

# Troye Sivan, Still Got It

Cut my hair into a bowl  
After you told me that you liked it like that  
Wish I didn't care at all  
But now I'm in the mirror with scissors in hand

I saw you at a party, said hello like an old colleague  
Talked about the summer when we didn't know each other

Was bound to happen, I suppose  
But fuck me, now I really know  
Yeah, I know

I still got it bad  
I still got it bad  
'Cause you've got what you had  
And I still want it, I still want it, and I still want it bad

Getting used to being alone  
But babe, a house don't mean a home like before, no  
Got a place back in Australia  
It's different than you remember  
I think you'd like it though

You touched me in the back seat  
Of the party bus on 10th Street  
Kinda confused me  
Both a couple drinks in too deep, it

Was bound to happen, I suppose  
But fuck me, now I really know  
Yeah, I know

I still got it bad  
I still got it bad  
'Cause you've got what you had  
And I still want it, I still want it, and I still want it bad

We lost what we had  
And now I want it, now I want it, now I want it back  
'Cause you still got it