

Don't Sit Under The Apple Tree

Joan Morris, Robert White, William Bolcom

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, no no no
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
The girl he met just loved to pet
And 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 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 marching home
You're on your own when 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 marching home
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 marching home

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