

Kaw-Liga

Don McLean

Kaw-Liga was a wooden Indian standin' by the door
He fell in love with an Indian maiden over in the antique store
Kaw-Liga 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 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 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 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 too stubborn to ever show a sign
Because his heart was made of knoty pine

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Is there any wonder that his face is red
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