Roy Orbison, Sweet Caroline

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 made him climb 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 made him climb to believe it never would

Ohhh, sweet Caroline, good times never seem so good