

# Barry Manilow, 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  
'til 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  
'til 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 loved to pet  
And fits you to a "T";  
So don't sit under the apple tree  
With anyone else but me  
'til I come marching 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 the girls on the foreign shores  
You'll have to report to me  
When you come marching home  
You're on your own  
When there is no phone and I can't keep tab 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 marching 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 marching home