

Disease of Conceit

Bob Dylan

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.