In G capo 5

97. DON’T SIT UNDER THE APPLE TREE

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,
That a 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,
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.