

## **Eminem f/ Elton John**

### **"Stan"**

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[instrumental for the first 0:19 of this song]  
{\*thunderstorm with rain fall in the background\*}  
{\*piano plays softly leading up to Eminem's rap\*}

[Eminem as 'Stan']  
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; eff 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'ma 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 {\*silent\*} who  
didn't want him  
I know you probably hear this everyday, but I'm your  
biggest fan  
I even got the underground stuff that you did with  
Skam  
I got a room full of your posters and your pictures man  
I like the stuff you did with Rawkus too, that sh... was fat  
Anyways, I hope you get this man, hit me back  
just to chat, truly yours, your biggest fan  
This is Stan

[Chorus: Elton John]  
My tea's gone cold I'm wondering why  
I got out of bed at all  
The morning rain clouds up my window  
Oh I can't see at all!  
And even if I could it would all be gray  
But your picture on my wall  
It reminds me, that it's not so bad  
Not so bad..

[Eminem as 'Stan']

Dear Slim, you still ain't called or wrote, I hope you  
have a chance  
I ain't mad - I just think it's messed 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 crummy man - you're like his favorite 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 sayin in your songs  
so when I have a crummy day, I drift away and put 'em  
on  
Cause I don't really got `{*edit*}` else so that `{*edit*}`  
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

[Chorus: Elton John]

[Eminem as 'Stan']

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 sendin you, I hope you hear it

I'm in the car right now, I'm doin 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 coulda saved that other guy from  
drownin  
but didn't, then Phil saw it all, then at a a show he found  
him?  
That's kinda how this is, you coulda rescued me from  
drownin  
Now it's too late - I'm on a 1000 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 loved you Slim, we coulda been together, think about  
it  
You ruined it now, I hope you go to 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; {\*screaming\*} Shut up {\*edited\*}! 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, then she'll  
die too  
Well, gotta go, I'm almost at the bridge now  
Oh shoot, I forgot, how'm I supposed to send this tape  
out?  
{\*car tires squeal\*} {\*CRASH\*}  
.. {\*brief silence\*} .. {\*LOUD splash\*}

[Chorus: Elton John]

[Eminem]

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  
a Starter cap  
I'm sorry I didn't see you at the show, I musta missed  
you  
Don't think I did that sh... intentionally just to diss you

But what's this stuff you said about you like to cut your wrists too?  
I say that stuff just clownin dawg, c'mon - how messed 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 junk about us meant to be together?  
That type of crap'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 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 bit  
I seen this one {\*edit\*} on the news a couple weeks ago that made me sick  
Some dude was drunk and drove this 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!

{\*audience screams and applauds\*}

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