

# Indian Maiden

Sheb Wooley

Now way up in the Oklahoma hills  
Mid the white oak trees and the daffodils  
Lived the prettiest Indian maid I ever saw  
She was the great grand daughter of Geronimo  
And her maw was the tribe of the Navajo  
I thought I'd like to have her for my squaw

I got to know this Indian miss  
And then se about to steal me a kiss  
She was just as sweet as the mornin' dew  
We got out under that Indian moon  
And then we really started to spoon  
Cause she was a romancin' little Sioux

Mmmm I love my Indian ma ay ed  
Oh I wish I could of stayed  
I said uh honey I love you  
She said Pete I love you too  
I'll never forget my little Indian maid

Then along came a chief and seventeen braves  
And they started out a diggin' a grave  
And I said who's that for and the chief said you  
Well they kept on diggin' and diggin' away  
And I turned to the chief and again I say  
Is that sure enough for me and the chief said ugh

I said now Chief I'll marry your daughter  
But first I gotta have a drink of water  
I think I'll run down to the river and get me a drink  
I told White Dove to kiss me quick  
And I started out runnin' through them sticks  
And I tore my pants and my rawhide underwear

I kept on runnin' I was afraid to walk  
Cause here come the chief with his tommyhawk  
And I was sailin' over them cactus just like a bird  
My boots wore out and I'm all scratched up  
And no cowboy should have such luck  
Excuse me folks I better get back to the herd

I love my Indian ma ay ed  
Mmmm I wish I could of stayed  
I wanta go back to see but the chief's still after me  
I'll never forget my little Indian maid