

# Kaw-liga

## Hank Williams

Kaw-Liga was a wooden Indian, standin' by the door  
He fell in love with an indian maid, over in the antique store  
Kaw-Liga, ooh  
Just stood there, and never let it show  
So she could never answer yes or noHe always wore his Sunday feathers, and held a tomahawk  
The maiden wore her beads and braids and hoped someday he'd talk  
Kaw-Liga, ooh  
To stubborn to ever show a sign  
Because his heart is made of knotty pinePoor 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 old wooden headKaw-Liga was a lonely Indian, never went nowhere  
His heart was set on the Chocktaw maid with the coal-black hair  
Kaw-Liga, ooh  
Just stood there and never let it show  
So she could never answer yes or noAnd then one day, a wealthy customer bought the Indian maid  
And took her oh-so far away but ol' Kaw-Liga stayed  
Kaw-Liga, ooh  
Just stands there, as lonely as can be  
And wishes he were still an ol' pine treePoor 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, you poor, ol' wooden head

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