Stan

the n9n3

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'd all be gray
But your picture on my wall
It reminds me that it's not so bad
It's not so bad
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Dear Slim, I wrote you but you 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 have got 'em
It 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 out 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 scam
I got a room full of your posters
And your pictures man

I like the shit you did with Ruckus 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 Stan
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Dear Slim, you still ain't called or wrote
I hope you have the chance, I ain't mad
I just think it's fucked up, you don't answer fans
If you didn't want to talk to me
Outside the concert you didn't have to
But you could've signed an autograph for Matthew
That's my little brother man
He's only 6 years old
We waited in the blistering cold for you
For 4 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 write to 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 sayin' 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
With 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 growing up
You've 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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Dear Mister, I'm too good to call or write my fans
This'll 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 drink a fifth of vodka
Ya dare me to drive?
You know this song by Phil Collins
'From the air in the night'
About that guy who could have saved
That other guy from drowning?
But didn't, then Phil saw it all
Then at his show he found him
That's kinda how this is
You could have 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 your pictures off the wall

I loved you Slim, we could have 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 conscious eats at you
And you can't breathe without me
See Slim, "Shut up bitch!
I'm trying to talk"
Hey Slim, that's my girlfriend screaming 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?
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And even if I could it'd all be gray
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It's not so bad
Dear Stan, I meant to write you sooner
But I've 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 your starter cap
I'm sorry I didn't see you at the show
I must have missed you
Don't think I did that shit intentionally
Just to diss you
And what's this shit you said about
You like to cut your wrist too?
I say that shit just clownin' dawg
C'mon, how fucked up is you?
You got some issues Stan
I think you need some counselin"
To help your ass from bouncin' off the walls

When you get down some
And what's this shit about us
Meant to be together?
That type of shit'll 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'd 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 it didn't say who it was to?
Come to think about it
His name was, it was you! Damn!

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