

Jeremy McComb

"Wagon Wheel"

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headed down south to the land of the pines,
I'm thumbing my way into North Caroline,
Staring at the road and pray to God I see headlights,
Made it down the coast in seventeen hours,
I'm picking me a bouquet of Dogwood flowers,
I'm hoping for Raleigh I can see my baby tonight

So rock me mama like a wagon wheel, Rock me mama
anyway you feel,
Hey, Mama rock me
Rock me mama like the wind and the rain, Rock me
mama like a southbound train,
Hey, mama Rock me

Running from the cold up in New England,
I was listening' to some fiddle in this old time string
band,
My baby plays the guitar I pick the banjo now,
North Country winters keep getting me low,
Lost my money playing poker so I had to up and leave,
But I ain't going back to living' that old life no more

So rock me mama like a wagon wheel, Rock me mama
anyway you feel,
Hey, Mama rock me
Rock me mama like the wind and the rain, Rock me
mama like a southbound train,
Hey, mama Rock me

Walking to the south out of Roanoke,
Caught a trucker outta Philly had a nice long smoke,
But he's headed west from the Cumberland Gap to
Johnson City Tennessee,
Now 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
anyway you feel,
Hey, Mama rock me

Rock me mama like the wind and the rain, Rock me
mama like a southbound train,
Hey, mama Rock me

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