

## I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face

Tony Bennett

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 looks, 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