

Dean Martin, I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face

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