

# Sweet Caroline

## Featbeat

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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