

I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face
Words & Music by Alan Jay Lerner & Frederick Loewe
Recorded by Dean Martin, 1960

G Am7 G7 C C9 C G/B Am7
I've grown ac - customed to her face,
Cdim Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7
She almost makes my day begin,
Edim F Em Gdim Dm7
I've grown accustomed to the tune she whistles night and noon,
F Em Dm7 G
Her smiles, her frowns, her ups, her downs
Edim C C9 C G/B Am7
Are second nature to me now,
Cdim Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7
Like breathing out and breathing in,
F Dm7 Cdim B7 C Em7 A
I was ser - ene - ly in - de - pen - dent and content before we met
Dm7 F G7 Bm7-5 E7 Fdim Fm
Surely I could always be that way again and yet,
Fdim D7 Fm
I've grown ac - cus - tomed to her looks,
C Em7 Gdim Dm7 Am7 D7/9 G7 C
Ac - cus - tomed to her voice, ac - cus - tomed to her face.

G Am7 G7 C C9 C G/B Am7
I've grown ac - customed to her face,
Cdim Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7
She al - most makes the day begin,
Edim F Em Gdim Dm7
I've gotten used to hear her say "Good Morning" every day,
F Em Dm7 G
Her joys, her woes, her highs, her lows
Edim C C9 C G/B Am7
Are second nature to me now,
Cdim Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7
Like breathing out and breathing in,
F Dm7 Cdim B7 C Em7 A
I'm very grateful she's a woman, and so easy to forget
Dm7 F G7 Bm7-5 E7 Fdim Fm
Rather like a habit one can always break and yet
Fdim D7 Fm
I've grown ac - cus - tomed to the trace
C Em7 Gdim Dm7 Am7 D7/9 G7 C
Of something in the air, ac - cus - tomed to her face.