At Conception

Cursive

Jeannie's
Been throwing up all morning
Poor girl's been so heartsick
Ever since her boyfriend went to warFather Cole's
Done his best to console the girl
More so than some neighbors deem necessary
But you just can't measure young lovePicketing the clinic outside town
Father Cole holds the record
For turning twelve girls aroundIf anybody knows the
Sorrows of the young woman, it'sFather Cole
He's been acting out of sorts
That strange sermon he gave
Accepting termination due to rapeJeannie
Whispered, she's carrying
But there's one awful catch
Her boyfriend's been off in the desert for half a yearCole cried
"This simply cannot be!"
She quipped
"Quite the opposite
I'm hardly the virgin Mary""And you're no carpenter
So who will build my home?"
"Jeannie, you're just a kid
You can't conceive such mortal sins
Everything will be alright"What happens in confession
Stays in the confessional
What happens in confession
Stays in the confessionalWhat happens in confession
Stays in the confessional
So what goes on behind those curtains?Jeannie, you're just a kid
You won't conceive this mortal sin

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/