

Issachar

The Mighty Mighty Bosstones

Where's the wizzler, where's the corn?
Get jacuzzi on the horn
Issachar! Issachar!

Whatever happened to the mob? Issachar!
He had to quit and get a job. Issachar!
Road manager, security, Issachar!
Hangin' shirts and makin' tea. Issachar!
Where's the wizzler, where's the corn? Issachar!
Near the elevator, is there porn? Issachar!
What a man gotta deal wit! Issachar!
My head's not orange, cut the shit! Issachar!

Jack, Jack ca mi sey Jack Flanagan.
Mi a go tell a likkie storie bout mi good bredren wa go by de n
ame of Jack Flanagan.
It was a long time ago down a C.B.G.B.
Mi look pon mi bredren name Docta Dready.
Mi sey Docta D. who booked dis opening band.
Mon in a 3 piece suit wit guitar ina im hand, ca mi sey Jack Fl
anagan.
On the road and on the phone, Issachar!
Roll up the window roll a bone. Issachar!
Rollin' a buck in a forty zone. Issachar!
Now settle up and head for home. Issachar!

He's Issachar now hear him roar Issachar!
When he's lost his temper find the door Issachar!
It's almost always good to see him, Issachar!
He's one damn fine human being. Issachar!

Jack Flanagan.
Mi bredren Bosstones dem naw slip dem naw miss Flanagan
im was di Mob guitarist nowadays he manage Reggae artist
so when you wan get pin Micky Dread guest list Jack Flanagan
him naw resist Jack Flanagan, Jack Flanagan,
sounds played by the Mighty Mighty Bosstones would entertain yo
u, yeah, caught me sayin* .?.?.
Got us 'cross the border, helpin' hand when it began.
Kept our shit in order my man Jack Flanagan.
In his town he'll hook you up, he'll show you 'round, he'll wat
ch your back.
When we head down we look him up and hang around with Irish Jac
k.
Much, much, much respect, in this world it's hard to find Issac
har!
A stand up guy who'll stand behind you if you're ever in a bind
Issachar!

My man Jack he comes to mind Issachar!