

## Didjits

### "Stan"

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#### 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 grey, but your picture on  
my wall  
It reminds me that it's not so bad, it's not so bad  
X2

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  
ScamZ.

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

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

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 o' 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 about it.

I hope your conscious eats at you and you can't breathe without me.

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?

{screaching tires, crashing sounds, car splashes into the water}

## CHORUS

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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