Sweet Caroline

Sarah Murcia

Where it 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 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
Oh, sweet Caroline
Good times never seem so good
I've been inclined to believe it never would oooh oh no no..

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