

## 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