

Kaw-Liga

Kaw-Liga was a wooden Indian standin' by the door
He fell in love with an Indian maiden over in the antique store
Kaw-Liga well he just stood there and never let it show
So 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
Poor ol' Kaw-Liga...

And then one day a wealthy customer bought the Indian maid
He took her oh so far away but ol' Kaw-Liga stayed
Well he stood there and never let it show so she could never answer yes or
no
Poor ol' Kaw-Liga...