

Kaw-Liga

Hank Williams, Jr.

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 maid with the coal black hair
KAW-LIGA - 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 - 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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