

Each night I ask, the stars up above  
Why must I be a teenager in love  
Why must I be a teenager in love  
Put me in your milling machine,  
I never thought you could act so mean  
Now I'm wondering what to do,  
to see if you could love me too  
Each night I ask, the stars up above  
Why must I be a teenager in love  
Why must I be a teenager in love  
Each night I ask the stars up above  
Why must I be a teenager in love  
Why must I be a teenager in love  
Though my knees are getting weak,  
and my brain is getting flatter  
Something is near, to tell me it's been badder  
I don't know just what to do,  
to see if you could love me too  
Each night I ask the stars up above  
Why must I be a teenager in love  
Why must I be a teenager in love