

Stan - Eminem Feat. Dido Lyrics

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"Stan"

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

My tea's gone cold, I'm wondering why I

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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've 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 every day, 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 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 could've 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 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 Mr. I'm Too Good To Call Or Write My Fans

This will 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 ninety 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 could have 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 thousand 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 tryna 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 a Starter cap
I'm sorry I didn't see you at the show, I must've 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', dawg, come on, 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!

For any correction please mail us at showthelyrics1@gmail.com
