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.

Words by Mika Montero · © 2026 Mika Montero