

## Loretta Lynn "Kaw-liga"

Visit "[Kaw-liga](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

Kaw-Liga was a wooden Indian standing by the door  
He fell in love with an Indian maid 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  
someday 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

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...  
Kaw-Liga that poor ol' wooden head

Visit [Loretta Lynn](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.