

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Kaw-Liga

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(Hank Williams and 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 knotty pine.

CHORUS

[D] Poor ol' Kaw-liga, he never got a kiss
[G] Poor ol' Kaw-liga, he don't know what he missed
[D] Is it any wonder that his face is red
Kaw-liga, that poor ol' wooden [D] 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".

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.

CHORUS

note: If you've never heard it, the G in Kaw-liga is soft,
pronounced as J,
Recorded by Hank Williams, Sr.

GG

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