

Don't Sit Under The Apple Tree

The Andrews Sisters

I wrote my mother, I wrote my father
And now I'm writing you too

I'm sure of mother, I'm sure of father
And now I want to be sure, very, very sure of you

Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me
Anyone else but me, anyone else but me, no, no, no
Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me
Till I come marching home

Don't go walking down lovers' lane with anyone else but me
Anyone else but me, anyone else but me, no, no, no
Don't go walking down lovers' lane with anyone else but me
Till I come marching home

I just got word from a guy who heard
From the guy next door to me
The girl he met just loves to pet
And it fits you to a "T"
So don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me
Till I come marching home

Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me
(With anyone else but her)
No, no, no, not a single soul but me
No, no, no, don't you sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me
Not till you see me, not until you see me marching home
Home, home, home, home sweet home

Don't go walking down lovers' lane with anyone else but me
(With anyone else but her)
No, no, no, not a single soul but me
No, no, no, don't you go walking down lovers' lane
With anyone else but me
Not till you see me, not until you see me marching home
Home, home, home, home sweet home
Just wait till I come marching home

No, don't go walking down lovers' lane
No, walking down lovers' lane till you see
When you see me marching home
Then we'll go arm in arm and
Sit down under the apple tree
Baby, just you and me
When I come marching home