

# I've Grown Accustomed to His Face

Pamela Joy

I've grown accustomed to his face  
He almost makes the day begin  
I've grown accustomed  
To the tune that he 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'm so 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 one can always break  
And yet I've grown accustomed  
To the trace of something in the air

Accustomed to his face

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