

Strange Fruit

John Martyn

Southern trees bear strange fruit
There's blood on the leaves
There's blood at the roots
Black bodies swinging in the southern breeze
There's strange fruit hanging from the poplar tree.

The scenic view of the quiet south
Those bulging eyes, the twisted mouth
The scent of magnolia comes as sweet and fresh
Suddenly: the stench of black burning flesh
Now here my friends
Here is a fruit for the crows to pluck
A tear for the rain to gather
The roaring wind to suck
For the sun to rise
And those trees to drop
And I hear there's a strange and bitter crop.