

The Andrews 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

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 walkin' down Lovers' 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

(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 Lovers' 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 marching home
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