

I'll Be Seeing You/I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face

Barbra Streisand

I'll be seeing you
In all the old familiar places
That this heart of mine embraces
All day and through
In that small cafe
The park across the way
The children's carousel
The chestnut trees, the wishing well

I'll be seeing you
In every lovely summer's day
In everything that's light and gay
I'll always think of you that way
I'll find you in the morning sun
And when the night is new
I'll be looking at the moon
But I'll be seeing you

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, 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 her looks, accustomed to his voice
Accustomed to her face

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In everything that's light and gay
I'll always think of you that way
I'll find you in the morning sun
And when the night is new
I'll be looking at the moon
I've grown accustomed to her face
But I'll be seeing you