

Kaw-Liga

Hank Williams

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 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 Kaw-Liga was a lonely Indian, never went nowhere
His heart was set on the Indian maiden with the coal black hair
Kaw-Liga just stood there and never let it show
So she could never answer yes or no 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 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

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