

# 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