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..