## Ella Fitzgerald, Hernando's Hideaway

I know a dark, secluded place A place where no one knows your face! A glass of wine, a fast embrace It's called Hernando's Hideaway, a-way!

All you see are silhouettes And all you hear are castanets And no one cares how late it gets Not at Hernando's hideaway, a-way!

At the Golden Finger Bowl or anyplace you go You will meet your Uncle Max and everyone you know But if you go to the spot that I am thinking of You will be free to gaze at me and talk of love Just knock three times and whisper low That you and I were sent by Joe Then strike and match and you will know You're in Hernando's hideaway, a-way!

I know a dark, secluded place A place where no one ever knows your face! Wine is fine with a fast embrace Hernando's Hideaway -away!

At the Golden Finger Bowl or anyplace you go You will meet your Uncle Max and everyone you know But if you go to the spot that I am thinking of You will be free to gaze at me and talk of love Just knock three times and whisper low That you and I were sent by Joe Then strike and match and you will know You're in Hernando's hideaway!