

I'm sittin' here restin' my bones....and this loneliness won't leave me alone, yes.
Two thousand miles I roamed....just to make this-a dock my home.

CHORUS: Now, I'm just gon' sit at the dock of the bay....watching the tide roll away.
Oo, I'm just sittin' on the dock of the bay....wastin' time.

OUTRO: (whistling) **G-G-G-E** (repeat to fade)