

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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