

Matters of Blood and Connection

Dashboard Confessional

Why do you speak with that accent now?
Everyone knows you're not from the streets.
You went to prep school in Cambridge,
With daughters and sons of the privileged elite.
Their fortunes from shipping and industry,
Their futures in yacht clubs and tails.
So why do you speak with that accent now?
Everyone knows you're moonlighting here.
To avail yourself of your heritage,
For a season or two in the sun.

Draw well from the funds in the trust,
Thanks to the fathers of fortunate sons,
For us it's a matter of charging the gates
For you it's a matter of blood and connections

Of blood and connections.

So who do you fool with that costume now?
Everyone knows you're not who you seem
You've got a hard way about you
For someone whose passage is already paid

By the sins and the schemes of your father
And the infinite reach of his arm

Draw well from the funds in the trust,
Thanks to the fathers of fortunate sons,
For us it's a matter of charging the gates
For you it's a matter of blood
Drink well from your bottomless cup
And bask in your good fortune
For us it's a matter of charging the gates
For you it's a matter of blood and connections
So where will you be when you tire of the fun
The escape, the charade, and your time in the sun
I know everyone does their own reinvention
But yours has a taste that's hard to swallow

And what will you tell of your tenure with us?
Will you build yourself up, like the size of your hunt?
If they're anything like what you've been telling us,
Those stories will make true believers
Of the chumps and the fools.

So why do you speak with that accent now?
Everyone knows you're not from the streets.