

# Stan (ft. Dido)

## Eminem

My tea's gone cold I'm wondering why I  
Got out of bed at all  
The morning rain clouds up my window  
And I can't see at all  
And even if I could it'll all be gray  
Put your picture on my wall  
It reminds me, that it's not so bad  
It's not so badMy tea's gone cold I'm wondering why I  
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It reminds me, that it's not so bad  
It's not so badDear Slim, I wrote you but still ain't callin'  
I left my cell, my pager, and my home phone at the bottom  
I sent two letters back in autumn, you must not-a got 'em  
There probably was a problem at the post office or somethin'  
Sometimes I scribble addresses too sloppy when I jot 'em  
But anyways, fuck it, what's been up? Man how's your daughter?  
My girlfriend's pregnant too, I'm bout to be a father  
If I have a daughter, guess what I'm a call her?  
I'm a name her Bonnie  
I read about your Uncle Ronnie too I'm sorry  
I had a friend kill himself over some bitch who didn't want him  
I know you probably hear this everyday, but I'm your biggest fan  
I even got the underground shit that you did with Skam  
I got a room full of your posters and your pictures man  
I like the shit you did with Rawkus too, that shit was fat  
Anyways, I hope you get this man, hit me back,  
Just to chat, truly yours, your biggest fan  
This is StanMy tea's gone cold I'm wondering why I  
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It's not so badDear Slim, you still ain't called or wrote, I hope you have a chance

I ain't mad, I just think it's fucked up you don't answer fans  
If you didn't wanna talk to me outside your concert  
You didn't have to, but you coulda signed an autograph for Matthew  
That's my little brother man, he's only six years old  
We waited in the blistering cold for you,  
For four hours and you just said, "No."  
That's pretty shitty man, you're like his fuckin' idol  
He wants to be just like you man, he likes you more than I do  
I ain't that mad though, I just don't like bein' lied to  
Remember when we met in Denver, you said if I'd write you you would write back  
See I'm just like you in a way  
I never knew my father neither  
He used to always cheat on my mom and beat her  
I can relate to what you're saying in your songs  
So when I have a shitty day, I drift away and put 'em on  
'Cause I don't really got shit else so that shit helps when I'm depressed  
I even got a tattoo of your name across the chest  
Sometimes I even cut myself to see how much it bleeds  
It's like adrenaline, the pain is such a sudden rush for me  
See everything you say is real, and I respect you cause you tell it  
My girlfriend's jealous 'cause I talk about you 24/7  
But she don't know you like I know you Slim, no one does  
She don't know what it was like for people like us growin' up, you gotta call me man  
I'll be the biggest fan you'll ever lose  
Sincerely yours, Stan, P.S. we should be together too  
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It's not so bad  
Dear Mister "I'm Too Good To Call Or Write My Fans"  
This will be the last package I ever send your ass  
It's been six months and still no word, I don't deserve it?  
I know you got my last two letters, I wrote the addresses on 'em perfect  
So this is my cassette I'm sending you, I hope you hear it  
I'm in the car right now, I'm doing 90 on the freeway  
Hey Slim, I drank a fifth of vodka  
You dare me to drive?  
You know the song by Phil Collins, "In the Air of the Night"  
About that guy who could a saved that other guy from drowning  
But didn't, then Phil saw it all, then at a a show he found him?  
That's kinda how this is, you could a rescued me from drowning  
Now it's too late, I'm on a thousand downers now, I'm drowsy  
And all I wanted was a lousy letter or a call

I hope you know I ripped all of your pictures off the wall  
I love you Slim, we coulda been together, think about it  
You ruined it now, I hope you can't sleep and you dream about it  
And when you dream I hope you can't sleep and you scream about it  
I hope your conscience eats at you and you can't breathe without me  
See Slim, shut up bitch! I'm tryin' to talk!

Hey Slim, that's my girlfriend screamin' in the trunk  
But I didn't slit her throat, I just tied her up, see I ain't like you  
'Cause if she suffocates she'll suffer more, and then she'll die too

Well, gotta go, I'm almost at the bridge now  
Oh shit, I forgot, how am I supposed to send this shit out? My tea's gone cold I'm wondering why I  
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It's not so bad Dear Stan, I meant to write you sooner but I just been busy  
You said your girlfriend's pregnant now, how far along is she?  
Look, I'm really flattered you would call your daughter that  
And here's an autograph for your brother  
I wrote it on the Starter cap  
I'm sorry I didn't see you at the show, I must of missed you  
Don't think I did that shit intentionally just to diss you  
But what's this shit you said about you like to cut your wrists too?  
I say that shit just clownin' dog, come on, how fucked up is you?  
You got some issues Stan, I think you need some counseling  
To help your ass from bouncing off the walls when you get down some  
And what's this shit about us meant to be together?  
That type of shit will make me not want us to meet each other  
I really think you and your girlfriend need each other  
Or maybe you just need to treat her better

I hope you get to read this letter, I just hope it reaches you in time  
Before you hurt yourself, I think that you'll be doin' just fine  
If you relax a little, I'm glad I inspire you but Stan  
Why are you so mad? Try to understand, that I do want you as a fan  
I just don't want you to do some crazy shit

I seen this one shit on the news a couple weeks ago that made me sick  
Some dude was drunk and drove his car over a bridge  
And had his girlfriend in the trunk, and she was pregnant with his kid  
And in the car they found a tape, but they didn't say who it was to  
Come to think about, his name was, it was you  
Damn!

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