

Disease of Conceit

Words and music Bob Dylan.

Album: Oh Mercy (1989).

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.

Bridge:

Conceit is a 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.