

Sweet Caroline

Mark Salling

Where it began, I can't begin to knowing
But then I know it's growing strong
was in the spring,
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

Oh, sweet Caroline
Good times never seem so good
I've been inclined to believe it never would oooh oh no no..