

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!