John Wayne Gacy Jr by Sufjan Stevens

Fill in the gaps

His father was a drinker	
And his mother cried in bed	
Folding John Wayne's t-shirts	
When the swingset hit his head	
The neighbors they adored him	
For his humor and his conversation	
Look underneath the house there	
Find the few living things	
Rotting fast, in their sleep	
Oh, the dead	
Twenty-seven people	
Even more, they were boys	
With (1) cars, summer jobs	
Oh my God	

Are you one of them?

He dressed up like a clown for them

With his face paint white	and red
And on his best behavior	
In a dark room on the be-	d
He (2) (3) all
He'd kill ten (4)	people
With a sleight of his hand	I
Running far, (5)	fast to the dead
He took off all their clothe	es for them
He put a cloth on their lip	s
Quiet hands, quiet (6)	on the mouth
And in my (7)	behavior
I am really just like him	
Look (8)	_ the floor boards
For the (9)	I have hid



- 1. their
- 2. kissed
- 3. them
- 4. thousand
- 5. running
- 6. kiss
- 7. best
- 8. beneath
- 9. secrets

Fill in the gaps