

Teenage Sonata

Sam Cooke

Oh, whoa, oh, oh...

Here, here in the moonlight
Hold me while I sing to you
My teenage sonata of my love
Eternally true

It's written and
Filled with devotion
From deep in my heart
And with my teenage sonata
Comes a prayer
That we'll never part

And as long as we love
It will stay
Oh, we'll hear it
On our wedding day

Oh, whoa, oh, oh...
My, my, my, my, my

My lips, my lips
Can only kiss you
They, they can't explain
How you make me feel
But my teenage sonata
Will tell you
That my love is real

My love is real, oh, oh
My, my, my, my
My love is real, oh...