

Kaw-Liga

[Marty Robbins](#)

Kaw Liga was a wooden Indian, standin' by the door
He fell in love with the Indian maiden, over in the antique store
Kaw Liga ohh, too stubborn to ever 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 ohh, 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 there 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 ohh, just stood there and never let it show
So she could never answer yes or no And then one day a wealthy customer, bought the Indian maid
And took her oh so far away but ol' Kaw Liga stayed
Kaw Liga ohh, 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 there any wonder, that his face is red
Kaw Liga that poor ol' wooden head

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