

Kaw-liga  
Hank Williams

[Verse]

**Em**

Kaw-liga was a wooden Indian standing by the door.

**Em**

He fell in love with an Indian maiden over in the antique store.

**B7**

Kaw-liga....., just stood there and never let it show,

**Em**

So she could never answer yes or no.

**Em**

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**

**Em**

Kaw liga, too stubborn to ever show a sign, Because his heart  
was made of knotty 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**

**Em**

Is it any wonder that his face is red... Kaw-liga, that poor ol'  
wooden head.

[Verse]

Em

Kaw-liga was a lonely Indian, never went nowhere.

Em

His heart was set on the Indian maid with the coal black hair.

B7

Kaw-liga, just stood there and never let it show,

Em

So she could never answer yes or no.

Em

And then one day a wealthy customer bought the Indian maid,

Em

And took her, oh, so far away, but ol' Kaw liga stayed.

Em

B7

Em

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.

