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
The fortunes from shipping and industry
The futures in yacht clubs and tales
So why do you speak with that accent now?
Everyone knows your moonlighting here
To avail yourself of your heritage
For a season or two in the sun
Draw wealth 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 who's passage is already paid
By the sins and the schemes of your father
And the infinite reach of his arm
Draw wealth 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

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