

I've Grown Accustomed to His Face

Gloria Estefan

I've grown accustomed to his face
He almost makes the day begin
I've grown accustomed to the tune
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

I've got used to hearing him say
"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 he's a man and so easy to forget
Rather like a habit you can always break and yet,
I've grown accustomed to the trace of
Something in the air accustomed to his... face
accustomed to his face...