

Recorded By OTIS REDDING On Volt Records
 (Sittin' On) THE DOCK OF THE BAY

Words and Music by
 STEVE CROPPER and
 OTIS REDDING

Moderately

mp

F A B \flat


Sit - tin' in the morn - ing sun, I'll be sit-tin' when the eve - nin' come. —
 left my home in Geor - gia, Head-ed for the Fris-co Bay. —
 Sit - tin' here rest-in' my bones And this lone-li-ness won't leave me a - lone. —

G F A B \flat

— Watch-in' the ships roll in, Then I watch'em roll a - way a - gain. —
 — I have no-thing to live for, Look like no-thing gon - na come my way. —
 — Two thou-sand miles I roam Just to make this dock my home. —

G F D F

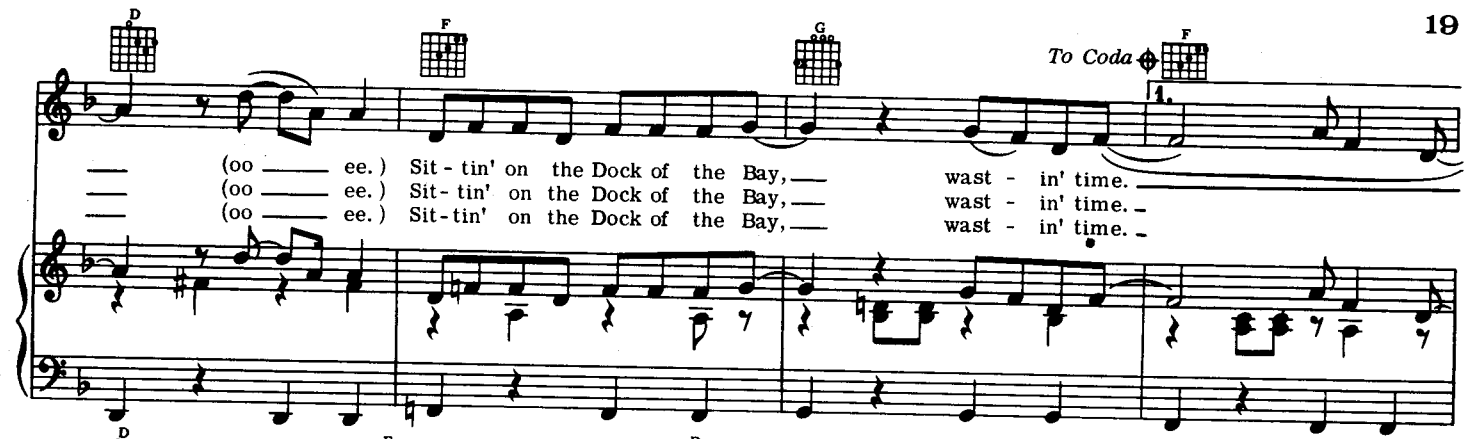
— Yeah! I'm Sit-tin' on the Dock of the Bay, watch-in' the tide roll a-way. —
 — So, I'm just gon-na Sit on the Dock of the Bay, watch-in' the tide roll a-way. —
 — Now, I'm just gon-na Sit at the Dock of the Bay, watch-in' the tide roll a-way. —



 (oo — ee.) Sit - tin' on the Dock of the Bay, — wast - in' time.

 (oo — ee.) Sit - tin' on the Dock of the Bay, — wast - in' time. —

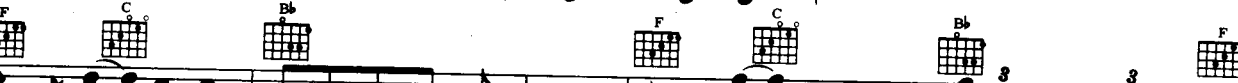
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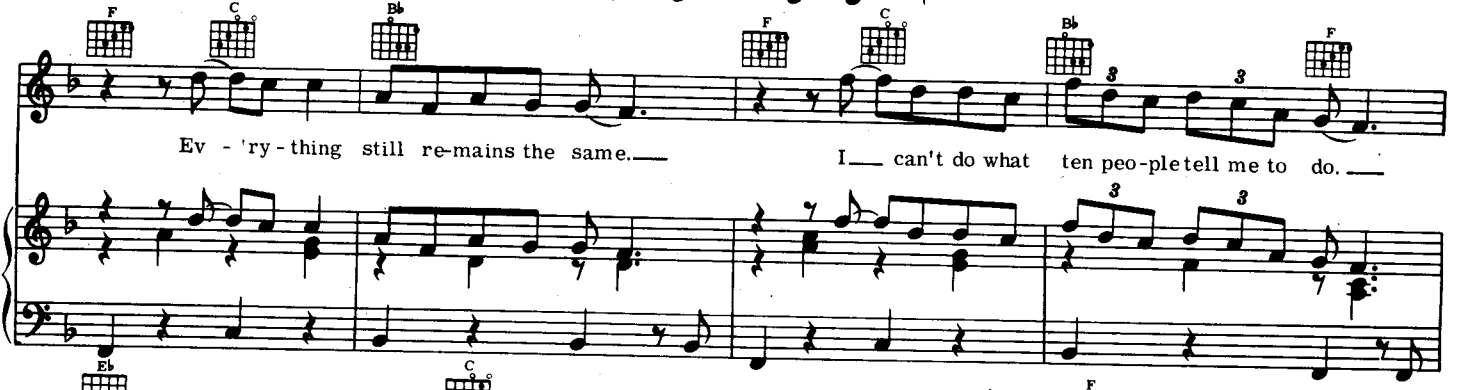


 I Look like no-thing gon-na change. —





 Ev - 'ry-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. —

D. S. al
 Coda





 Coda





 whistle Repeat ad lib till fade-out

