## **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