There might not be a decent plan
It's not where you're from but where you stand
And as you lie the things are growing compartmentalized
The world is feeling far away
And undistracted by the little things that fall apart
And need attention everyday

I can't help it, there's nothing I can do now

You found the piece that makes us whole
Inside the armor that you stole
And all the while in some place you've never visited
There was slightly better fit
Lucky for you things are becoming much more globalized
You'll take as much as you can get

I can't help it, there's nothing I can do now