“Jerry Lee Lewis's Secret Marriage to Thirteen-Year-Old First Cousin Revealed During British Isles Tour, 1959. His Manager Speaks:”

Dumb career move, Killer. The IRS is on your case, Sending letters, agents. And you just say it's a bad luck streak? Christ, she doesn't even menstruate! My bookie'd give your pre-vert marriage eight weeks. What do you talk about at night, or need I ask? And get this through your stupid Cracker skull: Your little stunt's a felony in every state But Arkansas. Get it? Il-leg-al.

So go ahead and play piano with your nose, And tear your shirt off singing “High School Confidential.” But the Feds'll take the Cadillac and clothes, Leave you without a nose to pick. They play hardball. They'll bleed you until every penny's spent. Your ass is grass, and where's my ten percent?