

## 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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