

# "Kaw-Liga" by Hank Williams and Fred Rose

[Dm] 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 - A, just stood there and never let it [A7] show  
So she could never answer "YES" or [Dm] "NO".

[Dm] 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 - A, too stubborn to ever show a [A7] sign  
Because his heart was made of knotty [Dm] pine.

(Chorus)

[D] Poor ol' KAW-LIGA, he never got a kiss  
[G] Poor ol' KAW-LIGA, he don't know what he missed  
[D] Is it any wonder that his face is [A] red  
KAW-LIGA, that poor ol' wooden [Dm] head.

[Dm] KAW-LIGA, was a lonely Indian never went nowhere  
His heart was set on the Indian maiden with the coal black hair  
KAW-LIGA - A, just stood there and never let it [A7] show  
So she could never answer "YES" or [Dm] "NO".

solo over the chorus: D, G, D, A, Dm

[Dm] Then one day a wealthy customer bought the Indian maid  
And took her, oh, so far away, but ol' KAW-LIGA stayed  
KAW-LIGA - A, just stands there as lonely as can [A7] be  
And wishes he was still an old pine [Dm] tree.

[D] Poor ol' KAW-LIGA, he never got a kiss  
[G] Poor ol' KAW-LIGA, he don't know what he missed  
[D] Is it any wonder that his face is [A] red  
KAW-LIGA, that poor ol' wooden [Dm] head.  
Kaw-liga-a-a—a-wooo-o-o-o-o

