

THRILLER

Words and Music by
ROD TEMPERTON

Moderately bright

C#m E

F# C#m7

mf

F#7

C#m7

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

Thriller - 6 - 1

F#7



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

C#m7



F#7



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

C#m7



ter - ror takes the sound be - fore you make it. You start to fr
 hope that this is just i - mag - i - na - tion. But all the w
 you and I to cud - dle close to - geth - er. All thru the ni

F#7



C#m7



Amaj7



as hor - ror looks you right be - tween the eyes. You're par - a - lyzed.
 you hear the crea - ture creep - in' up be - hind. You're out of time.
 I'll save you from the ter - ror on the screen. I'll make you see

G#m7



C#m



E



F#



C#m7



'Cause this is thrill - er, thrill - er night, and
 'Cause this is thrill - er, thrill - er night. There
 that this is thrill - er, thrill - er night, 'cause

F#7



F#m7



no one's gon - na save you from the beast a - bout to strike. You know, it's
 ain't no sec - ond chance a - gainst the thing with for - ty eyes. You know, it's
 I could thrill you more than an - y ghost would dare to try. Girl, this is

C#m E

4 fr. 0 0 0 0

F# C#m7

4 fr.

F#7

To Coda

thrill - er, - thrill - er night. You're fight - ing for your life in - side
 thrill - er, - thrill - er night. You're fight - ing for your life in - side
 thrill - er, - thrill - er night, so let me hold you tight and share

1. A7 F#7 A/B C#m7

4 fr.

kill - er thrill - er to - night.

2. A7 F#7 A/B

kill - er thrill - er

C#m7 E F#7

4 fr. 0 0 0 0

night. Night crea - tures call and the

Amaj9



B



C#m7



dead start_ to walk in_ their mas - quer-ade.

There's.

E/B



A#m7-5



They're o - pen

_ no_ es - cap - in'_ the jaws of_ the a - lien_ this time.

Amaj7



G#7sus4



G#7



D. S. $\frac{3}{4}$ al Coda C

wide.

This is_ the end of your life.

Coda

A7



F#7



A/B



C#m



kill - er thrill-er.

*Repeat ad lib for rap*C#m
4 fr.

A/C#
x x0

B/C#
x

F#/C#

RAP: Darkness 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 shell.

The 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 a thriller.

THEY DON'T CARE ABOUT US

Written and Composed by
MICHAEL JACKSON

Moderately slow ♩ = 88

Verse:
N.C.

1. Skin head, dead head, ev - ery - bod - y gone bad. Sit - u - a - tion, ag - grav - a - tion, ev - ery - bod - y al - leg - a - tion.
2. Beat me, hate me, you can nev - er break me. Will me, thrill me, you can nev - er kill me.
3. Skin head, dead head, ev - ery - bod - y gone bad. Trep - i - da - tion, spe - cu - la - tion, ev - ery - bod - y al - leg - a - tion.

In the suite, on the news ev - ery - bod - y dog food. Bang, bang, shock dead, ev - ery - bod - y's gone mad.
Chew me, sue me, ev - ery - bod - y do me. Kick me, hike me, don't you black or white me.
In the suite, on the news ev - ery - bod - y dog food. Black man, black - mail, throw the broth - er in jail.

All I wan - na say is that they don't real - ly care a - bout__ us.
All I wan - na say is that they don't real - ly care a - bout__ us.
All I wan - na say is that they don't real - ly care a - bout__ us.