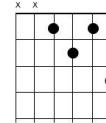


Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree

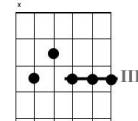
by Lew Brown and Charlie Tobias, music by Sam H. Stept (1942)

*F*_(1/2) *F6*_(1/2) *F*_(1/2) *F6*_(1/2) *F*_(1/2) *F6*_(1/2) *F*_(1/2) *F#dim7*_(1/2)
 Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me
*Gm7*_(1/2) *C11*_(1/2) *C9* *F*_(1/2) *F6*_(1/2) *F*_(1/4) *C7*_(1/4) *Gm7*_(1/4) *C7*_(1/4)
 Anyone else but me, anyone else but me, no, no, no
*F*_(1/2) *F6*_(1/2) *F*_(1/2) *F6*_(1/2) *F*_(1/2) *Am7b5*_(1/2) *D7*
 Just remember that I've been true to nobody else but you
G7 *C11*_(1/2) *C7*_(1/2) *F6*_(1/2) *Bb*_(1/2) *F*_(1/2) *Gm7*_(1/2)
 So just be true to me

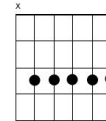
Am7b5 (Cm6)



C9



C11

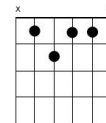


Don't go walkin' down Lovers' Lane with anyone else but me
 Anyone else but me, anyone else but me, no, no, no
 Don't start showing off all your charms in somebody else's arms
G7 *C11*_(1/2) *C7*_(1/2) *F6*_(1/2) *Gm7*_(1/2) *G#dim7*_(1/2) *F*_(1/2)
 You must be true to me

*Bb*_(1/2) *Bb6*_(1/2) *Bb*_(1/2) *Bb6*_(1/2) *F*_(1/2) *Gm7*_(1/2) *F*_(1/2) *A7/E*_(1/2)
 I'm so afraid that the plans we made underneath those moon lit skies will
*Dm*_(1/2) *Dm7*_(1/2) *Bm7b5*_(1/2) *G9*_(1/2) *C7*_(1/2) *Dm7*_(1/4) *Ebdim7*_(1/4) *C7*_(1/2) *C7#5*_(1/2)
 fade away and your bound to stray if the stars get in your eyes

*F*_(1/2) *F6*_(1/2) *F*_(1/2) *F6*_(1/2) *F*_(1/2) *Am7b5*_(1/2) *D7*
 So don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me, you're
G7 *C11*_(1/2) *C9*_(1/2) *F6* *C7#5*_(1/2) *F6*_(hold)
 my L O V E

C7#5



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
 Anyone else but me, anyone else but me, no, no, no
 I know the apple tree is reserved for you and me
 And I'll be true 'til you come marchin' home