

# 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