

**Roxy Williams****"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 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  
[ fiddle ]

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...

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