

NO SAX

Thriller

F

Keyboard

Dm F G Dm7 F6

5

7 G F

It's close to mid-night, and some-thing e - vil's lurk-ing in the dark.
You hear the door slam, and re - a - lize there's no-where left to run.
They're out to get you, there's de - mons clos-ing in on ev-'ry side.

10 G

Un - der the moon - light,
You feel the cold
They will pos - sess you
and un -

13 F

see a sight that al - most stops your heart.
won - der if you'll ev - er see the sun
less you change that num - ber on your dial.
You try to
You close your
Now is the

15 G Bb7

scream, but ter - ror takes the sound be - fore you make it.
eyes - and hope that this is just i - mag - i - na - tion.
time - for you and I to cud - dle close to - geth - er.

18 G

You start to freeze as hor - ror looks you right be - tween the
But all the while you hear a crea - ture creep - ing up be -
All through the night, I'll save you from the ter - ror on the

21 Bb7 C6

eyes. You're par - a - lyzed, 'cause this is
hind. You're out of time, 'cause this is
screen. I'll make you see. that this is

2

23 Dm F G Dm7 G7

thrill-er, thrill-er night, and no one's gon-na save you from the beast
thrill-er, thrill-er night. There ain't no sec-ond chance a - gainst the thing
thrill-er, thrill-er night, 'cause I can thrill you more than an - y ghost

26

Dm F G Dm7

— a - bout to strike. You know it's thrill - er, thrill - er night. You're
with for - ty eyes. Thrill - er, thrill - er night. You're
would ev - er dare try. Thrill - er, thrill - er night. So

29

G7 B7 G7 To Coda Ø

fight - ing for your life in - side a kill - er, thrill - er, to -
fight - ing for your life in - side a kill - er, thrill - er, to -
let me hold you tight and share a kill - er, thrill - er, to -

31

1. F6

night.

33

2. F6

night.

36

G F 3 3 Bb C7

Night crea-tures call - ing, the dead start to walk in their mas - quer-ade.

40

G F 3 3 Bb

There's no es - cap - ing the jaws of the al - ien this time.

43

F 3

D.S. al Coda

This is the end of your life.

Φ Coda

3

46 F6 G F

night. Spoken (1) Darkness falls across the land, the midnight hour is close at hand.
 (2) The foulest stench is in the air, the funk off forty thousand years.

51 G F

Creatures crawl in search of blood to terrorize y'all's neighborhood.
 And grizzly ghouls from every tomb are closing in to seal your doom.

55 G F

And whosoever shall be found without the soul for getting down
 And though you fight to stay alive, your body starts to shiver,

59 G F

Must stand and face the hounds of hell and rot inside a corpse's shell.
for no mere mortal can resist the evil of the thriller.

63 G 1. F

67 2.

Ah Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha, Ah Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha, Ah Ha Ha Ha Ha!