

I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face

[Art Garfunkel](#)

(Alan Jay Lerner/Frederick Loewe)I've grown accustomed to her face,
She almost makes the day begin
I've grown accustomed to the tune
She whistles night an' noonHer smiles, her frowns,
Her ups, her downs
Are second nature to me now
Like breathing out and breathing inI 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!

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