

Don't Sit Under The Apple Tree

Glenn Miller

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
'Til I come marchin' home

Don't go walkin' down Lovers' Lane with anyone else but me
Anyone else but me, anyone else but me, no, no, no
Don't go walkin' down Lovers' Lane with anyone else but me
'Til I come marchin' 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
'Til I come marchin' 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 those girls on foreign shores, you'll have to report to me
When you come marchin' home

Don't hold anyone on your knee, you better be true to me
You better be true to me, you better be true to me
Don't hold anyone on your knee, you're gettin' the third degree
When you come marchin' home

You're on your own where there is no phone
And I can't keep tabs 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
'Til you come marchin' 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 'til you come marchin' home