

## Marty Robbins "Kaw-Liga"

Visit "[Kaw-Liga](https://www.motolyrics.com/lyrics/marty-robbins/kaw-liga)" on MotoLyrics.com

Kaw Liga was a wooden Indian, standin' by the door  
He fell in love with the Indian maiden, over in the  
antique store  
Kaw Liga ohh, too stubborn to ever 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 ohh, 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 there 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 maiden, with the coal  
black hair  
Kaw Liga ohh, 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 ohh, 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 there any wonder, that his face is red  
Kaw Liga that poor ol' wooden head

Visit [Marty Robbins](https://www.motolyrics.com/lyrics/marty-robbins) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.