

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 storeKaw-Liga, ooh
Standin' there, don't never let it show
She don't ever answer, yes or noAnd he always wore his Sunday feathers
And carried his old black hawk
Maiden wore her beads and braids
An hoped someday he'd talkKaw-Liga, ooh
Standin' there, don't never show a sign
'Cause his heart is made of knotty pinePoor 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 headKaw-Liga was a lonely Indian
Never went nowhere
Heart was set on the Chocktaw maid
Wearin' the long, black hairKaw-Liga, ooh
Standin' there, don't never show a sign
'Cause his heart was made of knotty pineAnd then one day, a wealthy customer
Bought the Indian maid
Took her oh so far away
And ol' Kaw-Liga stayedKaw-Liga, ooh
Standin' there, as lonesome as can be
Ah, just wishin' he were still an ol' pine treePoor 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 headJust a head
Just a head

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