

## KAW-LIGA

Written by Hank Williams and Fred Rose

(Dm) (F) (Dm) (F)

(Dm) Kaw-liga was a wooden Indian (F) standing by the door  
(Dm) He fell in love with an Indian maid over in the antique store  
(Bb) Kaw-liga, (F) just stood there and never let it (A7) show  
So she could never answer yes or (Dm) no.

He always wore his Sunday feathers and (F) carried a tomahawk  
(Dm) The maiden wore her beads n'braids  
and hoped someday he'd talk  
(Bb) Kaw-liga, (F) too stubborn to ever show a (A7) sign  
Because his heart was made of knotty (Dm) pine.

(F) Poor old Kaw-liga he never got a kiss  
(Dm) Poor old Kaw-liga he don't know what he missed  
(F) Is it any wonder that his face is (A7) red  
Kaw-liga that poor old wooden (D) head.

(Dm) Kaw-liga was a lonely Indian (F) never went nowhere  
(Dm) His heart was set on the Indian maiden with the coal black hair  
(Bb) Kaw-liga, (F) just stood there and never let it (A7) show  
So she could never answer yes or (Dm) no.

Then one day a wealthy customer (F) bought the Indian maid  
(Dm) And took her so far away but old Kaw-liga stayed  
(Bb) Kaw-liga, (F) just stands there as lonely as can (A7) be  
And wishes he was still an old pine (Dm) tree.

(F) Poor old Kaw-liga he never got a kiss  
(Dm) Poor old Kaw-liga he don't know what he missed  
(F) Is it any wonder that his face is (A7) red  
(A) Kaw-liga that poor old wooden (Dm) head.  
(F) Is it any wonder that his face is (A7) red  
(A) Kaw-liga's got termites in his (D) head.

(Dm) (F) (Dm) (F) (STOP PLAYING) KAW-LIGA