

I've Grown Accustomed to His Face

[Debby Boone](#)

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, 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 looks, accustomed to his voice
Accustomed to his face I've grown accustomed to his face
He almost makes the day begin
I've gotten used to hear him say
Good morning everyday His joys, his woes, his highs, his lows
Are second nature to me now
Like breathing out, breathing in I'm very glad 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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