

Wagon Wheel

Bob Dylan/Ketch Secor (Old Crow Medicine Show)

Heading down south to the land of the pines
 I'm thumbing my way into North Carolina
 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 momma like a wagon wheel
Rock me momma any way you feel
Hey momma rock me
Rock me momma like the wind and the rain
Rock me momma like a south bound train
Hey momma rock me

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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 turning back to living that old life no more

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

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