

# Amy Macdonald, Sweet Caroline

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 you, touching me.

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 you, touching me.

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