

# Banshee (OST Ray Donovan)

[Kendra Morris](#)

Loud was the sound of the birds when they landed in spite of  
Noise from the boys with the rocks in their fists  
Looking to bring a man down to the bottom of a thousand ton well  
One tiny push send that man into hell  
He hit with a thud there'll be no work tomorrow  
Just a funeral for a guy with time that he borrowed Isn't it crazy  
Ode to the one that'll drag you down  
Isn't it crazy  
Ode to the one that'll let you drown  
Wait for the call it'll come by tomorrow  
Your banshee, your lust, indifferent sorrow  
Honey don't run 'cause there's nowhere to go  
She's got your number she got your code Blue is the color your skin fades to when there's no pump of  
Blood through your veins or your heart or when you got no love  
Trouble is looking for someone to drain  
The rattle does roll when there's something to gain  
Was it the shove that done did that man in  
Or the lady who came and blew in with the wind Isn't it crazy  
Ode to the one that'll drag you down  
Isn't it crazy  
Ode to the one that'll let you drown  
Wait for the call it'll come by tomorrow  
Your banshee, your lust, indifferent sorrow  
Honey don't run 'cause there's nowhere to go  
She's got your number she got your code

Songwriters

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