Wagon Wheel

Chris Pureka

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 southbound train
Hey mama rock me
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
Now I lost my money playing poker so I had to up and leave
But I ain't 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
Rock me mama like the wind and the rain
Rock me mama like a southbound 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
And 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 died in Raleigh, at least I will die free
So rock me mama like a wagon wheel
Rock me mama any way you feel
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Rock me mama like the wind and the rain
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