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 (2) roll in |
| And (3) I (4) them roll away again, yeah |
| I'm sittin' on the dock of the bay |
| Watching the tide roll away |
| (Ooh) I'm just sittin' on the dock of the bay |
| Wastin' time |
| I (5) my home in Georgia |
| Headed for the Frisco bay |
| 'Cause I've had (6) to live for |
| And look like nothin's gonna come my way |
| So I'm just gonna sit on the (7) 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 (8) 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 |
| It's two thousand miles I roamed |
| Just to make (9) dock my home |
| Now, I'm just gonna sit at the dock of the bay |
| Watching the tide roll away |
| (Ooh) sittin' on the dock of the bay |
| Wastin' time |



- 1. when
- 2. ships
- 3. then
- 4. watch
- 5. left
- 6. nothing
- 7. dock
- 8. people
- 9. this

Fill in the gaps