

## I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face

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I've grown accustomed to her face  
She almost makes the day begin  
I've grown accustomed to the tune  
She whistles night and noon  
Her smiles, her frowns, her ups, her 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 her looks  
Accustomed to her voice, accustomed to her face  
I've grown accustomed to her face  
She almost makes the day begin  
I've gotten used to hear her say  
"Good morning", every day  
Her joys, her woes, her highs, her lows  
Are second nature to me now  
Like breathing out and breathing in  
I'm very grateful she's a woman and so easy to forget  
Rather like a habit, one can always break  
And yet, I've grown accustomed to the trace  
Of something in the air, accustomed to her face