Thriller - Michael Jackson

Michael Jackson Lyrics

Thriller Lyrics

1st Verse

It's Close To Midnight And Something Evil's Lurking In The Dark
Under The Moonlight You See A Sight That Almost Stops Your Heart
You Try To Scream But Terror Takes The Sound Before You Make It
You Start To Freeze As Horror Looks You Right Between The Eyes,
You're Paralyzed

Chorus

'Cause This Is Thriller, Thriller Night
And No One's Gonna Save You From The Beast About
Strike
You Know It's Thriller, Thriller Night
You're Fighting For Your Life Inside A Killer, Thriller
Tonight

2nd Verse

You Hear The Door Slam And Realize There's Nowhere Left To Run
You Feel The Cold Hand And Wonder If You'll Ever See The Sun
You Close Your Eyes And Hope That This Is Just
Imagination
But All The While You Hear The Creature Creepin' Up
Behind
You're Out Of Time

Chorus

'Cause This Is Thriller, Thriller Night
There Ain't No Second Chance Against The Thing With
Forty Eyes
You Know It's Thriller, Thriller Night
You're Fighting For Your Life Inside Of Killer, Thriller Tonight

Bridge

Night Creatures Call
And The Dead Start To Walk In Their Masquerade
There's No Escapin' The Jaws Of The Alien This Time
(They're Open Wide)
This Is The End Of Your Life

3rd Verse

They're Out To Get You, There's Demons Closing In On Every Side
They Will Possess You Unless You Change The Number On Your Dial
Now Is The Time For You And I To Cuddle Close Together
All Thru The Night I'll Save You From The Terror On The Screen,
I'll Make You See

Chorus

That This Is Thriller, Thriller Night

'Cause I Can Thrill You More Than Any Ghost Would Dare To Try
Girl, This Is Thriller, Thriller Night
So Let Me Hold You Tight And Share A Killer, Diller, Chiller
Thriller Here Tonight

Rap Performed By Vincent Price

Darkness Falls Across The Land
The Midnite Hour Is Close At Hand
Creatures Crawl In Search Of Blood
To Terrorize Y'awl's Neighbourhood
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 Grizzy 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 The Thriller

Into Maniacal Laugh, In Deep Echo