

# Wagon Wheel

## Matt Andersen

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  
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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