

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.

31

33 2. F6

night.

33

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

This is the end of your life.

D.S. al Coda

Φ Coda

3

46 F 6

G

F

night.

Spoken

(1) Darkness falls across the land,  
(2) The foulest stench is in the air;

the midnight hour is close at hand.  
the funk off forty thousand years.

51 G

F

Creatures crawl in search of blood  
And grizzly ghouls from every tomb

to terrorize y'all's neighborhood.  
are closing in to seal your doom.

55 G

F

And whosoever shall be found  
And though you fight to stay alive,

without the soul for getting down  
your body starts to shiver,

59 G

F

Must stand and face the hounds of hell  
for no mere mortal can resist

and rot inside a corpse's shell.  
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!