

## **Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree (With Anyone Else But Me)**

Verse:

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 of you

Chorus:

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  
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  
That a 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  
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  
Don't go walking down lovers' lane with anyone else but me  
Till I come marching home

I'm so afraid that the plans we made underneath those moonlit skies  
Will fade away and you're bound to stray if the stars get in your eyes  
So, don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me  
Till I come marching home