

Marc Lavoine**"Sittin' On The Dock Of The Bay"**

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(Steve Cropper/Otis Redding)

Sittin' in the morning sun, I'll be sittin' when the evening comes.

Watching the ships roll in and I'll watch 'em roll away again, yeah.

I'm sittin' on the dock of the bay, watching the tide roll away, ouh.

I'm just sittin' on the dock of the bay, wasting time.

I left my home in Georgia, headed for the Frisco bay.
I have nothing to live for, look like nothing's gonna come my way.

So I'm just go sit on the dock of the bay, watching the tide roll away.

I'm sittin' on the dock of the bay, wasting time.

Look like nothing's gonna change, everything still remain 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 loneliness won't leave me alone, yes.

Two thousand miles I roam, just to make this dock my home.

Now I'm just go sit at the dock of the bay

Watching the tide roll away, ooh.

Sittin' on the dock of the bay, wasting time.

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