

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