

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.