

## **Barbara Mandrell**

### **"Kwa- Liga"**

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Kaw-liga was a wooden Indian standing by the door.  
He fell in love with an Indian maiden over in the antique  
store.

Kaw-liga just stood there and never let it show,  
So she could never answer "yes" or "no."

CHORUS:

Poor ol' Kaw-liga, he never got a kiss.  
Poor ol' Kaw-liga, he don't know what he missed.  
Is it any wonder that his face is red?  
Kaw-liga, that poor ol' wooden head.

He always wore his Sunday feathers and held a  
tomahawk.  
The maiden wore her beads and braids and hoped  
some day he'd talk.  
Kaw-liga, too stubborn to ever show a sign,  
Because his heart was made of knotty pine.

Kaw-liga was a lonely Indian, never went nowhere.  
His heart was set on the Indian maid with the coal black  
hair.  
Kaw-liga just stood there and never let it show,  
So she could never answer "yes" or "no."

And then one day a wealthy customer bought the  
Indian maid,  
And took her, oh, so far away, but ol' Kaw-liga stayed.  
Kaw-liga just stands there as lonely as can be,  
And wishes he was still an old pine tree.

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