

Strange Fruit

Diana Ross

Southern trees bear a strange fruit
Blood on the leaves and blood at the roots
Black bodies swingin' in the southern breeze
Strange fruit hangin' from the poplar trees

Pastoral scene of the gallant south
The bulging eyes and twisted mouth
Scent of magnolias sweet and fresh
And the sudden smell of burning flesh

Here is the fruit
For the crows to pluck
For the rain to gather
For the wind to suck
For the sun to rot
For the tree to drop

Here is a strange and bitter crop