

Dean Martin

"I've Grown Accustomed To Her 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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