

Elvis Presley, Sweet Caroline

(words & music by Neil Diamond)

Where it began, I can't begin to know when

But then I know it's growing strong

Oh, wasn't the spring, whooo

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

And now I, I look at the night, whooo

And it don't seem so lonely

We fill it up with only two, oh

And when I hurt

Hurting runs off my shoulder

How can I hurt when holding you

Oh, one, touching one, reaching out

Touching me, touching you

Oh, sweet Caroline

Good times never seem so good

Oh I've been inclined to believe it never would

Ohhh, sweet Caroline, good times never seem so good