

## **Bob Dylan**

# **"Disease Of Conceit"**

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There's a whole lot of people suffering tonight  
From the disease of conceit  
Whole lot of people struggling tonight  
From the disease of conceit

Come right down the highway, straight down the line  
Rips into your senses, through your body and your  
mind  
Nothing about it that's sweet  
The disease of conceit

There's a whole lot of hearts breaking tonight  
From the disease of conceit  
Whole lot of hearts shaking tonight  
From the disease of conceit

Steps into your room, eats into your soul  
Over your senses you have no control  
Ain't nothing too discreet  
About the disease of conceit

There's a whole lot of people dying tonight  
From the disease of conceit  
Whole lot of people crying tonight  
From the disease of conceit

Comes right outta nowhere and you're down for the  
count  
From the outside world the pressure will mount  
Turn you into a piece of meat  
The disease of conceit

Conceit is a disease  
But the doctors got no cure  
They done a lot of research on it  
But what it is they're still not sure

There's a whole lot of people in trouble tonight  
From the disease of conceit  
Whole lot of people seein' double tonight  
From the disease of conceit

If your delusions of grandeur and an evil eye  
Give you the idea that you're too good to die  
Then they bury you from your head to your feet  
From the disease of conceit

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