Sweet Caroline

by: Neil Diamond
arr: Don Quattrocchi

Where it began
I can't begin to know in
but then I know it's growing

Was it in spring
Then spring became the summer
Who, da 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
Sweet Caroline
Good times never seemed so good

I've been inclined to believe they never would
Sweet Caroline