



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



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Answer

1. neighbors
2. they
3. adored
4. white
5. kissed
6. thousand
7. kiss
8. best
9. really