

Now That I Own the BBC

Sparks

What was I thinking, what was I thinking
What was I thinking, what could I have been thinking
It's going one time, it's going two times
Sold to the gent who wears the stunned expression

As I took it off their hands
A five pound note was changing hands
As I took it off their hands
I had plans, I had plans

Now that I own the BBC
What am I supposed to do with this thing
Now that I own the BBC
What am I supposed to make of this thing

All this power, all this glory
All these DJs and all these lorries
What was I thinking, what was I thinking
What was I thinking, what could I have been thinking

Hey Rupert Murdoch, help me out
I'm flying blind, I'm flying blind
You know the way to lay things out
For the refined and unrefined

Hey Ted Turner, help me out
I'm flying blind, I'm flying blind
You know the way to work things out
To colorize and still feel fine

Make of it what you will, make of it what you will
Make of it what you will, make of it what you will

Should we go brighter, should we go lighter
Should we go whiter, go left or righter
What was I thinking, what was I thinking
I wasn't drinking, what could I have been thinking

Make of it what you will, make of it what you will
Make of it what you will, make of it what you will