

I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face

Tony Bennett

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'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