**Wagon Wheel** (Bob Dylan/Ketch Secor) **A**

| A | E | F#m | D |

| A | E | D | D |

Headed down south to the land of the pines,

I'm thumbin' my way into North Caroline

Starin’ up the road and pray to God I see headlights

I made it down the coast in seventeen hours,

Pickin’ me a bouquet of dogwood flowers

And I'm a hopin’ for Raleigh, I can see my baby tonight

**CHORUS:**

**So rock me mama like a wagon wheel,**

**Rock me mama anyway you feel**

**Hey hey hey… mama rock me**

**Rock me mama like the wind and the rain,**

**Rock me mama like a south-bound train**

**Hey hey hey… mama rock me**

Runnin' from the cold up in New England,

I was born to be a fiddler in an old-time string band

My baby plays the guitar, I pick a banjo now

Oh, the North country winters keep a gettin’ me now,

Lost my money playin’ poker so I had to up and leave

But I ain’t a turnin’ back to livin’ that old life no more

**CHORUS**

Walkin' to the south out of Roanoke, I caught a trucker out of Philly, had a nice long toke, but he's a headed west

from the Cumberland Gap to **Johnson City, Tennessee**

**And I gotta get a move on a bead for the sun,**

**I hear my baby callin’ my name,**

**and I know that she's the only one**

**And if I die in Raleigh, at least I will die free**

**CHORUS**