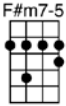
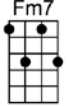
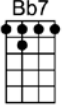
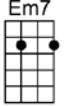
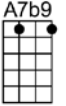
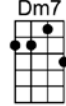
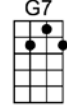
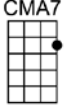
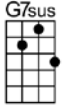
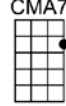
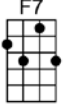
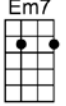

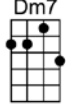
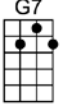
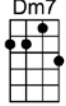
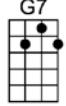


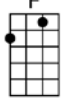

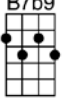
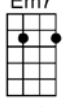
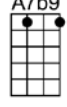
I'VE GROWN ACCUSTOMED TO HER FACE - Lerner/Loewe

4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)

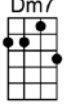
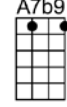

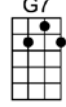
Intro: |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |

 |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |

I've grown ac-cus-tomed to her face, she almost makes the day be-gin
I've grown ac-cus-tomed to her face, she almost makes the day be-gin

 |  |  |  |  |

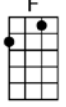
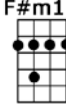
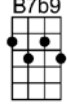
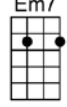
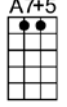
I've grown ac-cus-tomed to the tune she whistles night and noon
I've gotten used to hear her say, "Good morning" every day,

 |  |  |  |

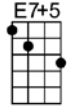
Her smiles, her frowns, her ups, her downs
Her joys, her woes, her highs, her lows

 |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |


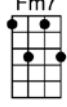
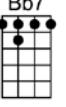
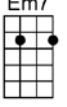
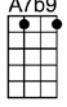
Are second nature to me now, like breathing out and breathing in
Are second nature to me now, like breathing out and breathing in

 |  |  |  |  |

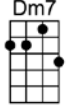
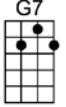
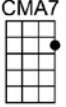
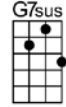
I was ser-enely inde - pendent, and con-tent before we met
I'm very grateful she's a woman, and so easy to for - get

 |  |  |  |

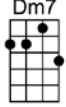
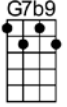
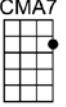
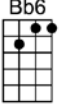
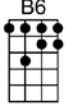
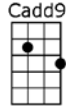
Surely I could always be that way again, and yet
Rather like a habit one can always break, and yet

 |  |  |  |  |

I've grown ac-cus-tomed to her looks, ac-cus-tomed to her voice,
I've grown ac-cus-tomed to the trace of something in the air,

 |  |  |  |

1. Ac-cus-tomed to her face (2nd verse)

 |  |  |  |  |  |

2. Ac-cus-tomed to her face

I'VE GROWN ACCUSTOMED TO HER FACE-Lerner/Loewe

4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)

Intro: | F#m7b5 Fm7 Bb7 | Em7 A7b9 | Dm7 G7 | CMA7 G7sus |

CMA7 F7 Em7 Am7 Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7
I've grown ac-customed to her face, she almost makes the day be-gin
I've grown accustomed to her face, she almost makes the day be-gin

F F#m11 B7b9 Em7 A7b9
I've grown ac-customed to the tune she whistles night and noon
I've gotten used to hear her say, "Good morning" every day,

Dm7 A7b9 Dm7 G7
Her smiles, her frowns, her ups, her downs
Her joys, her woes, her highs, her lows

CMA7 F7 Em7 Am7 Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7
Are second nature to me now, like breathing out and breathing in
Are second nature to me now, like breathing out and breathing in

F F#m11 B7b9 Em7 A7+
I was ser-enely inde - pendent, and con-tent before we met
I'm very grateful she's a woman, and so easy to for - get

Dm7 G7 E7+ A7+
Surely I could always be that way again, and yet
Rather like a habit one can always break, and yet

F#m7b5 Fm7 Bb7 Em7 A7b9
I've grown ac-customed to her looks, ac-customed to her voice,
I've grown ac-customed to the trace of something in the air,

Dm7 G7 CMA7 G7sus
1. Ac-customed to her face (2nd verse)

Dm7 G7b9 CMA7 Bb6 B6 Cadd9
2. Ac-customed to her face