

## Sufjan Stevens

### "John Wayne Gacy, Jr."

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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 all were 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 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

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