

I've Grown Accustomed to His Face

Doris Day

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

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

In a year or so, when she's prematurely grey,
And the blossom in her 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 her in or hurl her to the walls?
Give her kindness or the treatment she deserves?
Will I take her 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 her back
If she were even crawling on her knees.
Let her promise to atone,
Let her shiver, let her moan,
I'll slam the door and let the hell-cat freeze!

Marry Freddy, ha!

But I'm so used to hear her day,
"Good morning" ev'ry day.
Her joys, her woes,
Her highs, her 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, 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.