MIKA.MONTERO

The Lyrics

No Angel. No Apology. and Break You Out

Break You Out

No Angel

Palm Trees & Bad Decisions

Pretty Little Problem

Rent Free in Your Head

Money Can't Buy a Pulse

Don't Test the Lipstick

Girls Like Me Get Lonely Too

No Saints in South Beach

Mama Didn't Raise a Fool

Pretty When I'm Pissed

Love Me Like You Mean It

Bad Habit with a Heart

Everybody Wants the Sunshine

The Girl in the Rearview

Still Here, Still Trouble

MIKA.MONTERO

Break You Out

Single · out November 23, 2026

Cold open

Put your sequins on, Grandma,
I'm gonna break you out tonight.

Hook

Put your sequins on, Grandma,
I'm gonna break you out tonight,
They can lock every door in the building,
But they can't lock a voice inside.
One last song on Sunset,
Let me see you shine.

Verse 1

Ruby Rae, eighty-four, room two-twelve,
Lost my name, lost the year, lost most of herself.
But hum her one old ballad and her shoulders come alive,
She's back on Sunset Boulevard, nineteen sixty-five.
Sang the Starlight Room six nights a week for years,
Sequins and a spotlight, grown men wiping tears.
Then I read it in the paper: Friday, it comes down,
Last night of the Starlight, condos in the ground.
Asked the nurse for one night. "Visiting ends at nine.
Need a signature from family." Lady, that's mine.
"Need her son." Her son's in Vegas and he never calls.
So I said thank you, ma'am, and I studied the halls.

Hook

Put your sequins on, Grandma,
I'm gonna break you out tonight,
They can lock every door in the building,
But they can't lock a voice inside.
One last song on Sunset,
Let me see you shine.

Verse 2

Friday, eight-fifty, scrubs I bought online,
Laundry cart, a garment bag, her dress from sixty-nine.
Service stairs, she's giggling underneath the sheets,
"Honey, is this a robbery?" "Yeah, Grandma. Hold your seat."
Sunset in the rain, the old sign half alive,
Doorman saw the sequins, took his hat off, stepped aside.
Then the alarm at the home, twelve calls on my phone,
Blue lights on the window, but she walked in on her own.

Spoken

She sat down at the piano.
She looked at me.
And she said my name. "Mika."
First time in two years.
Then a cop walked through the door.
He looked at her. He looked at me.
And he sat down at the bar.

Bridge

Moonlight on Sunset, don't you wait for me,
I'll be singing somewhere you can't see.

Final hook

Put your sequins on, Grandma,
'Cause I broke you out tonight,
They can tear down every wall in the building,
But they can't tear down the light.
One last song on Sunset,
And, Grandma, you were shining.

Verse 3

They knocked it down on Monday. She don't remember that.
But every night at nine, her fingers tap, tap, tap.
And the cop wrote "family outing," signed it, let it be.
Sometimes the law's a man who still knows the melody.

Outro

Put your sequins on, Grandma.

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MIKA.MONTERO

No Angel

No Angel. No Apology. · track 1 of 15

Intro

You wanted an angel?
Wrong address, baby.
I came with a heartbeat,
a bad reputation
and absolutely no patience.

Verse 1

I got sunshine dripping off the dashboard,
Bare feet, big dreams, never asked for the passport.
Daddy said, "Baby, keep your head on straight,"
But the world got crooked, so I learned to navigate.
I know nice guys with a pocket full of lies,
Big gold watches, little truth behind their eyes.
He said he wants a woman he can understand,
I said, "Start by learning how to be a man."
I don't need a throne, I can sit on the floor,
I can walk out smiling while you're begging for more.
Got a little bit of chaos underneath this skin,
But I never blame the devil for the trouble I'm in.

Pre-Chorus

Don't put a halo on my head,
I got things I never said.
I'm not broken, I'm not blessed,
I'm just beautifully a mess.

Chorus

No angel, no apology,
You can't put a little cage around me.
Sweet face, sharp tongue, wild heart,
I was never made to play that part.
No angel, no alibi,
I tell the truth even when it bites.
Love me loud or leave me free,
You don't get to rewrite me.

Post-Chorus

Not your girl, not your game,
Same old world, different name.
No halo, no disguise,
Read my lips, I don't compromise.

Verse 2

I seen rich men cry in a rented-out suite,
And broke men dance with the whole damn street.
Funny how a dollar makes a stranger feel tall,
Till the lights go out and nobody calls.
I got friends who smile with a war in their chest,
People looking perfect but they never get rest.
Everybody's selling some version of a dream,
Nobody's asking what the silence really means.
So don't call me difficult, call me awake,
I know the difference between love and a mistake.
I can wear red lipstick, talk dirty, think deep,
And still have a soul that you don't get to keep.

Bridge

Maybe I get scared when the room gets quiet,
Maybe I run when I should start a riot.
Maybe underneath this fearless show,
There's a girl who still has things to know.

Final Chorus

No angel, no apology,
You can't put a little cage around me.
Sweet face, sharp tongue, wild heart,
I was never made to play that part.
No angel, no alibi,
I tell the truth even when it bites.
Love me loud or leave me free,
You don't get to rewrite me.

Outro

And for the record...
I never asked to be your good girl.

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MIKA.MONTERO

Palm Trees & Bad Decisions

No Angel. No Apology. · track 2 of 15

Intro

Miami, baby.
Where the rent is high,
the drinks are overpriced
and everybody's somebody.
Let's go.

Verse 1

Two a.m., Ocean Drive, windows down,
He said he's a king in this part of town.
Got a rented Lambo and a borrowed chain,
Told me he's different, then he did the same.
I'm in the passenger seat, eating French fries,
Watching his reflection tell a thousand lies.
He says, "You're trouble," like it's something new,
Honey, your therapist already knows about you.
Pink sky fading on the Biscayne Bay,
Everybody's got a price, everybody's got a play.
I could fall in love with the view tonight,
But the man in the mirror ain't looking right.

Chorus

Palm trees and bad decisions,
Champagne dreams with no permission.
Kiss me once, then miss me twice,
Miami never gives advice.
Palm trees, headlights, midnight blue,
Everybody's got a story, I got two.
One for the morning, one for the night,
I make bad decisions look alright.

Verse 2

He bought me roses, I bought my own ride,
He wants a girlfriend, I want the whole sky.
He says he's jealous when I dance alone,
I said, "That's cute, but this ain't your home."
My best friend says I should settle down,
But she just booked a flight to another town.
We're all pretending that we're doing fine,
Taking pretty pictures while we're losing time.
And I ain't judging, I've made mistakes,
I've kissed the wrong lips for the right escape.
But life gets boring when you play it safe,
Just don't confuse a good night with a soulmate.

Pre-Chorus

The ocean doesn't keep a secret,
The city doesn't care who sees it.
If tomorrow comes too soon,
We'll blame the stars and change the tune.

Chorus

Palm trees and bad decisions,
Champagne dreams with no permission.
Kiss me once, then miss me twice,
Miami never gives advice.
Palm trees, headlights, midnight blue,
Everybody's got a story, I got two.
One for the morning, one for the night,
I make bad decisions look alright.

Bridge

Maybe we're just scared of going home,
Scared of finding out we're still alone.
So we keep the music playing loud,
And disappear inside another crowd.

Final Chorus

Palm trees and bad decisions,
Champagne dreams with no permission.
Kiss me once, then miss me twice,
Miami never gives advice.
Palm trees, headlights, midnight blue,
Everybody's got a story, I got two.
One for the morning, one for the night,
I make bad decisions look alright.

Outro

And no, baby.
You cannot have my location.

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MIKA.MONTERO

Pretty Little Problem

No Angel. No Apology. · track 3 of 15

Intro

You look nervous.
That's adorable.
Did I do that?

Verse 1

Walk in late with my coffee cold,
Black dress, cheap jokes, expensive soul.
You got a checklist, I got a life,
You want a perfect girl? Try an online wife.
I don't do drama, I just tell the truth,
You call it attitude, I call it proof.
You talk about loyalty, show me the math,
You want the whole ocean but can't handle the bath.
I know your type, got the same old speech,
Big ambition, little self-belief.
You want a woman who's a work of art,
But get uncomfortable when she thinks too hard.

Pre-Chorus

You can try to figure me out,
But there's a reason I don't explain.
You keep looking for the exit,
Then you come right back again.

Chorus

I'm your pretty little problem,
The one you can't solve.
Too much attitude,
Not enough control.
I'm your pretty little problem,
Your favorite mistake.
You wanted something easy,
Baby, look what you made.
Pretty little problem,
Pretty little problem.
You can't fix what you can't own,
I was trouble on my own.

Post-Chorus

Can't fix me.
Can't script me.
Can't buy me.
Don't try me.

Verse 2

I got a soft spot, don't mistake that,
I'll forgive a lot, won't forget the facts.
I can make you laugh when the world's on fire,
Then leave your ego hanging on a telephone wire.
My mother says I always had a spark,
A little too loud, a little too smart.
I used to think that I should tone it down,
Now I wear my flaws like a golden crown.
And here's the thing that nobody says,
Some of us smile while we're losing our way.
You see the lipstick, the lights, the show,
You never ask what we don't let go.

Pre-Chorus

You can try to figure me out,
But there's a reason I don't explain.
You keep looking for the exit,
Then you come right back again.

Chorus

I'm your pretty little problem,
The one you can't solve.
Too much attitude,
Not enough control.
I'm your pretty little problem,
Your favorite mistake.
You wanted something easy,
Baby, look what you made.
Pretty little problem,
Pretty little problem.
You can't fix what you can't own,
I was trouble on my own.

Bridge

Sometimes I wish that I could stay,
Without feeling I should run away.
Sometimes I wish you'd see the girl,
Not just the chaos I bring to your world.
But I won't shrink to fit your hands,
I won't apologize for who I am.
PRETTY LITTLE PROBLEM Songtext, Fortsetzung

Final Chorus

I'm your pretty little problem,
The one you can't solve.
Too much attitude,
Not enough control.
I'm your pretty little problem,
Your favorite mistake.
You wanted something easy,
Baby, look what you made.
Pretty little problem,
Pretty little problem.
You can't fix what you can't own,
I was trouble on my own.

Outro

Tell your friends I'm difficult.
They'll probably agree.

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MIKA.MONTERO

Rent Free in Your Head

No Angel. No Apology. · track 4 of 15

Hook

I don't pay rent, but I'm living in your head,
You changed the locks, still you sleep in my bed.
You say you're over it, you say you're alright,
Funny how my name keeps you up every night.

Verse 1

I heard you told your friends I'm hard to forget,
Funny, I was barely getting dressed.
You know my coffee, know my favorite song,
But somehow couldn't tell when something's wrong.
You kept my picture in a drawer downstairs,
Like I wouldn't notice that you still care.
You ask about me like it's casual news,
But your voice gets strange when they mention somebody new.
I don't need detectives, I can read a room,
You made a whole religion out of missing you.
And I ain't even mad, that's the funniest part,
You lost the girl and kept the souvenir heart.

Chorus

I don't pay rent, but I'm living in your head,
You changed the locks, still you sleep in my bed.
You say you're over it, you say you're alright,
Funny how my name keeps you up every night.
You can close your eyes, you can turn away,
But memories don't listen when you tell them to behave.
I moved on quietly, you made a whole event,
Guess I'm doing pretty well, living rent free without paying
rent.

Verse 2

You still wear that jacket that I said looked cheap,
Now it's designer just because I used to tease.
You got a new girl, hope she likes the view,
Of a man still checking what his ex might do.
Don't get it twisted, I wish you well,
I hope you find some peace outside yourself.
But if you tell her that I'm crazy again,
At least make it sound like a compliment.
I wasn't your lesson, I wasn't your prize,
Just two imperfect people with different alibis.
You wanted a mirror that would flatter your face,
I wanted a partner, not another case.

Breakdown

Who pays? Not me.
Who stays? Not me.
Who's still awake at three?
Apparently not me.

Bridge

I hope one day you remember me
Without needing to prove something.
Some people leave a mark,
Not a debt.

Final Chorus

I don't pay rent, but I'm living in your head,
You changed the locks, still you sleep in my bed.
You say you're over it, you say you're alright,
Funny how my name keeps you up every night.
You can close your eyes, you can turn away,
But memories don't listen when you tell them to behave.
I moved on quietly, you made a whole event,
Guess I'm doing pretty well, living rent free without paying
rent.

Outro

And please...
Stop asking my friends about me.
It's getting embarrassing.

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MIKA.MONTERO

Money Can't Buy a Pulse

No Angel. No Apology. · track 5 of 15

Verse 1

Met a man on the thirty-second floor,
Had a million-dollar view and he still wanted more.
Said he hadn't slept in almost three days,
But his watch cost more than my first place.
His wife was at dinner, his kids were online,
He had six different numbers and nobody to dial.
He laughed when I asked if he was doing okay,
Said, "That's a dangerous question at the end of the day."
I've seen girls trade their weekends for a table with a view,
I've seen boys buy attention just to feel like somebody knew.
We keep putting price tags on the things we can't replace,
Then wonder why the mirror doesn't recognize our face.

Chorus

You can buy the lights,
You can buy the gold,
You can fill a house
But you can't buy a soul.
You can own the night,
You can run the town,
But money can't buy a pulse
When the heart shuts down.

Post-Chorus

Tell me, what's the price
Of a hand that stays?
What's a thousand nights
If nobody knows your name?
You can have it all,
Still be all alone.
Money buys a palace,
It can't make it a home.

Verse 2

There's a waitress working doubles just to pay the rent,
And a millionaire upstairs wondering where his weekends
went.
One has holes inside her shoes, one has gold around his neck,
Both are staring at the ceiling with the same amount of stress.
I don't romanticize the struggle, I know bills don't disappear,
And a full fridge tastes different when you've been hungry for a
year.
Money matters, let's be honest, I like comfort, I like choice,
But I've heard a thousand people with a mansion and no voice.
Somebody's mother waits for calls that never come,
Somebody's father keeps pretending that he's having fun.
Somebody's chasing numbers like the finish line is near,
But you can't take your followers to the funeral, my dear.

Pre-Chorus

What are we collecting?
What are we becoming?
All this running, running,
Where are we going?

Chorus

You can buy the lights,
You can buy the gold,
You can fill a house
But you can't buy a soul.
You can own the night,
You can run the town,
But money can't buy a pulse
When the heart shuts down.

Post-Chorus

Tell me, what's the price
Of a hand that stays?
What's a thousand nights
If nobody knows your name?
You can have it all,
Still be all alone.
Money buys a palace,
It can't make it a home.

Bridge

I want the kind of rich
That doesn't make the news.
A kitchen full of laughter,
And someone I can lose.
I want a table crowded,
A phone that doesn't ring
Because the people that I love
Are already listening.

Final Chorus

You can buy the lights,
You can buy the gold,
You can fill a house
But you can't buy a soul.
You can own the night,
You can run the town,
But money can't buy a pulse
When the heart shuts down.

Outro

I like nice things too.
I'm just not stupid enough
to think they're people.

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MIKA.MONTERO

Don't Test the Lipstick

No Angel. No Apology. · track 6 of 15

Intro

Red on my lips, got a lot on my mind,
You got opinions? Get in line.

Hook

Don't test the lipstick,
Don't push your luck.
I look like a sweetheart,
But I don't give a...
Don't test the lipstick,
Don't test the girl.
I came with my own keys,
I don't need your world.

Verse 1

He said, "Baby, you should smile a little more,"
I said, "Baby, you should find another door."
He said, "I like a girl who's easy to impress,"
I said, "Then go date a motivational desk."
Got a fresh set, fresh fit, fresh attitude,
You got a podcast and a questionable mood.
You tell me how to dress, how to speak, how to move,
Honey, I'm not a project you can put in a room.
I like my coffee strong, my boundaries clear,
And my favorite kind of man doesn't interfere.
You can open the door, you can carry the bags,
But don't confuse good manners with a reason to brag.

Hook

Don't test the lipstick,
Don't push your luck.
I look like a sweetheart,
But I don't give a...
Don't test the lipstick,
Don't test the girl.
I came with my own keys,
I don't need your world.

Verse 2

I got a little black dress and a complicated brain,
Can dance in the rain and remember your name.
I can talk about art, I can talk about rent,
I can read your whole character in the way that you spend.
I don't need permission for a seat at the table,
I can change a tire and still look fabulous.
I can laugh at myself, that's a beautiful skill,
If you can't take a joke, you can pay your own bill.
You got a lot of rules for somebody so lost,
Counting everybody else's choices and the cost.
I got better things to do with my Saturday night,
Like making bad decisions that feel perfectly right.

Breakdown

Who's got the keys?
I got the keys.
Who's paying the bill?
I got the bill.
Who's making the rules?
Not you, sweetie.
Who's still having fun?
Me. Obviously.

Hook

Don't test the lipstick,
Don't push your luck.
I look like a sweetheart,
But I don't give a...
Don't test the lipstick,
Don't test the girl.
I came with my own keys,
I don't need your world.

Outro

Red on my lips, got a lot on my mind,
You got opinions? Get in line.
And honey?
Your shirt needs ironing.

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MIKA.MONTERO

Girls Like Me Get Lonely Too

No Angel. No Apology. · track 7 of 15

Chorus

Girls like me get lonely too,
Even with a thousand things to do.
I can fill a room, I can steal the view,
But there's nights I wish somebody knew.
I make it look like nothing gets through,
Like I never miss what I used to lose.
Everybody thinks I always pull through,
But girls like me get lonely too.

Verse 1

There's a coffee cup still sitting by the sink,
A half-written message that I never hit send.
I put on my favorite record just to hear some noise,
Funny how a crowded song can't replace a voice.
I know how to make an entrance,
Know how to leave with style.
Know how to keep a conversation
Going for another mile.
But I don't always know what to do
When the evening gets too quiet.
I can handle almost anything,
Except the things I keep inside it.

Pre-Chorus

Somewhere between the lights and the silence,
I lose track of who I am.
Somewhere underneath the confidence,
I'm still figuring out the plan.

Verse 2

I got a picture of my mother on my phone,
She always asks if I'm eating, if I'm sleeping alone.
I tell her everything's beautiful, the weather's just right,
Then change the subject before she hears it in my voice.
My friends are getting married, having babies, buying homes,
I'm collecting airport stamps and learning to be grown.
I don't regret the roads that brought me where I stand,
But sometimes I would trade the world for someone's hand.
And maybe that's the part we never show,
The little cracks beneath the afterglow.
You can love your freedom, love the open sea,
And still wish somebody was waiting up for you at three.

Chorus

Girls like me get lonely too,
Even with a thousand things to do.
I can fill a room, I can steal the view,
But there's nights I wish somebody knew.
I make it look like nothing gets through,
Like I never miss what I used to lose.
Everybody thinks I always pull through,
But girls like me get lonely too.

Bridge

I don't need saving,
I don't need a plan.
I don't need somebody
To tell me who I am.
I just want a moment
Where I don't have to shine.
Where somebody sees me
And doesn't ask me to be fine.

Final Chorus

Girls like me get lonely too,
Even with a thousand things to do.
I can fill a room, I can steal the view,
But there's nights I wish somebody knew.
Maybe I'm stronger than I ever knew,
Maybe that's not something I need to prove.
I can love this life and still miss you,
Girls like me get lonely too.

Outro

And tomorrow I'll probably wear red lipstick
and pretend I slept eight hours.

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MIKA.MONTERO

No Saints in South Beach

No Angel. No Apology. · track 8 of 15

Verse 1

Valet parking, borrowed car,
Everybody here believes they're a star.
Gold on the wrist, champagne on ice,
Half of them are broke but the outfits look nice.
There's a guy at the bar with a rented-out smile,
Telling strangers that he's closing deals overseas for a while.
His friend took a selfie with a private jet,
It was parked at the airport, they ain't boarded yet.
A girl in the bathroom is fixing her crown,
Says she's got a million followers all over town.
I said, "That's impressive, congratulations, girl,"
She said, "I'm going viral in another world."

Chorus

There ain't no saints in South Beach,
Everybody's got a little something to hide.
Some are selling dreams, some are buying lies,
Some just came to dance and forget the time.
No saints in South Beach,
Everybody's playing their part.
Gold-plated dreams and a secondhand heart,
Welcome to the show, baby, enjoy the dark.

Verse 2

The DJ knows the owner, the owner knows the mayor,
The mayor knows a guy who says he knows a billionaire.
Everybody's connected, everybody's important,
Nobody remembers who ordered the assortment.
A man says he's spiritual, he's found his inner peace,
Then gets into a fight over a table and a seat.
A girl says she's humble, but her phone needs a team,
Three assistants helping her to post that she's serene.
And me? I'm just here with a drink and a view,
Trying to remember if I actually like you.
I came for the music, stayed for the fries,
Left with a story and somebody else's advice.

Chorus

There ain't no saints in South Beach,
Everybody's got a little something to hide.
Some are selling dreams, some are buying lies,
Some just came to dance and forget the time.
No saints in South Beach,
Everybody's playing their part.
Gold-plated dreams and a secondhand heart,
Welcome to the show, baby, enjoy the dark.

Bridge

I ain't judging, I got my own little mess,
I once wore heels to a beach and called it progress.
I bought a plant and forgot it needed rain,
Now it's looking at me like we're going through pain.
We're all a little ridiculous, let's be real,
Some hide behind a label, some behind a steering wheel.
If you got a good heart, you can stay in my section,
Just don't ask me for a business connection.

Final Chorus

There ain't no saints in South Beach,
Everybody's got a little something to hide.
Some are selling dreams, some are buying lies,
Some just came to dance and forget the time.
No saints in South Beach,
Everybody's playing their part.
Gold-plated dreams and a secondhand heart,
Welcome to the show, baby, enjoy the dark.

Outro

Same time tomorrow?
Obviously.
I know a guy.

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MIKA.MONTERO

Mama Didn't Raise a Fool

No Angel. No Apology. · track 9 of 15

Intro

She used to say,
"Don't let a pretty room
make you forget who opened the door."
I didn't understand it then.
I do now.

Verse 1

She could stretch a little money through a whole damn week,
Make a Sunday dinner with whatever we could keep.
Never had a diamond, never chased a name,
But everybody knew her when she walked into a place.
She said, "Listen when they talk, but watch what they do,
A lot of people sell a version that ain't really true."
She taught me how to stand up, how to hold my ground,
And how to leave a room without making a sound.
She wasn't always right, and neither was I,
We had those little battles where we'd both get loud.
But every time I thought that I knew everything,
She'd say one little sentence that would change a thing.

Chorus

Mama didn't raise a fool,
Though I gave her quite a few reasons to worry.
I learned the hard way, broke a few rules,
But I always had a way back to the truth.

Verse 2

She said, "Never let a man become your whole direction,
Love is not a job where you beg for his attention.
And don't confuse a loud voice with a man who's strong,
Sometimes the quiet ones know where they belong."
She said, "Be kind, but don't be everybody's floor,
You can forgive somebody and still close the door.
Don't count your blessings by the things you own,
A full bank account can't keep you warm at home."
I broke some promises, I missed a few signs,
I gave the wrong people too much of my time.
I thought being grown meant I had to know it all,
Turns out being grown means you can admit when you fall.

Chorus

Mama didn't raise a fool,
Though I gave her quite a few reasons to worry.
I learned the hard way, broke a few rules,
But I always had a way back to the truth.

Verse 3

I remember little things that nobody sees,
Her singing in the kitchen, dancing while she cleaned.
The way she'd fix my collar before I left the house,
Then pretend she wasn't worried when I went out.
I didn't know the strength it took to keep us steady,
How many dreams she postponed to make sure we were ready.
Now I hear her in my head when I get carried away,
And sometimes I laugh because I sound just the same.
I don't want her life, I want her kind of grace,
The courage to be honest when the world changes face.
And if I ever raise a child, I hope they learn from me
That being strong means knowing when to let yourself be free.

Bridge

I wish I could go back
To that little kitchen light,
Tell her all the things
I understand tonight.
That every little warning
Was a gift I couldn't see,
And every time she held her ground,
She was teaching me to be me.

Final Chorus

Mama didn't raise a fool,
Though I gave her quite a few reasons to worry.
I learned the hard way, broke a few rules,
But I always had a way back to the truth.

Coda

And if I ever lose my way,
I'll remember what she used to say.
You don't have to win every fight,
Just make sure you can sleep at night.

Outro

She still thinks I should call more often.
She's probably right.

Words by Mika Montero · © 2026 Mika Montero

MIKA.MONTERO

Pretty When I'm Pissed

No Angel. No Apology. · track 10 of 15

Intro

Cute little smile,
Bad little mood,
You had your chance,
Now watch me move.

Hook

I'm pretty when I'm pissed,
Even better when I'm done.
You can talk your little talk,
I can walk before you run.
Got a face like Sunday morning,
Got a mouth like Friday night.
You should've read the room, sweetheart,
Before you picked this fight.

Verse 1

You came in acting like the CEO,
Of a relationship you don't even know.
Got a five-year plan for my career,
Can't plan a weekend without disappearing.
You correct my words, you interrupt my jokes,
Tell everybody how a real woman behaves.
Funny how you preach about respect all day,
Then talk to the waiter like he's in your way.
I've met your kind in every expensive bar,
Little Napoleon in a borrowed sports car.
You got big opinions, tiny listening skills,
And the emotional range of a parking bill.

Hook

I'm pretty when I'm pissed,
Even better when I'm done.
You can talk your little talk,
I can walk before you run.
Got a face like Sunday morning,
Got a mouth like Friday night.
You should've read the room, sweetheart,
Before you picked this fight.

Verse 2

I don't need a committee, don't need your review,
Don't need a little man explaining what I should do.
My shoes cost less than your insecurity,
And my worst day still comes with maturity.
You say I'm intimidating, that's interesting news,
I'm only complicated when I'm talking to you.
You call me too much, I call you underprepared,
You brought a plastic spoon to a knife fight, that's unfair.
And I can be sweet, I can make you a plate,
Remember your birthday, show up on time.
But kindness ain't a coupon you can use for abuse,
And being nice doesn't mean I'm confused.

Spoken

Hold up.
Did you just explain my own opinion to me?
That's adorable.
Try again.

Breakdown

One for the ego, two for the show,
Three for the man who won't take a no.
Four for the stories you tell your friends,
Five for the fact that this conversation ends.

Final Hook

I'm pretty when I'm pissed,
Even better when I'm done.
You can talk your little talk,
I can walk before you run.
Got a face like Sunday morning,
Got a mouth like Friday night.
You should've read the room, sweetheart,
Before you picked this fight.

Outro

Lip gloss intact.
Patience officially discontinued.

Words by Mika Montero · © 2026 Mika Montero

MIKA.MONTERO

Love Me Like You Mean It

No Angel. No Apology. · track 11 of 15

Intro

I don't need another beautiful story.
I've heard enough of those.

Verse 1

I know how to make a room feel lighter,
How to turn a bad day into something brighter.
I can hold a conversation till the morning comes,
But I can't build a home out of almost love.
I've had the flowers, had the rooftop view,
Had somebody say forever like they meant it too.
But the little things are where the truth appears,
Who remembers what I said when nobody hears?

Pre-Chorus

Don't promise me the moon,
Just show up when it rains.
Don't paint me something perfect,
Just don't disappear again.

Chorus

Love me like you mean it,
Not just when the lights are low.
Not just when the world is easy,
Not just when there's somewhere to go.
Love me in the ordinary,
In the silence, in the mess.
I don't need a perfect lover,
Just somebody who means yes.

Verse 2

Know my coffee, know my favorite side of town,
Know when I get quiet, don't just turn the music up loud.
Ask me how I'm doing and wait for the reply,
Don't just kiss my forehead while you're looking at the time.
I don't want a keeper, I don't want a king,
I want somebody comfortable with ordinary things.
A Sunday in the kitchen, dancing out of tune,
Two people being honest in a badly painted room.
And I can give you laughter, I can give you fire,
I can make a little magic out of cheap red wine.
But don't mistake my freedom for a lack of need,
Even wild things appreciate a place to breathe.

Chorus

Love me like you mean it,
Not just when the lights are low.
Not just when the world is easy,
Not just when there's somewhere to go.
Love me in the ordinary,
In the silence, in the mess.
I don't need a perfect lover,
Just somebody who means yes.

Mid-Eight

Not the picture, not the show,
Not the words you say for everyone to know.
Something honest, something true,
Something I can feel when I'm alone with you.

Bridge

When my hair is a mess,
When my plans fall apart,
When I have nothing clever
To protect my heart.
When the city goes quiet,
And the morning comes through,
Will I still feel wanted
Just sitting next to you?

Final Chorus

Love me like you mean it,
Not just when the lights are low.
Not just when the world is easy,
Not just when there's somewhere to go.
Love me in the ordinary,
In the silence, in the mess.
I don't need a perfect lover,
Just somebody who means yes.

Outro

I can buy my own flowers.
I'd just rather grow something together.

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MIKA.MONTERO

Bad Habit with a Heart

No Angel. No Apology. · track 12 of 15

Intro

I have a talent for leaving my keys
in places I don't remember.
Apparently, people too.

Verse 1

I'm the girl who says five minutes, then arrives at nine,
Got a calendar full of plans and a questionable sense of time.
I'll remember your birthday, forget where I parked,
And send you a voice note when it's already dark.
I buy books about habits, never finish the page,
Got a passport full of stamps and a fear of staying in one place.
My friends say I'm a handful, I say that's fair,
At least I'm never boring when I'm sitting in a chair.
I can make a stranger laugh in a checkout line,
Turn a wrong direction into a pretty good night.
But when somebody gets close and the feelings get real,
Sometimes I make a joke instead of saying what I feel.

Chorus

I'm a bad habit with a heart,
A little bit of chaos, a little bit of art.
You might need a warning before you start,
But there's more to this girl than the way she departs.

Verse 2

I once drove forty minutes for a sandwich I saw online,
Got there, they were closed, still called it a good time.
I've got expensive taste and a practical mind,
I'll spend twenty on dinner, save ten on the wine.
I can be stubborn, I'll admit that much,
Sometimes I need a minute before I let somebody touch
The little things I keep behind the jokes I make,
The parts of me that don't know which road to take.
And I've said goodbye when I should've stayed,
I've made a mountain out of something somebody said.
But I don't walk around pretending I'm a saint,
I know my little messes, I just don't call them fate.

Chorus

I'm a bad habit with a heart,
A little bit of chaos, a little bit of art.
You might need a warning before you start,
But there's more to this girl than the way she departs.

Bridge

I don't always say the right thing,
Sometimes I laugh when I should cry.
Sometimes I need the whole damn ocean
Just to understand the tide.
But I remember little kindness,
I remember who was there.
I remember every conversation
When somebody really cared.
I might lose my favorite earrings,
Miss a flight or change my mind,
But I'll never forget the people
Who were good to me in difficult times.

Final Chorus

I'm a bad habit with a heart,
A little bit of chaos, a little bit of art.
I might take the scenic road and miss the start,
But there's always something honest underneath
this heart.

Coda

I'm not a finished picture,
I'm not a perfect part.
Just a girl with a thousand stories
And a pretty complicated heart.

Outro

I did warn you.
Well... eventually.

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MIKA.MONTERO

Everybody Wants the Sunshine

No Angel. No Apology. · track 13 of 15

Hook

Everybody wants the sunshine,
Nobody wants the rain.
Everybody wants the good life,
Nobody wants the change.
Hands up, windows down,
Let the whole world spin around.
If we're only here for a little while,
Give me one more reason to smile.

Verse 1

Got my shades on crooked, got my hair in a mess,
Got a tank full of dreams and a dress from a sale.
My neighbor's got a yacht, my landlord wants the rent,
But I'm dancing in the kitchen like the money's already spent.
There's a girl on the corner selling flowers in the heat,
A man in a Ferrari looking miserable in his seat.
Everybody's chasing something they can never quite define,
I'm just trying to catch a little happiness before the closing
time.
I don't need a perfect picture, don't need a golden frame,
I've had some beautiful disasters that I wouldn't trade away.
If the road gets ugly, put the music on instead,
Life is way too short to let a stranger live inside your head.

Hook

Everybody wants the sunshine,
Nobody wants the rain.
Everybody wants the good life,
Nobody wants the change.
Hands up, windows down,
Let the whole world spin around.
If we're only here for a little while,
Give me one more reason to smile.

Verse 2

I got a little bit of trouble and a whole lot of plans,
A questionable tan and some very good friends.
Got a suitcase half-packed, got a flight to catch,
Got a heart that still believes in a beautiful mismatch.
Somebody wants a mansion, somebody wants fame,
Somebody wants a woman they can put inside a frame.
I want a little freedom and a table full of food,
And a man who doesn't call himself a gift to the world, dude.
I know the bills keep coming, I know the world's unfair,
But there's still a little magic in the warm Atlantic air.
So if you find me laughing with my feet out the door,
I'm not running from my problems, I'm just giving them a tour.

Bridge

Sunshine on my shoulders,
Good times getting closer.
Don't need to be somebody,
I'm already getting older.

Final Hook

Everybody wants the sunshine,
Nobody wants the rain.
Everybody wants the good life,
Nobody wants the change.
Hands up, windows down,
Let the whole world spin around.
If we're only here for a little while,
Give me one more reason to smile.
Everybody wants the sunshine,
Everybody wants to shine.
I don't need a perfect lifetime,
Just a little peace of mind.

Outro

And please...
Put some sunscreen on.
I'm not your mother.

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MIKA.MONTERO

The Girl in the Rearview

No Angel. No Apology. · track 14 of 15

Verse 1

There's a girl in the rearview with a suitcase full of dreams,
She thought the world was kinder than it really seemed.
She wore her mother's old advice like a coat in the rain,
And thought that being fearless meant she'd never feel pain.
She took the wrong exits, made the wrong calls,
Learned that pretty words don't build very strong walls.
She trusted a smile, believed a few lies,
Then learned how to read the truth behind somebody's eyes.

Pre-Chorus

I wonder if she'd recognize the woman driving now,
Would she like the little scars? Would she ask me how?
Would she laugh at all the things I thought I'd never be?
Would she be a little proud of what she sees?

Chorus

I see her in the rearview,
Still waving from behind.
She never really left me,
She's just a different kind of light.
I can't go back and save her,
Can't change the things she's been through.
But every road that broke me
Led me somewhere new.

Verse 2

I used to think that growing up meant never looking back,
Never showing weakness, never losing track.
But life has a funny way of changing what you know,
Sometimes you have to lose the map to find a place called
home.
I've got apologies I owe, some people I forgive,
Some versions of myself I wouldn't want to relive.
I've got photographs of summers that I barely recognize,
And names that still can find me when I'm trying to close my
eyes.
But I don't hate the girl who made those choices then,
She was doing what she could with the information she had.
And if I meet her somewhere on a road I haven't seen,
I'll tell her she's allowed to be a little more than brave.

Chorus

I see her in the rearview,
Still waving from behind.
She never really left me,
She's just a different kind of light.
I can't go back and save her,
Can't change the things she's been through.
But every road that broke me
Led me somewhere new.

Verse 3

And I won't pretend that every scar is beautiful,
Some things hurt because they happened, not because they're
useful.
Some nights I still remember what I thought I'd be,
Some mornings I'm just grateful that I'm finally me.
I don't owe my past a prison, don't owe my future fear,
I can carry all my stories without keeping them too near.
If the girl behind me asks if everything turned out right,
I'll say, "Not always, baby. But we made it through the night."

Bridge

If I could hold her for a minute,
I'd tell her not to rush.
You don't have to become somebody
Just because the world says you must.

Final Chorus

I see her in the rearview,
Still waving from behind.
She never really left me,
She's just a different kind of light.
I can't go back and save her,
Can't change the things she's been through.
But every road that broke me
Led me somewhere new.

Coda

And if tomorrow finds me
With another road to choose,
I'll keep the girl beside me,
I won't leave her in the rearview.

Outro

We're alright, little girl.
We're alright.

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MIKA.MONTERO

Still Here, Still Trouble

No Angel. No Apology. · track 15 of 15

Intro

You thought I'd disappear?
That's a cute little theory.

Hook

Still here, still trouble,
Still dancing through the rubble.
Still got fire in my eyes,
Still got stories you can't buy.
Still here, still standing,
Still got dreams that demand it.
You can love me, you can run,
But I'm not finished, not even close to done.

Verse 1

I came in with a suitcase and a head full of noise,
A couple of bad decisions and a dangerous voice.
Had a map with no direction, had a heart with no brakes,
Had to learn that not everybody deserves what it takes.
I've been broke, been lucky, been both in the same week,
Been the loudest in the room, been the one who couldn't speak.
I've watched people change when the money came around,
I've watched the quiet ones become the strongest in the crowd.
I don't need a little statue with my name on the side,
I just want to look back and know I never lived a lie.
If I made a few mistakes, I can own every one,
I'm not waiting for permission to become someone.

Hook

Still here, still trouble,
Still dancing through the rubble.
Still got fire in my eyes,
Still got stories you can't buy.
Still here, still standing,
Still got dreams that demand it.
You can love me, you can run,
But I'm not finished, not even close to done.

Verse 2

I got lipstick in the glove box, sneakers in the back,
A thousand little memories and a questionable past.
I got friends who know my secrets, know the things I never say,
And a mother who still thinks I should call every day.
I've made peace with my reflection, we don't argue quite as much,
Still got a little attitude, still don't like to rush.
I can walk into a room without pretending to be tall,
I can laugh at my own jokes when nobody laughs at all.
And if the world gets heavy, I'll put rhythm in my feet,
Turn a bad day into music, let the bassline take the heat.
I don't have to be a legend, don't have to be adored,
Just don't tell me how to live while you're standing at my door.

Bridge

Oh, I've been through it,
I've grown through it.
Lost a few things,
But I came through it.
No perfect ending,
No easy road.
Just a heart still beating
And a story still untold.

Verse 3

So here's to the nights that we barely survived,
To the wrong turns that somehow kept us alive.
To the people who stayed when the pretty lights died,
And the ones who walked away when we needed them beside.
I don't carry every wound like a badge on my chest,
I don't need to win the argument to know what's best.
I've got love in my heart and some fight in my soul,
And I learned that being free means you're nobody's role.

Hook

Still here, still trouble,
Still dancing through the rubble.
Still got fire in my eyes,
Still got stories you can't buy.
Still here, still standing,
Still got dreams that demand it.
You can love me, you can run,
But I'm not finished, not even close to done.

Final Hook

Still here, still trouble,
Still shining through the struggle.
Not a saint, not a queen,
Just the woman that I came here to be.

Outro

They wanted an angel.
They got Mika.
And honestly...
I think we're both better off.

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