

Kaw-Liga

Del Shannon

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.

[Chorus:]

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.

Kaw-Liga, was a lonely Indian never went nowhere
His heart was set on the Indian maiden with the coal black hair
Kaw-Liga, just stood there and never let it show
So she could never answer "Yes" or "No".

[Chorus]

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.

[Chorus]