

Kaw-liga

Conway Twitty

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

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