Roy Orbison, Kaw-Liga

Hank Williams

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 old kaw-liga, he never got a kiss

Poor old kaw-liga, he don't know what he missed

Is it any wonder that his face is red?

Kaw-Liga, that poor old 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

Poor old kaw-liga, he never got a kiss

Poor old kaw-liga, he don't know what he missed

Is it any wonder that his face is red?

Kaw-Liga, that poor old wooden head

Then one day a wealthy customer bought the indian maid

And took her oh so far away, but old kaw-liga stayed

Kaw-Liga just stands there as lonely as can be

And wishes he was still an old pine tree

Poor old kaw-liga, he never got a kiss

Poor old kaw-liga, he don't know what he missed

Is it any wonder that his face is red?

Kaw-Liga, that poor old wooden head

Kaw-liga, Kaw-liga Kaw-Liga....