

I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face

My Fair Lady

Henry: 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, 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 Marry Freddie?
What an infantile idea
What a heartless, wicked, brainless thing to do
She'll regret it
She'll regret it
It's doomed before they even take the vow I can see her now, Mrs. Freddie 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
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 gray
When the blossoms in her cheek has turned to chalk
She'll come home and lo!
He'll have upped and ran away
With a social climbing heiress from New York Poor Eliza! How simply frightful!
How humiliating! How delightful! How pining would it be on that inevitable night
When she hammers on my door in tears and rag
Miserable and lonely, repentant and contrite
Will I take her in or hurl her to the wall?
Give her kindness or the treatment she deserve?
Will I take her back or throw the baggage out Well, 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 her back

If she was crawling on her knees
Let her promise to atone, let her shiver, let her moan
Then I'll slam the door and let the hellcat freeze
Marry Freddie.. HA! But I'm so used to hear her say "Good
morning" every 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 very easy to forget
Rather like a habit one can always break
Yet I've grown accustomed to the trace of
Something in the air
Accustomed to her face...

Songwriters

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