

Roy Orbison, Kaw-Liga

Hank Williams

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 old kaw-liga, he never got a kiss
Poor old kaw-liga, he don't know what he missed
Is it any wonder that his face is red?
Kaw-Liga,that poor old 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
Poor old kaw-liga, he never got a kiss
Poor old kaw-liga, he don't know what he missed
Is it any wonder that his face is red?
Kaw-Liga,that poor old wooden head
Then one day a wealthy customer bought the indian maid
And took her oh so far away, but old kaw-liga stayed
Kaw-Liga just stands there as lonely as can be
And wishes he was still an old pine tree
Poor old kaw-liga, he never got a kiss
Poor old kaw-liga, he don't know what he missed
Is it any wonder that his face is red?
Kaw-Liga,that poor old wooden head
Kaw-liga, Kaw-liga Kaw-Liga....