

Kaw-liga  
Hank Williams

[Verse]

E  
Kaw-liga was a wooden Indian standing by the door.  
E  
He fell in love with an Indian maiden over in the antique store.  
B7  
Kaw-liga....., just stood there and never let it show,  
E  
So she could never answer yes or no.  
  
E  
He always wore his Sunday feathers and held a tommy hawk.  
The maiden wore her beads and braids and hoped someday he'd talk.  
B7  
Kaw liga, too stubborn to ever show a sign, Because his heart was made of knotty E  
pine.

[Chorus]

E A  
Poor ol' Kaw liga, he never got a kiss. Poor ol' Kaw liga, he don't know what he  
missed.  
E B7 E  
Is it any wonder that his face is red... Kaw-liga, that poor ol' wooden head.

[Verse]

E  
Kaw-liga was a lonely Indian, never went nowhere.  
E  
His heart was set on the Indian maid with the coal black hair.  
B7  
Kaw-liga, just stood there and never let it show,  
E  
So she could never answer yes or no.  
  
E  
And then one day a wealthy customer bought the Indian maid,  
E  
And took her, oh, so far away, but ol' Kaw liga stayed.  
B7  
E  
Kaw liga, just stands there as lonely as can be, And wishes he was still an old pine  
tree.

[Chorus]

E A  
Poor ol' Kaw liga, he never got a kiss. Poor ol' Kaw liga, he don't know what he  
missed.  
E B7 E  
Is it any wonder that his face is red... Kaw-liga, that poor ol' wooden head.