

## Caterina Valente

# "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  
That 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 look  
Accustomed to his voice  
Accustomed to his face

He's 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 look  
Accustomed to his voice  
Accustomed to his face...

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