

I've Grown Accustomed to His Face

[Diana Krall](#)

I've grown accustomed to his face
He almost makes the day begin
I've grown accustomed to the tune he whistles night and noon
His smiles, his frowns, his ups and 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 looks, accustomed to his voice
Accustomed to his face He's 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

Songwriters

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