

## **Eminem Ft. Dido**

### **"Stan"**

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My tea's gone cold I'm wondering why I got out of bed  
at all  
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And even if I could it'd 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  
him  
There probably was a problem at the post office or  
something

Sometimes I scribble addresses too sloppy when I jot  
him  
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 Ruckus too, that shit was phat  
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 fucking 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 being 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, PS, 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 trying 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 am 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 clowning dog, 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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