## 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.