

# Hernando's Hideaway

## The Johnston Brothers

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... Ole  
All you see are silhouettes  
And all you hear are castanets  
And no one cares how late it gets  
Not at Hernando's Hideaway... Ole  
At the Golden Fingerbowl or any place you go  
You can 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 a match and you will know  
That you're in Hernando's Hideaway...

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