Thriller
Words and Music by
ROD TEMPERTON

Moderately bright
C#m  E
F#  C#m7

It's close to midnight and some-thin' evil's lurk-in' in the dark.
You hear the door slam and re-al-ize there's no-where left to run.
They're out to get you. There's de-mons clos-in' in on ev-ry side.

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Under the moonlight you feel the cold hand and they will possess you un-

see a sight that almost stops your heart. You try to scream, but
wonder if you'll ever see the sun. You close your eyes, and less you change that number on your dial. Now is the time for

terror takes the sound before you make it. You start to freeze.
hope that this is just imagination. But all the while...
you and I to cuddle close together. All thru the night.
as horror looks, you right between the eyes. You're paralyzed.
you hear the creature creepin' up behind. You're out of time.
I'll save you from the terror on the screen. I'll make you see

'Cause this is thriller,
'Cause this is thriller,
that this is thriller,

no one's gonna save you from the beast about to strike. You know, it's
ain't no second chance against the thing with forty eyes. You know, it's
I could thrill you more than any ghost would dare to try. Girl, this is
thril-ler, thrill-ler, thrill-ler night. You're fight-ing for your life in-side a
thrill-ler, thrill-ler night. You're fight-ing for your life in-side a
thrill-ler, thrill-ler night, so let me hold you tight and share a
kill-er thrill-er to-night.
kill-er thrill-er to-night.
kill-er thrill-er to-night.
night. Night crea-tures call and the
dead start... to walk in their masquerade.

There's...

no... escapin' the jaws of the alien this time.

This is... the end of your life.

killer thriller.
RAP: Darkness falls across the land.  
The midnight hour is close at hand.  
Creatures crawl in search of blood.  
To terrorize y'awl's neighborhood.  
And whosoever shall be found.  
Without the soul for getting down.  
Must stand and face the hounds of hell.  
And rot inside a corpse's shell.

The foulest stench is in the air,  
The funk of forty thousand years,  
And grizzly ghouls from every tomb.  
Are closing in to seal your doom.  
And though you fight to stay alive,  
Your body starts to shiver,  
For no mere mortal can resist  
The evil of a thriller.