

Stan

Alec Benjamin

My tea's gone cold
I'm wondering why I got out of bed at all
The morning rain cloud touched my window
And I can't see at all
And even if I could it would all be gray
I put your picture on my wall
It reminds me that it's not so bad, it's not so bad

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 don't wanna to 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 blisterin' 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 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 sayin' 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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And the story isn't over, but I have to tell the truth
I know I couldn't do it justice, only one who could is you
Because I idolized you Marshall, and nobody understands
Maybe I'm a little crazy, maybe I am just like Stan, damn