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

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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.

Words by Mika Montero · © 2026 Mika Montero