

Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree

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 wanna be sure, very, very sure of you!

CHORUS 1:

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!

CHORUS 2:

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 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!

Last time:

I come marching, I come marching, I come marching home.