

Cassandra Wilson, I've Grown Accustomed To His Face

I've grown accustomed to his face
he almost makes the day begin
I've grown accustomed
to the tune that 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 look
accustomed to his voice
accustomed to his face
I'm so used to hearing him say
'good morning,' every day
his joys, his woes
his highs, his lows
are second nature to me now
like breathing out and breathing in
I'm very grateful 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...