

# Franco Battiato, Sitting On The Dock Of The Bay

Sitting in the morning sun  
i'll be sitting when the evening comes  
watching the ships roll in  
and i watch 'em roll away again  
Sitting on the dock of the bay  
watching the tide roll away  
sitting on the dock of the bay  
wasting time

I left my home in Georgia  
headed for the 'frisco bay  
i had nothin to live for  
and i look like nothing's  
gonna come my way  
Sitting on the dock of the bay  
watching the tide roll away  
i'm sitting on the dock of the bay  
wasting 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

Sitting here resting my bones  
and this loneliness won't leave me alone  
two thousand miles i roamed  
just to make this dock my home  
Sitting on the dock of the bay  
watching the tide roll away  
sitting on the dock of the bay  
wasting time

I can't do what ten people  
tell me to do  
so i guess i'll remain the same

Watching the ships roll in  
and i watch 'em roll away again  
sitting on the dock of the bay