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

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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

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Outro

Same time tomorrow?
Obviously.
I know a guy.

Words by Mika Montero · © 2026 Mika Montero