

# Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree

All: 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

All: 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 showing off all your charms in somebody's else's arms  
Till I come marching home.

All: I'm so afraid that the plans we made beneath those moonlit skies  
Will fade away, and you're bound to stray if the stars get in your eyes,

All: So...don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me  
Till I come marching home.

Till I come marching home.