

## I've Grown Accustomed to His Face

Gloria Estefan

I've grown accustomed to his face  
He almost makes the day begin  
I've grown accustomed to the tune  
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 look  
Accustomed to his voice  
Accustomed to his face

I've got used to hearing 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 you can always break and yet,  
I've grown accustomed to the trace of  
Something in the air accustomed to his... face  
accustomed to his face...