## Dear Mr. Murdoch

**Roger Taylor** 

Dear Mr Murdoch, what have you done? With your news of the screws and your soaraway sun You sharpen our hatred You've blunted our minds We're drowning in nipples and bingo and sex crimes

How many times must they poke and they pry Must they twist and lie Just to add to the grime they even screwed up the times Love to kick their ass goodbye, oh wouldn't I?

Dear Mr Murdoch you play hard to see But with your bare arsed cheek you should be on page three Dear Mr Murdoch you're really the pits Bad news is good business, you're the king of the tits

They stain all they touch, they're real woman haters But we're on their trail They go straight for the lowest common denominators How could they fail - go straight to jail (no bail)

Dear Mr Murdoch you're a powerful man You control half our media whose life blood is scam Dear Mr Murdoch we're not so amused Just line up the people whose lives they've abused

Dear Mr Murdoch you come down from on high You even bought up the air waves, you control all our sky

Dear Mr Murdoch where are you coming from Getting so hard to tell if you're a yank, oz or pom

And dear Mr Murdoch, um, you're really the pits Bad news is good business, you're the king of the tits