

Petula Clark

"I've Grown Accustomed To His Face"

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Damn! Damn! Damn! Damn!
I've grown accustomed to his face.
She almost makes the day begin.
I've grown accustomed to the tune
That she 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.

Marry Freddy. What an infantile idea. What a heartless,
Wicked, brainless thing to do. But she'll regret it. It's
Doomed before they even take the vow.

I can see his now, Mrs. Freddy Eynsford-Hill,
In a wretched little flat above a store.
I can see his now, not a penny in the till,
And a bill collector beating at the door.
She'll try to teach the things I taught his,
And end up selling flowers instead.
Begging for his bread and water,
While his husband has his breakfast in bed.

In a year or so, when she's prematurely grey,
And the blossom in his cheek has turned to chalk,
She'll come home and lo,
He'll have upped and run away,
With a social-climbing heiress from New York.
Poor Eliza. How simply frightful!
How humiliating! How delightful!

How poignant it'll be on that inevitable night
When she hammers on my door in tears and rags.
Miserable and lonely, repentant and contrite,

Will I take his in or hurl his to the walls?
Give his kindness or the treatment she deserves?
Will I take his back or throw the baggage out?

But, I'm a most forgiving man,
The sort who never could, never would,
Take a position and staunchly never budge.
A most forgiving man.

But I shall never take take his back
If she were even crawling on his knees.
Let his promise to atone,
Let his shiver, let his moan,
I'll slam the door and let the hell-cat freeze!

Marry Freddy, HA!

But I'm so used to hear his day,
"Good morning" every day.
His joys, his woes,
His highs, his 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, 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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