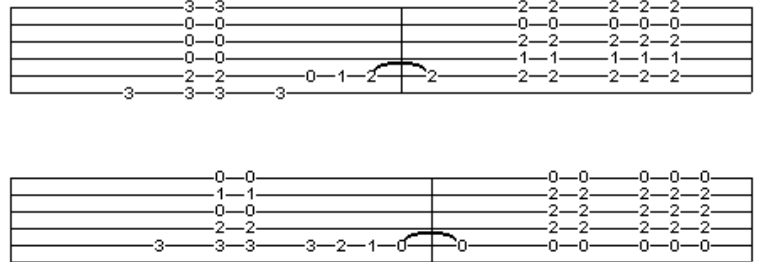


Sitting on the Dock of the Bay

By Otis Redding - 1968



Rhythm with bass walk:



Sittin' in the morning sun
 I'll be sittin' when the evening come
 watching the ships roll in
 and then I'll watch 'em roll away again,

yeah I'm sittin' on the dock of the bay
 watching the tide roll away, ooh
 I'm just sittin' on the dock of the bay
 wasting time

I left my home in Georgia
 headed for the Frisco bay
 cause I've had nothing to live for
 and look like nothing's gonna come my way

[chorus]

look like nothing's gonna change
 everything still remains the same
 I can't do what ten people tell me to do
 so I guess I'll remain the same, yes

sittin' here resting my bones
 and this loneliness won't leave me alone, listen
 two thousand miles I roam
 just to make this dock my home

[chorus]*Outro* G E (whistling)
 repeat)



ryan's guitar