

Sufjan Stevens - John Wayne Gacy Jr

Tom: **G**

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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

27 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 white 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 slight 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 kiss on the
 mouth
 And in my best behavior
 I am really just like him
 Look beneath the floor boards
 For the secrets I have hid

Acordes

