# Stan (Live) by Eminem & Elton John 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 have got 'em It probably was a problem At the post office or somethin' Sometimes I scribble addresses Too sloppy when I jot 'em But anyways eff it What's been up man, how's your daughter? My girlfriend's pregnant too I'm out to be a father If I have a daughter, guess what I'm a call her? I'm a name her Bonnie I read about your Uncle Ronnie too, I'm sorry I had a friend kill himself over (1)\_\_\_\_\_ bitch Who didn't want him I know you probably hear this everyday But I'm your biggest fan I even got the underground stuff That you did with Skam I got a room full of (2)\_\_\_\_\_ posters And your pictures man I like the stuff you did with (3)\_\_\_\_\_ 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  |
| My tea's gone cold I'm wondering why?                   |
| I got out of bed at all                                 |
| The (4) rain clouds up my window                        |
| And I can't see at all                                  |
| And even if I (5) 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 still 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 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 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 (6) 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 shit else

So that shit helps when I'm depressed

I even got a tattoo

With 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 growing up

You've gotta call me man

I'll be the biggest 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 dream about it

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



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 call your daughter that

And here's an autograph for your brother

I wrote it on (7)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (8) 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 (9) 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 (10) 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. some
- 2. your
- 3. Ruckus
- 4. morning
- 5. could
- 6. relate
- 7. your
- 8. said
- 9. think
- 10. crazy

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