

## **Eminem Feat. Dido**

### **"Stan"**

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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  
Any ways, 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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