

# Bob Dylan, Disease Of Conceit

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  
Comes 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 out of 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 the disease that the doctors got no cure  
They've 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 seeing double tonight from the disease of conceit  
Give you delusions of grandeur and 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.