

# I've Grown Accustomed to His Face

Ella Fitzgerald

I've grown accustomed to his face  
He almost makes the day begin  
I've grown accustomed to the tune  
He whistles night and noon  
His smiles  
His frowns  
His ups  
His downs  
Are second nature to me now  
Like breathing out and breathing in  
I was serenely independent and content before we met  
Surely I could always be that way again and yet  
I've grown accustomed to his looks  
Accustomed to his voice  
Accustomed to his face

I've grown accustomed to his face  
He almost makes the day begin  
I've gotta used to hear him say  
Good morning every day  
His joys  
His woes  
His highs  
His lows  
Are second nature to me now  
Like breathing out and breathing in  
I'm very grateful he's a man and so easy to forget  
Rather like a habit one can always break and yet  
I've grown accustomed to a trace  
Of something in the air  
Accustomed  
I've grown accustomed to his face