

David Archuleta "Sweet Caroline"

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Where it began
I can't begin to know when
But then I know it's growing strong
Wasn't the spring
Than spring became the summer
Who'd believe 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

Oh, one, touching one
Reaching out, touching me
Touching you, oh

Sweet Caroline
Good times never seemed so good
I've been inclined
To believe they never would
Never would, no

Sweet Caroline
Good times never seemed so good
Oh, sweet Caroline
I believed they never could
Sweet Caroline

