

# Sufjan Stevens

## ""John Wayne Gacy""

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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 of 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 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 sleight of his hand  
Running far, running fast to the dead  
He took of 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 floorboards  
For the secrets I have hid

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