

## Kaw-Liga

Hank Williams Jr.

Kaw-Liga was a wooden Indian  
Standin' over by the door  
Fell in love with a Chocktaw maid  
Over in the Georgia store

Kaw-Liga, ooh  
Standin' there, don't never let it show  
She don't ever answer, yes or no

And he always wore his Sunday feathers  
And carried his old black hawk  
Maiden wore her beads and braids  
An hoped someday he'd talk

Kaw-Liga, ooh  
Standin' there, don't never show a sign  
'Cause his heart is made of knotty pine

Poor ol' Kaw-Liga, you ain't never got a kiss  
Poor ol' Kaw-Liga, you don't know what you what miss  
Is it any wonder that your face is red?  
Kaw-Liga, you poor old wooden head

Kaw-Liga was a lonely Indian  
Never went nowhere  
Heart was set on the Chocktaw maid  
Wearin' the long, black hair

Kaw-Liga, ooh  
Standin' there, don't never show a sign  
'Cause his heart was made of knotty pine

And then one day, a wealthy customer  
Bought the Indian maid  
Took her oh so far away  
And ol' Kaw-Liga stayed

Kaw-Liga, ooh  
Standin' there, as lonesome as can be  
Ah, just wishin' he were still an ol' pine tree

Poor ol' Kaw-Liga, you just ain't never had no kissin'  
Poor ol' Kaw-Liga, hoss, you don't know what you're missin'  
Is it any wonder, that your face is red?  
Kaw-Liga, you poor, ol' wooden head

Just a head  
Just a head