## Wagon Wheel (A) Ketch Secor & Bob Dylan

A E F#m D  Headed down south to the land of the pines and I'm thumbin' my way into North Caroline  A E D  Starin' up the road and prayin' to God I see headlights  A E F#m D  I made it down the coast in seventeen hours pickin' me a bouquet of dogwood flowers  A E D  And I'm a-hopin' for Raleigh so I can see my baby tonight
A E F#m D So rock me mama like a wagon wheel, rock me mama any way you feel A E D He-ey, mama rock me A E F#m D Rock me mama like the wind and the rain, rock me mama like a south-bound train A E D He-ey, mama rock me
A E F#m D  Runnin' from the cold up in New England, I was born to play a mando in an old-time stringband  A F D
My baby plays the guitar, I play a mando now  A  E F#m D  The North country winters keep a-gettin' me down, lost my money playin' poker so I had to up and leave  A  E D  But I ain't a-turnin' back to livin' that old life no more
A E F#m D  So rock me mama like a wagon wheel, rock me mama any way you feel  A E D  He-ey, mama rock me  A E F#m D  Rock me mama like the wind and the rain, rock me mama like a south-bound train  A E D  He-ey, mama rock me
A E F#m D 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  A  E  F#m  D  And I gotta get a move on, fit for the sun, I hear my baby callin' my name and I know  A  E  D  That she's the only one and if I die in Raleigh, at least I will die free
A E F#m D  So rock me mama like a wagon wheel, rock me mama any way you feel  A E D  He-ey, mama rock me  A E F#m D  Rock me mama like the wind and the rain, rock me mama like a south-bound train  A E D A E D  He-ey, mama rock me he-ey, mama rock me