

# I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face

**Dean Martin**

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  
Her smiles, her frowns, her 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 her looks  
Accustomed to her voice, accustomed to her face  
She's second nature to me now  
Like breathing out and breathing in  
I'm very grateful she's a woman 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 her face

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