

## Kaw-Liga

Roy Orbison

Kaw-Liga was a wooden indian standing 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

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 knotty pine

Poor old kaw-liga, he never got a kiss  
Poor old kaw-liga, he don't know what he missed  
Is it any wonder that his face is red?  
Kaw-Liga, that poor old wooden head

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

Poor old kaw-liga, he never got a kiss  
Poor old kaw-liga, he don't know what he missed  
Is it any wonder that his face is red?  
Kaw-Liga, that poor old wooden head

Then one day a wealthy customer bought the indian maid  
And took her oh so far away, but old kaw-liga stayed  
Kaw-Liga just stands there as lonely as can be  
And wishes he was still an old pine tree

Poor old kaw-liga, he never got a kiss  
Poor old kaw-liga, he don't know what he missed  
Is it any wonder that his face is red?  
Kaw-Liga, that poor old wooden head

Kaw-liga, Kaw-liga Kaw-Liga....