

## Chet Baker

# "I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face"

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Grown accustomed to her looks  
Oh I, I've grown, grown accustomed to her voice

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 and her downs  
Are second nature to me now  
(Second nature)  
Like breathing out and breathing in  
(Breathing out and 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

Grown accustomed to her looks  
Grown accustomed to her voice

I've grown accustomed to her face  
She almost makes the day begin  
(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  
(Second nature)  
Like breathing out and breathing in  
(Breathing out and in)

I'm so 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

Grown accustomed to her looks  
Grown accustomed to her trace

I've grown accustomed to her voice  
Grown accustomed to her face

She's second nature to me now  
Like breathing out and breathing in  
(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, I've accustomed to her face

Her looks  
(I can't believe)  
Her trace  
(How much I love her)  
Her voice  
Her face

(I'm addicted to you, baby)  
Her looks  
Her trace  
(Because your love that drives me crazy)  
Her voice  
Her face

Grown accustomed to her voice  
(You know I finally realize)  
Grown accustomed to her face  
(I got to hold it by my side)  
Grown accustomed to her looks  
(I wanna be, be your ornament)  
Grown accustomed to her trace  
(Cause I love you, baby, please take my hand)

Grown accustomed to her voice  
(I'll be good to you each and everyday)  
Grown accustomed to her face  
(I've grown accustomed)  
Grown accustomed to her looks  
Grown accustomed to her trace

(Can't live if the livin' is without you)  
Grown accustomed to her voice  
Grown accustomed to her face  
(Can't give, can't live anymore)

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