Kaw-Liga (Re-Recorded)

Charley Pride

Kaw-Liga, the wooden Indian standin' by the door
He fell in love with an Indian maid over in the antique store
Kaw-Liga, well, he just stood there and never let it show
Aww, she could never answer yes or noPoor ol' Kaw-Liga well 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 headHe always wore his Sunday feathers and held a tomahawk
The maiden wore her beads and braids and hoped someday he'd talk
Kaw-Liga, well, he stood there as lonely as can be
Cause his heart was an ol' pine knoty tree, tree, treePoor ol' Kaw-Liga well 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 headAnd then one day a wealthy customer bought the Indian maid
He took her, oh, so far away but ol' Kaw-Liga stayed
Kaw-Liga, well he stood there and never let it show
So she could never answer yes or no, no, no, noPoor ol' Kaw-Liga well 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 headKaw-Liga

Songwriters
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