

Kaw-Liga

Hank Williams

Kaw-liga was a wooden Indian standing by the door.
He fell in love with an Indian maiden over in the antique store

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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 some day he'd talk.

Kaw-liga, too stubborn to ever show a sign,
Because his heart was made of knotty pine.

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.