

Mathilde Santing

"I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face"

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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 ups, her downs, her sighs, her frowns
A second nature to me now
Like breathing in and breathing out
I was serenely independent and content before we met
Surely it 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 accustomed 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 in and breathing out
I'm very glad she's a woman, 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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