

Thriller (Woodhead Ghetto Re-Edit)

Michael Jackson

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'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 a killer
Thriller tonightYou 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'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 a killer
Thriller tonightNight 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 lifeThey'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 through the night I'll save you from the terrors on
The screen
I'll make you seeThat it's a thriller, thriller night

'Cause I can thrill you more than any ghost
Would ever dare try
Girl, this is thriller, thriller night
So let me hold you tight and share a killer, diller
Chiller
Thriller here tonightThat it's a thriller, thriller night
'Cause I can thrill you more than any ghost
Would ever dare try
Girl, this is thriller, thriller night
So let me hold you tight and share a killer, dillerDarkness 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 shellThe 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 the thriller

Songwriters

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