

I've Grown Accustomed to His Face

Katharine McPhee

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 know
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
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