

Glen Miller**"Don't Sit Under The Apple Tree"**

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{male vocals}

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 marchin' 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 marchin' 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 marchin' home

{female vocals}

Don't give out with those lips of yours to anyone else
but me

Anyone else but me, anyone else but me

No! No! No!

Watch the girls on the foreign shores, you'll have to
report to me

When you come marchin' home

Don't hold anyone on your knee, you better be true to
me

You better be true to me, you better be true to me

Don't hold anyone on your knee, you're gettin' the third
degree

When you come marchin' home

You're on your own where there is no phone and I can't
keep tab on you

Be fair to me, I'll guarantee this is one thing that I'll do

I won't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but you
Till you come marchin' home

{all}

Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me
I know the apple tree is reserved for you and me
And I'll be true till you come marchin' home

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