

Doris Day, Hernando's Hideaway

I know a dark secluded place
A place where no one knows your face.
A glass of wine, a fast embrace.
Its called Hernandos Hideaway. Ole!
All you see are silhouettes
And all you hear are castanets
And no one cares how late it gets
Not at Hernandos Hideaway. Ole!

INSTRUMENTAL

At the golden finger bowl or anyplace you go

INSTRUMENTAL

Youll meet your uncle Max and everyone you know

INSTRUMENTAL

But if you are sitting close and making love to me
you may take my heart, you may take my soul, but not my key
Just knock three times and whisper low
That you and I were sent by Joe
Then strike a match and you will know
Youre in Hernandos Hideaway. Ole!