

## **Hank Williams & Hank Williams, Jr. "Kaw-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

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 knotted pine

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

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