

John Wayne Gacy Jr by Sufjan Stevens

His father was a drinker				
And his (1) cried in bed				
Folding John Wayne's t-shirts				
When the swingset hit his head				
The (2) they adored him				
For his humor and his conversation				
Look underneath the house there				
Find the few living things				
Rotting fast, in (3) 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 (4) up like a clown for them				

	With his (5)	paint whi	ite and red	
	And on his best behavior In a dark room on the bed			
	He kissed them all			
	He'd kill ten thousand people With a sleight of his hand Running far, running fast to the dead			
	He (6) o	ff all their clo	thes for them	
	He put a cloth on (7)	_ lips	
	Quiet hands, quiet kiss on the mouth			
	And in my best behavior			
	l am (8)	(9)	like him	
	Look beneath the floor boards			
	For the (10)	I	have hid	



- 1. mother
- 2. neighbors
- 3. their
- 4. dressed
- 5. face
- 6. took
- 7. their
- 8. really
- 9. just

10. secrets

Fill in the gaps