

Kaw-Liga

written by Hank Williams and Fred Rose

Am

Kaw-liga was a wooden Indian standing by the door
 He fell in love with an Indian maid over in the antique store

E7

Kaw-liga just stood there and never let it show

Am

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

E7

Kaw-liga too stubborn to ever show a sign

Am

Because his heart was made of knotty pine

C

Poor ol' Kaw-liga he never got a kiss

F

Poor ol' Kaw-liga he don't know what he missed

C**G7**

Is it any wonder that his face is red

Am

Kaw-liga that poor ol' wooden head

Am

Kaw-liga was a lonely Indian never went nowhere
 His heart was set on the Indian maiden with the coal black hair

E7

Kaw-liga just stood there and never let it show

Am

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

E7

Kaw-liga just stands there as lonely as can be

Am

And wishes he was still an old pine tree

C

Poor ol' Kaw-liga he never got a kiss

F

Poor ol' Kaw-liga he don't know what he missed

C**G7**

Is it any wonder that his face is red

Am / / / /

Kaw-liga that poor ol' wooden head

