

Bob Dylan, Legionnaire's Disease

Some say it was radiation, some say there was acid on the microphone,
Some say a combination that turned their hearts to stone,
But whatever it was, it drove them to their knees.
Oh, Legionnaire's disease.

I wish I had a dollar for everyone that died within that year,
Got 'em hot by the collar, plenty an old maid shed a tear,
Now within my heart, it sure put on a squeeze.
Oh, that Legionnaire's disease.

Granddad fought in a revolutionary war, father in the War of 1812,
Uncle fought in Vietnam and then he fought a war all by himself,
But whatever it was, it came out of the trees.
Oh, that Legionnaire's disease.