



Kaw Liga

Kaw-Liga was a wooden Indian standing by
the door

He fell in love with an Indian maiden 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 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 maiden 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, 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