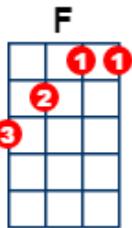
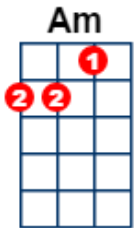
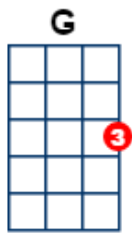
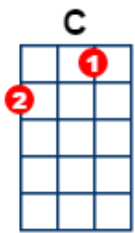


# Wagon Wheel

Bob Dylan



| d - D - d u D u |

intro: first 3 lines, ukes only

C G Am F C G F  
/ / / / / / / / / / / / / / / /

verse 1

C G  
Headed down south to the land of the pines  
Am F  
And I'm thumbin' my way into North Caroline  
C G F  
Starin' up the road and pray to God I see headlights.  
C G  
I made it down the coast in seventeen hours  
Am F  
Pickin' me a bouquet of dogwood flowers  
C G F  
And I'm a hopin' for Raleigh I can see my baby to-night.

C G  
So rock me mama like a wagon wheel  
Am F  
Rock me mama any way you feel  
C G F  
Hey, mama rock me.  
C G  
Rock me mama like the wind and the rain  
Am F  
Rock me mama like a south-bound train  
C G F  
Hey, mama rock me.

verse 2

C G  
Runnin' from the cold up in New England  
Am F  
I was born to be a fiddler in an old-time stringband  
C G F  
My baby plays the guitar I pick a banjo now >  
C G  
Oh, the North country winters keep a gettin' me now  
Am F  
Lost my money playin' poker so I had to up and leave  
C G F  
But I ain't a turnin' back to livin' that old life no more.

█ *chorus*

█ *verse 3*

C G  
↓Walkin' to the south ↓out of Roanoke  
Am F  
I caught a ↓trucker out of Philly, had a ↓nice long toke  
C G  
But ↓he's a headed west from the ↓Cumberland Gap  
F F  
To ↓Johnson City, ↓Tennessee.  
C G  
And I gotta get a move on fit for the sun  
Am F  
I hear my baby callin' my name, and I know that she's the only one  
C G F  
And if I die in Raleigh at least I will die free.

C G  
So rock me mama like a wagon wheel  
Am F  
Rock me mama any way you feel  
C G F  
Hey, mama rock me.  
C G  
Rock me mama like the wind and the rain  
Am F  
Rock me mama like a south-bound train  
C G F F C  
Hey, mama rock me ↓