

# Michael Jackson, Thriller Megamix

It's close to midnight,  
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 take the sound before you make it  
You start to freeze,  
As horror looks you right between your eyes  
You're paralyzed

'Cause this is thriller, thriller night  
And no one's gonna save you from the beast about to strike  
You know it's thriller, thriller night  
You're fighting for your life, inside of  
Killer, thriller, tonight

You hear the door slam,  
And realize there's nowhere left to run  
You feel the cold hand,  
And wonder if you ever see the sun  
You close your eyes,  
And hope that this is just imagination, girl  
But all the while, you hear a creature creepin' up behind  
You're out of time

'Cause this is thriller, thriller night  
There ain't no second chance to against the thing with the forty eyes, girl  
Thriller, thriller night  
You're fighting for your life, inside of  
Killer, thriller, tonight

Night creatures calling, the dead start to walk in their masquerade  
There's no escaping the jaws of the alien this time  
(They're open wide)  
This is the end of your life

They're out to get you  
There's demons closing in on every sight  
They will possess you,  
Unless you change that number on your dial  
Now is the time,  
For you and I to cuddle close together, yeah  
All through the night, I'll save you from the terror on the screen  
I'll make you see

That this is thriller, thriller night  
'Cause I can thrill you more than any ghost would ever dare try  
Thriller, thriller night  
So let me hold you tight and share a  
Killer, thriller, killer, thriller, here tonight

'Cause this is thriller, thriller night  
Girl, I can thrill you more than any ghost would ever dare try  
Thriller, thriller night  
So let me hold you tight and share a  
Killer, thriller-

"Darkness falls across the land  
The midnight hour is close at hand  
Creatures crawling in search of blood  
To terrorize yours 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 grisly 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."