

I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face

Johnny Mathis

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