

Eminem

"Stan. Feat, Dido"

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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

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'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 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 Skam

I got a room full of your posters and your pictures, man
I like the shit you did with Rawkus 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 a chance

I ain't mad, I just think it's fucked 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

Four 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'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 saying 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 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

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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 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
drowning
But didn't then Phil saw it all, then at a show he found
him?
That's kinda how this is, you coulda rescued me from
drowning
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 love you Slim, we coulda 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 conscience eats at you
And you can't breathe without me
See Slim, shut up bitch, 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 and
then she'll die too
Well, gotta go, I'm almost at the bridge now
Oh shit, I forgot, how'm I supposed to send this shit
out?

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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 the Starter cap

I'm sorry I didn't see you at the show, I musta missed
you
Don't think I did that shit intentionally just to diss you
But what's this shit you said about you like to cut your
wrists too?
I say that shit just clownin' dogg, c'mon, how
fucked up is you?

You got some issues Stan, I think you need some
counseling
To help your ass from bouncing 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 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 they didn't say
who it was to
Come to think about, his name was, it was you, damn

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