Sweet Caroline

Where is began,

I can’t begin to knowing,

But then I know it’s growing strong.

Was in the spring,

And spring became the summer.

Who’d have believed

You’d come along.

Hands, touching hands,

Reaching out,

Touching me, touching you.

Sweet Caroline, good times

Never seemed so good.

I’ve been inclined to believe

They never would.

But now I look at the night,

And it don’t seem so lonely.

We fill it up with only two.

And when I hurt,

Hurting runs off my shoulders.

How can I hurt when holding you?

One, touching one, reaching out,

Touching me touching you.

Sweet Caroline, good times never seemed so good.

I’ve been inclined to believe

They never would, oh, no, no.

Sweet Caroline, good times never seemed so good.

I’ve been inclined to believe they never would.

Sweet Caroline, good times never seemed so good.

I’ve been inclined to believe they never would.

Sweet Caroline.