## Fill in the gaps



## (Sittin' On) The Dock Of The Bay by Otis Redding

| Sittin' in the morning sun                     |
|--|
| I'll be sittin' (1) the evening comes          |
| Watching the ships roll in                     |
| And then I watch them (2) (3) again, yeah      |
| I'm sittin' on the dock of the bay             |
| Watching the tide (4) away                     |
| (Ooh) I'm (5) sittin' on the dock of the bay   |
| Wastin' time                                   |
| I left my (6) in Georgia                       |
| Headed for the (7) bay                         |
| 'Cause I've had nothing to live for            |
| And (8) like nothin's gonna come my way        |
| So I'm just gonna sit on the dock of the bay   |
| Watching the tide roll away                    |
| (Ooh) I'm sittin' on the dock of the bay       |
| Wastin' time                                   |
| Looks 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 (9) won't leave me alone              |
| It's two thousand miles I roamed               |
| Just to make this dock my home                 |
| Now, I'm just gonna sit at the dock of the bay |
| Watching the tide (10) away                    |
| (Ooh) sittin' on the dock of the bay           |
| Wastin' time                                   |



## 1. when

- 2. roll
- 3. away
- 4. roll
- 5. just
- 6. home
- 7. Frisco
- 8. look
- 9. loneliness
- 10. roll

## Fill in the gaps