ton John

Anyways I hope you get this, man

Hit me back just to chat



Truly yours, your biggest fan
This is 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'd all be gray
But your picture on my wall
It reminds me that it's not so bad
Not so bad
Dear Slim, you (2) ain't called or wrote
I hope you have the chance, I ain't mad
I just think it's messed up, you don't answer fans
If you didn't want to talk to me
Outside the concert you didn't have to
But you could've 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 you just said "no"
That's pretty crummy man
You're like his favourite idol
He wants to be (3) 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 write to 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 crummy day
I drift away and put 'em on
'Cause I don't really got (4) else
So that shit helps when I'm depressed
I even got a tattoo
With (5) 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 (6) call me man
I'll be the (7) fan you'll ever lose
Sincerely yours, Stan
P.S. We should be together too
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 gray
But your picture on my wall

It reminds me that it's not so bad



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 drink a fifth of vodka

Ya dare me to drive?

You know this 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 your pictures off the wall

I loved you Slim, we could have been together

Think about it, you ruined it now

I hope you can't sleep and you (8)_____ about it

And when you dream, I hope you can't sleep

SUB	
And you scream about it	
I hope your conscious 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 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) shoo! I forgot!	
How am I supposed to send this tape out?	
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 gray	
But your picture on my wall	
It reminds me that it's not so bad	
Not so bad	
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 (9) your (10) th	at

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 stuff you said about

You like to cut your wrist too?

I say that shit just clownin' dawg

C'mon, how messed 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 junk about us

Meant to be together?

That type of crap'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'd 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 bit

I seen this one shit on the news



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!



- 1. office
- 2. still
- 3. just
- 4. shit
- 5. your
- 6. gotta
- 7. biggest
- 8. dream
- 9. call
- 10. daughter