

Hank Williams Sr.**"Kaw-Liga"**

Visit "[Kaw-Liga](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Hank Williams - Fred Rose)

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 knotty 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.

--- Instrumental ---

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.

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...

