Tony Bennett "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 smiles, her frowns Her ups, her 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 her look Accustomed to her voice, accustomed to her face

I'm very 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

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