

Sweet Caroline

William Marks

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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