

## **Andrew Sisters**

### **"Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree"**

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

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

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 walkin' down Lover's Lane with anyone else  
but me  
Anyone else but me, anyone else but me  
No-no-no, don't go walkin' down Lover's Lane with  
anyone else but me  
Till I come marching home

I just got word from a girl who heard from the girl next  
door to me  
The boy she met just loves to pet and it fits you to a tee  
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-  
ee  
With anyone else but her, no-no-no, not a single sole  
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 marchin' home  
Home-home, home sweet home

Don't go walkin' down Lover's Lane with anyone else  
but me-ee  
With anyone else but her, no-no-no, not a single sole  
but me  
No-no-no, don't you go walkin' down Lover's Lane with  
anyone else but me

Not till you see me, not until you see me marchin' home  
Home-home, home sweet home  
Just wait till I come marching home

So don't go walkin' down to lovers lane  
No walkin' down to Lover's Lane  
Till you see me, when you see me marchin' home  
Then we'll go arm in arm  
And sit down under the apple tree, baby just you and  
me  
When I come mar-arching ho-ome...

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