

## Debby Boone

# "I've Grown Accustomed To His Face"

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I've grown accustomed to his face  
He almost makes the day begin  
I've grown accustomed to the tune  
He whistles night and noon

His smiles, his 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 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 second nature to me now  
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

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