Osborne Brothers ''Kaw-Liga''

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(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 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.

--- Instrumental ---

Kaw-Liga was a lonely Indian never went nowhere His heart was set on the Indian maiden 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.

Kaw-Liga, Kaw-Liga...

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