

# Stan

## Reema Major

My tea's gone cold I'm wondering why I?  
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The morning rain clouds up my window  
And I can't see at all  
And even if I could it'd all be gray  
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It reminds me that 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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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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