

# Charley Pride, Kaw - Liga

Kaw-Liga was a wooden Indian standin' by the door  
He fell in love with an Indian maiden over in the antique store  
Kaw-Liga well he just stood there and never let it show  
So she could never answer yes or no  
Poor 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 head

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 well he stood there as lonely as can be  
Cause his heart was an ol' pine knoty tree  
Poor ol' Kaw-Liga...

And then one day a wealthy customer bought the Indian maid  
He took her oh so far away but ol' Kaw-Liga stayed  
Well he stood there and never let it show so she could never answer yes or no  
Poor ol' Kaw-Liga...