



## Fill in the gaps

### 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 (1)\_\_\_\_\_ adored him  
For his humor and his conversation  
Look underneath the (2)\_\_\_\_\_ there  
Find the few living things  
Rotting fast, in their sleep  
Oh, the dead  
Twenty-seven people  
Even more, they were boys  
With (3)\_\_\_\_\_ cars, (4)\_\_\_\_\_ jobs  
Oh my God...  
Are you one of them?  
He (5)\_\_\_\_\_ up like a clown for them

With his face paint white and red  
And on his best behavior  
In a dark room on the bed  
He (6)\_\_\_\_\_ them all  
He'd kill ten thousand people  
With a sleight of his hand  
Running far, running fast to the dead  
He took off all (7)\_\_\_\_\_ clothes for them  
He put a cloth on their lips  
Quiet hands, quiet kiss on the mouth...  
And in my best behavior  
I am really just like him  
Look beneath the floor boards  
For the secrets I (8)\_\_\_\_\_ hid



Answer

1. they
2. house
3. their
4. summer
5. dressed
6. kissed
7. their
8. have

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