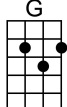
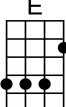


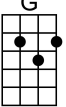
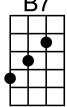
# Sitting on the Dock of the Bay

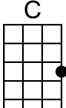
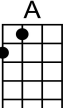
Written by: Otis Redding and Steve Cropper (1967)

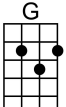
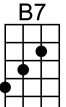
Artist: Otis Redding (3 weeks before his death in a plane crash)

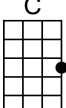
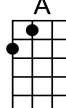
Arranged by: Ron Chamberlin

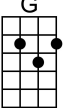
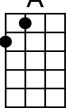
4/4 Time – Intro:  / / /  / / /

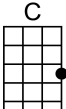
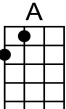
 / / /  / / /  
Sitting in the morn - ing sun, I'll be

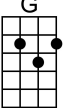
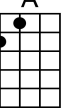
 / / /  / / /  
sitting when the eve - ning comes.

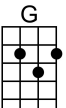
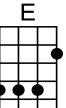
 / / /  / / /  
Watching the ships roll in, then I

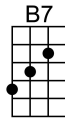
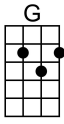
 / / /  / / /  
watch them roll a - way a - gain. yeah,

 / / /  / / /  
Sitting on the dock of the bay, Watching the

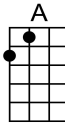
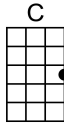
 / / /  / / /  
Tide roll a - way, Just

 / / /  / / /  
Sitting on the dock of the bay, wast - ing

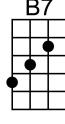
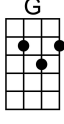
 / / /  / / /  
ti - - - me.



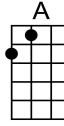
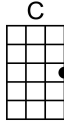
I left my home in Georg - ia,



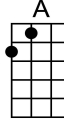
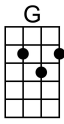
Headed for the 'Fris - co bay,



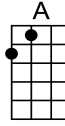
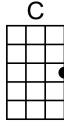
I have nothin' to live for, looks like



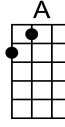
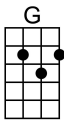
nothing's gonna come my way.



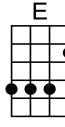
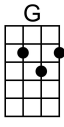
Sitting on the dock of the bay, Watching the



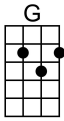
Tide roll a - way, Just



Sitting on the dock of the bay, wast - ing

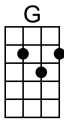


ti - - - me.



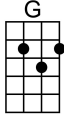
/ / / / / / /

Looks like nothing's gonna change,



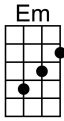
/ / / / / / /

Every - thing still re - mains the same,

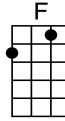


/ / / / / / /

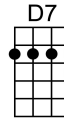
I can't do what ten peo - ple tell me to



/ / /

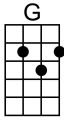


/ / /

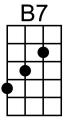


/ / /

do, so I guess I'll re - main the same.

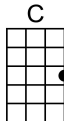


/ / /



/ / /

Sittin here resting my bones, and this

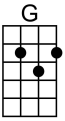


/ /

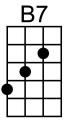


/ / /

Lonely - ness won't leave me a - lone.

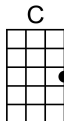


/ / /

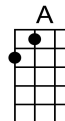


/ / /

It's two thou - sand miles I roamed, just to

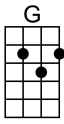


/ / /



/ / /

Make this dock my home.



**Sitting**

/

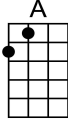
/

/

**on the**

**dock of**

**the**



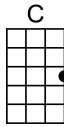
**bay,**

/

/

/

**Watching the**

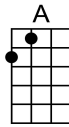


**Tide**

/

**roll**

**a -**



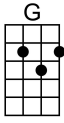
**way,**

/

/

/

**Just**



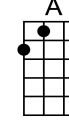
**Sitting**

/

**on the**

**dock of**

**the**



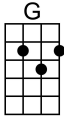
**bay,**

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**wast - ing**



**ti**

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**me.**