

Charley Pride, KAW-Liga

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 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, tree, tree
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
And 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, 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
Kaw-Liga