

## **Andrews Sisters, The**

### **"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 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 guy who heard from the guy next  
door to me

The girl he 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 Lover's Lane 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 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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