

**“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?