

No Salt On Her Tail

The Mamas And The Papas

Not in my arms, but on my mind
Yes, on my mind, but not in my arms
Time passes by and I watch her fly
Yes, I watch her fly and time passes by Though it's hard for me I'm going to leave her free
'Cause that would be the best philosophy
Then she'll come to me so I feel that to be real that This little bird, she can fly away
No salt on her tail
No cage to make her stay Though it's hard for me I'm going to leave her free
'Cause that would be the best philosophy
She'll come to me so I feel that to be real This little bird she can fly away
No salt on her tail
No, she can fly away No cage to make her stay
This little bird can fly away
No cage to make her stay

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