

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 (1)_ 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 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 stuff That you did with Skam I got a room full of your posters And your pictures man I like the stuff you did with Ruckus too

That shit was fat

Hit me back just to chat

Anyways I hope you get this, man



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 still ain't called or wrote
I (2) 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 (3) 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 (4) 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 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 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 (5)_____ 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

It reminds me that it's not so bad

But your picture on my wall

JUB
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 (6) have (7) together
Think about it, you ruined it now
I hope you can't sleep and you dream about it

And (8)_____ 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 (9) now
How far along is she?
Look I'm really flattered
You would call your daughter that
And here's an autograph for (10) 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. pregnant
- 2. hope
- 3. talk
- 4. wants
- 5. tell
- 6. could
- 7. been
- 8. when
- 9. pregnant
- 10. your