

Loretta Lynn, Kaw-Liga

(Hank Williams - Fred Rose)

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 knoty 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...
Kaw-Liga that poor ol' wooden head