

G#m Emaj7 F# B B/A# G#m
 My tea's gone cold, I'm wondering why I got out of bed at all
G#m Emaj7 F# B B/A# G#m
 The morning rain clouds up my window and I can't see at all
G#m Emaj7 F# B B/A# G#m
 And even if I could, it'd all be gray, but your picture on my wall
Emaj7 Emaj7/F Emaj7
 It reminds me that it's not so bad, it's not so bad
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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 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, fuck 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 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 shit that you did with Scam
 I got a room full of your posters and your pictures, man
 I like the shit you did with Ruckus 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

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Dear Slim, you still ain't called or wrote, I hope you have the chance
 I ain't mad, I just think it's fucked 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 have 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 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 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, . PS: We should be together, too

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Dear Mr. "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 drank a fifth of vodka, you dare me to drive?
You know the song by Phil Collins in "The Air in The Night"?

About that guy who could have saved that other guy from drowning?
But they 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 o' your pictures off the wall
I love 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 conscience eats at you and you can't breathe without me
See Slim, {screaming} 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 shit, I forgot, how am I supposed to send this shit out?

Bridge:

Emaj7 Emaj7/F Emaj7 Emaj7 Emaj7/F Emaj7
(Screeching tires, crashing sounds; car splashes into the water)

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Dear , 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 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
But what's this shit you said about you like to cut your wrists, too?
I say that shit just clownin' dawg, c'mon, how fucked up is you?
You got some issues, , I think you need some counselin'
To help your ass from bouncin' off the walls when you be 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'd relax a little. I'm glad that I inspire you, but
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 it didn't say who it was to
Come to think about it... his name was S... it was you. Damn.