

## John Wayne Gacy Jr by Sufjan Stevens

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 their cars, summer jobs Oh my God... Are you one of them? He dressed up like a clown for them

With his (1) pai	int (2) and red
And on his (3)	behavior
In a dark room on the bed	
He kissed them all	
He'd (4) ten the	ousand people
With a sleight of his hand	
Running far, (5)	fast to the dead
He took off all their clothes for them	
He put a cloth on their lips	
Quiet hands, (6)	kiss on the mouth
And in my best behavior	
I am really just like him	
Look (7)	the floor boards
For the secrets I have hid	



- 1. face
- 2. white
- 3. best
- 4. kill
- 5. running
- 6. quiet
- 7. beneath

## Fill in the gaps