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

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

Intro: | | | | |

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

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,

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 serene ly 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-customed to her looks, ac-customed to her voice,
I've grown ac-customed to the trace of something in the air,

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

2. Ac-customed to her face
I've grown accustomed to her face, she almost makes the day begin
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
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 serenely independent, and content before we met
I'm very grateful she's a woman, and so easy to forget

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

I've grown accustomed to her looks, accustomed to her voice,
I've grown accustomed to the trace of something in the air,