

# Sweet Caroline

David Archuleta

Where it began  
I can't begin to know when  
But than 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