

# Kaw-Liga

**Hank Williams, Jr.**

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 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, 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. ...

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