

Wagon Wheel

Bob Dylan / Ketch Secor

Heading down south to the land of the pines
I'm thumbing my way into North Caroline
Staring up the road and pray to God I see headlights
I made it down the coast in seventeen hours
Picking me a bouquet of dogwood flowers
And I'm a-hopin' for Raleigh, I can see my baby tonight

So rock me mama like a wagon wheel
Rock me mama any way you feel
Hey, mama rock me
Rock me mama like the wind and the rain
Rock me mama like a south bound train
Hey, mama rock me

I'm running from the cold up in New England
I was born to be a fiddler in an old time string band
My baby plays a guitar, I pick a banjo now
Oh, north country winters keep a-getting me down
Lost my money playing poker so I had to leave town
But I ain't a-turning back to living that old life no more

So rock me mama like a wagon wheel
Rock me mama any way you feel
Hey, mama rock me
Hey, rock me mama like the wind and the rain
Rock me mama like a south bound train
Hey, mama rock me

Walkin' to the south out of Roanoke
I caught a trucker out of Philly had a nice long toke
But he's a heading west from the Cumberland gap
To Johnson City, Tennessee
I gotta get a move on before the sun
I hear my baby calling my name and I know that she's
the only one
And if I die in Raleigh at least I will die free

So rock me mama like a wagon wheel
Rock me mama any way you feel
Hey, mama rock me
Oh, rock me mama like the wind and the rain
Rock me mama like a south bound train
Hey, mama rock me

Oh, so rock me mama like a wagon wheel
Rock me mama any way you feel
Hey, hey, mama rock (mama rock me, mama rock me)
Rock me mama like the wind and the rain
I wanna rock like a south bound train
Hey, yeah, yeah, mama rock me (you can rock me, rock
me)