

## Kaw-liga

Conway Twitty

Kaw-Liga was a wooden Indian standin' 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

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

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 knoty pine  
Poor ol' Kaw-Liga

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