

Roger Taylor, 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 time 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 arse goodbye oh wouldn't it!

Dear Mr. Murdoch you play hard to see
But with your bare-arsed cheek you should be on page three
And 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 values don't scan
And dear Mr. Murdoch we're not so amused
Just line up the people whose lives they've abused

Dear Mr. Murdoch what do you know
With your minions like vultures and carrion crow
They've sunk just as low as humans can sink
For profit they tell us how mass murderers think

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

Dear Mr. Murdoch you're a dangerous chap
With your jingoist lingo we're drowning in crap

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

Dear Mr. Murdoch you're really the pits
Bad news is good business, you're the king of the tits

Dear Mr. Murdoch you do it with zing
At lowering the standards you're really the king

And dear Mr. Murdoch what have you done?
You're not quite as nice as attila the hun