

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