

# I'll Be Seeing You/I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face

Barbra Streisand

I'll be seeing you  
In all the old familiar places  
That this heart of mine embraces  
All day and through  
In that small cafe  
The park across the way  
The children's carousel  
The chestnut trees, the wishing well

I'll be seeing you  
In every lovely summer's day  
In everything that's light and gay  
I'll always think of you that way  
I'll find you in the morning sun  
And when the night is new  
I'll be looking at the moon  
But I'll be seeing you

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, 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 her looks, accustomed to his voice  
Accustomed to her face

I'll be seeing you  
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In everything that's light and gay  
I'll always think of you that way  
I'll find you in the morning sun  
And when the night is new  
I'll be looking at the moon  
I've grown accustomed to her face  
But I'll be seeing you