

Frank Sinatra

"I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face"

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I've grown accustomed to her face, she almost makes
my 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 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.

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