



## 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 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, (1)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (2)\_\_\_\_\_ room on the bed  
He (3)\_\_\_\_\_ them all  
He'd kill ten thousand people  
With a sleight of his hand  
Running far, running (4)\_\_\_\_\_ to the dead  
He (5)\_\_\_\_\_ off all their clothes for them  
He put a cloth on their lips  
Quiet hands, (6)\_\_\_\_\_ kiss on the mouth...  
And in my (7)\_\_\_\_\_ behavior  
I am (8)\_\_\_\_\_ just like him  
Look beneath the floor boards  
For the (9)\_\_\_\_\_ I have hid



Answer

1. summer
2. dark
3. kissed
4. fast
5. took
6. quiet
7. best
8. really
9. secrets

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