

(Dickie Barrett/Nate Albert/Joe Gittleman/Tim Burton/Bosstones)

Where's the wizzler, where's the corn?  
Get jacuzzi on the horn, where's the wizzler  
Whatever happened to the mob?  
He had to quit and get a job  
Road manager, security,  
Hangin' shirts and makin' tea  
Where's the wizzler, where's the corn?  
Near the elevator, is there porn?  
What a a man gotta deal wit!  
My head's not orange, cut the shit!  
Jack, Jack ca mi sey Jack Flanagan  
Mi a go tell a likkie storie bout mi good bredren  
Wa go by de name of Jack Flanagan  
It was a long time ago down a CBGB  
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 Flanagan  
On the road and on the phone,  
Roll up the window roll a bone  
Rollin' a buck in a forty zone  
Now settle up and head for home  
He's Issachar now hear him roar  
When he's lost his temper find the door  
It's almost always good to see him,  
He's one damn fine human being  
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  
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 watch your back  
When we head down we look him up  
and hang around with Irish Jack  
Much, much, much respect,  
In this world it's hard to find  
A stand up guy who'll stand behind  
You if you're ever in a bind  
My man Jack he comes to mind