

# Sufjan Stevens - John Wayne Gacy Jr

Tom: G

Em 022000  
 D xx0232  
 Bm x24432  
 G 320033

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

