

Frank Sinatra "Sweet Caroline"

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Where it began, I can't begin to knowing
But then I know it's growing strong
Was in the spring, then spring became the summer
Who'd have believed you'd come along.
Hands, touching hands, reaching out, touching me,
touching you

[Chorus:]

Sweet Caroline, good times never seemed so good
I'd be inclined to believe they never would, so good, so
good

Look at the night and it don't seem so lonely
We filled it up with only two, and when I hurt
Hurting runs off my shoulder
How can I hurt when I'm holding you
One, touching one, reaching out, touching me,
touching you

[Chorus]

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