

Conway Twitty "Kaw-Liga"

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Kaw-Liga was a wooden Indian, standin' 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.

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
someday he'd talk
Kaw-Liga too stubborn to ever show a sign
Because his heart was made of knoty 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.

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...

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