

I've Grown Accustomed to His Face

Petula Clark

I've grown accustomed to his face,
He almost makes the day begin,
I've grown accustomed to the tune he whistle night and noon.
His smiles, his frowns,
His ups his downs are second nature ot me know
Like breathing out and breathing in.

I was so really 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 gotten used to hear him say good morning everyday.
His joys, his woes, his highs, his lows
Are sencond nature to me know
Like breathing out, breathing in

I'm very glad he's a man 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 his face