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

G   B   C   Bb   A   E7   D   F   G2nd   C
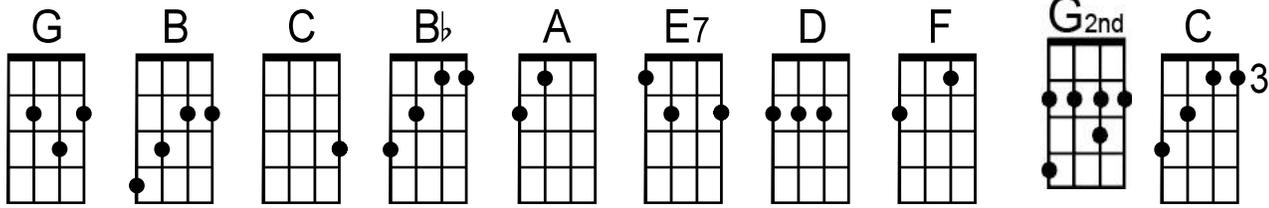
optional chord

Intro: G .   .   . | .   .   .   . | .   .   .   . | .   .   .   . |

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G*   .    .    .   |B  .    .    .   |C*   .        C\  B\ Bb\ |A   .   .   .  |
Sittin' in the mor—nin' sun—      I'll be sittin' when the ev—en—in'  come—

G*   .    .    .   |B  .    .    .   |C*   .        C\  B\ Bb\ |A   .   .   .
Watchin' the ships roll in——     and then I watch'em roll a-way-ay   a— gain—

   |G   .    .    .    .  |E7  .    .    .  |G   .    .    .  |E7  .   .
I'm sitting' on the dock of the  Bay— watchin' the tide— roll  a—way—

.    .   |G   .    .    .    .  |A   .    .    .  |G  .   .  . |E7  .   .   .
Oo, just sittin' on the dock of the  Bay—    wast—in'  ti———i-i-i—ime

   |G*  .    .    .  |B   .    .    .  |C*   .        C\  B\ Bb\ |A   .   .   .
I left  my  home in  Georgi-a——     Headed for the 'Fri—is—co   Bay—

     |G*  .    .    .  |B   .    .    .  |C*   .        C\  B\ Bb\ |A   .
'Cause  I had   nothin' to  live for—  and looked like nothin's gonna co-ome my  way—

.    .    .    |G   .    .    .    .  |E7  .    .    .  |G   .    .    . |E7  .   .
So I'm just gonna sit   on the dock of the  Ba—ay  watchin' the  ti—ide roll  a—way—

.    |G   .    .    .    .  |A   .    .    .  |G  .   .  . |E7  .   .   .  |
Oo, I'm sittin' on the dock of the  Bay——  wast—in'  ti———i-i-i—ime——
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Bridge:
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    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 peo-ple  tell me  to do

    F   .    .    .    |D   .    .    .  |
        So I  guess I'll just re-main  the   same——
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G*   .    .    .  |B   .    .    .  |C*   .        C\   B\ Bb\ |A   .   .
Sittin' here   resting my  bones——    and this loneli-ness won't leave me  a—lone—

.  |G*   .    .    .  |B   .    .    .  |C*   .    C\  B\ Bb\ |A   .
It's two thous-and  miles I  roamed—-    Just to make this do-ock   my   home—

.    .    .    |G   .    .    .    .  |E7  .    .    .  |G  .   .   . |E7  .   .   .  |
Now I  just-a  sit   at the dock of the  Ba—ay  watchin' the  ti-i-ide roll    a-way—

G   .    .    .    .  |A  .    .    .  |G  .   .  . |E7  .   .   .  |
Sittin' on the dock of the  Bay—  wast-in'  ti—--—i-i-i—ime —

G  . . . | .  . . . | . . . . | . . . . |E7 . . . |G . . . | . . . . | . . . . | . . . . |E7 . . . |G\
(whistle———————  and fade————————————————————————————————————)
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San Jose Ukulele Club (v4)