

## Mel Tillis

### "Kaw-Liga"

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(Hank Williams - Fred Rose)

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.

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  
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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