

# Kaw-Liga

## Don Gibson

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)  
Kaw-liga  
(Kaw-liga)  
Kaw-liga