

## Kaw-Liga

Johnny Burnette

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 maiden  
With the coal black hair  
Kaw-Liga, just stood there and never let it show  
So she could never answer "yes" or "no"

And 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