Stan (feat. Dido)

Eminem

(Chorus)
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 great, but your picture on my wall
it reminds me that it's not so bad, it's not so bad

~verse 1~

Dear Slim, I wrote 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-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'ma
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 biggestfan.
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.

CHORUS:

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, but your picture on my wall
It reminds me, that it's not so bad, it's not so bad..

~verse 2~
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 your concert
You didn't have to but you could have 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 ya 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, but I just don't like bein' lied to.
Remember when we met in Denver, you said if I 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 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.
PS: We should be together too.

CHORUS:

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~verse 3~
Dear Mr. "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 drank a fifth of vodka, ya dare me to drive?"
You know that 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 of your pictures off the wall.
I love 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 aboutit.
I hope your conscious eats at you and you can't breathe withoutme.
See Slim, [*screaming*] 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?

{screeching tires, crashing sounds, car splashes into thewater}

CHORUS:

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~verse 4~
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 wrists 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'd be doin'
just fine
If you'd relax a little. I'm glad that 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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