# I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face

## Wes Montgomery

Grown accustomed to her looks
Oh I, I've grown, grown accustomed to her voice
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 her downs
Are second nature to me now
(Second nature)
Like breathing out and breathing in
(Breathing out and 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
Grown accustomed to her looks
Grown accustomed to her voice
I've grown accustomed to her face
She almost makes the day begin
(Day begin)
I've gotten used to hear her say
"Good morning", every day
Her joys, her woes, her highs, her lows
Are second nature to me now
(Second nature)
Like breathing out and breathing in
(Breathing out and in)
I'm so 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
Grown accustomed to her looks
Grown accustomed to her trace
I've grown accustomed to her voice
Grown accustomed to her face
She's second nature to me now
Like breathing out and breathing in
(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, I've accustomed to her face
Her looks
(I can't believe)
Her trace
(How much I love her)
Her voice
Her face
(I'm addicted to you, baby)
Her looks
Her trace
(Because your love that drives me crazy)
Her voice
Her face
Grown accustomed to her voice
(You know I finally realize)
Grown accustomed to her face
(I got to hold it by my side)
Grown accustomed to her looks
(I wanna be, be your ornament)
Grown accustomed to her trace
('Cause I love you, baby, please take my hand)
Grown accustomed to her voice
(I'll be good to you each and everyday)
Grown accustomed to her face
(I've grown accustomed)
Grown accustomed to her looks
Grown accustomed to her trace
(Can't live if the livin' is without you)
Grown accustomed to her voice
Grown accustomed to her face
(Can't give, can't live anymore)

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