

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