

I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face

[Perry Como](#)

I've grown accustomed to her face
She almost makes the day begin
I've grown accustomed to the tune
She whistles night an' noon
Her smiles, her frowns, her ups, her 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

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