

No Salt On Her Tail

The Mamas & 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

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