

Where it began, I can't begin to know when
But then I know it's growing strong
wasn't the spring,
And spring became the summer
Who'd believe you'd come along

Hands, touching hands, reaching out
Touching me, touching you
Oh, sweet Caroline
Good times never seem so good
I've been inclined to believe it never would

BUT now I look at the night,
We fill it up with only two
And when I hurt
Hurting runs off my shoulder
How can I hurt when holding you

One, touching one, reaching out
Touching me, touching you
sweet Caroline
Good times never seem so good
I've been inclined to believe it never would ...
Oh no no

INTRO

sweet Caroline
Good times never seem so good
I've been inclined to believe it never would ...