

It's All Who You Know

Newsboys

For the want of a marker
The doctors lost their place
For the want of a cut-line
They couldn't lift his face
For the want of a face lift
His ratings dropped
Then the sitcom folded
Then the network flopped

After the climb
After time turns designs to despair
It is good
Nothing's fair
It's all who you know

For the want of a cough drop
the musher's throat went hoarse
For the want of direction
The huskies went off course
Then the sled got snowbound
It took some time to free'em
Now they're on display
Inside the British Museum

After the climb
After time turns designs to despair
It is good
Nothing's fair
It's all who you know

And after the fall
After all of our strivings are dust
Even so
Good for us
It's all who you know

For the want of a compass
We'd be shuffling charts
For the want of good radar
We'd be glacier parts
For the want of a lighthouse
Can't you see
We'd be lost at sea
Lost at sea

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